

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXX.

JUNE, 1885.

No. 2.

THE THREE HERSCHELS.

THERE is scarcely a name more familiar to English ears than the German name of Herschel. From 1781, when "Mr. William Herschel, organist of the Octagon Chapel at Bath," announced the discovery of the new planet Uranus, down to 1871, when Sir John died full of years and honors, this was easily the foremost name in English science. How familiar and authoritative the name of Herschel has been, we may easily see from a trifling sign. In 1836 our news from Europe was brought in fast sailing-vessels from England. This was the opportune time chosen by Mr. R. A. Locke to write his ingenious and popular "Moon Hoax," which described the wonderful discovery of inhabitants in the moon, with all the particularities of their life. It was necessary to fasten some famous name to this discovery, and there could be no hesitation in the choice of such a name. Speaking from recollection (for copies of it are now rare), I believe that only two names occur in this once celebrated "Hoax": that of the astronomer, Sir John Herschel, who was reputed to have made the discoveries, and that of Lieutenant Drummond, whose newly discovered lime-light was utilized to increase the light of the moon sufficiently to enable extraordinary magnifying powers to be used!

The first half of the "Hoax" was published, and the arrival of the next packet was awaited with breathless anxiety, that the marvelous discoveries might be confirmed. In due time a second part was furnished with still more startling details, and the name of Herschel carried conviction everywhere. This trivial illustration serves to emphasize the main fact, that, during the ninety years just past, every intelligent person in England and America, and the most intelligent persons in Europe, knew that a Herschel—some Herschel—

was doing something likely to be of immense interest and importance to all, and certain to be of value in the special science of astronomy. Exactly what that something might be was not so well known, but the faith in its existence never failed.

Caroline Herschel herself had this feeling. She writes to her nephew in 1829: "I fear you must often be exposed to great dangers by creeping about in holes and corners among craters of volcanoes, but you know best, and I hope you found something."

In recalling this almost universal sense that the Herschels were perpetually doing something, we are reminded how very little we know, and how very little the three generations concerned have known, of what these Herschels were *being* all the while. Their works were widely and popularly known; their lives, their characters, their personalities were known only to their own friends and companions.

The "Memoir" of Caroline Herschel (1876) has given a charming insight into Sir William's life and her own; but this is only a glimpse at best. It is for this reason that the beautiful portraits in this number of *THE CENTURY* are of such interest.

Here we have the men themselves, with the results of a whole life and character imprinted on their faces; and here too is Caroline, the faithful assistant and helper of her brother during all his years of "minding the heavens," and his ardent admirer for the eighty years of her long life.

If we wish to know what manner of man the burgomaster or the goldsmith of the seventeenth century was, what reader way than to study the portraits by Rembrandt and De Vos? Or how could we picture a Spanish lawyer of that time more fully than through the wonderful portrait by Moroni in the

National Gallery at London? In the same way these pictures of the three Herschels represent three wonderful lives. The most that need be done here is to endeavor to exhibit their true setting and background.

William Herschel deserted from the band of the King's Guard at Hanover and fled to England in 1757. He was then nineteen years old. All his equipment was some "good linen and clothing," a knowledge of French, English, and Latin, skill in playing the oboe, the organ, and the violin, and "an uncommon precipitancy" in doing what there was to be done. He had no friends of any note, and we hardly know how his life was passed for the three years to 1760. At this time he made his first step onward, and in 1765 he had become organist at Halifax, and a year later organist of the Octagon Chapel at fashionable Bath. He was conductor of the theater orchestra also, and in the intervals between the acts he made a complete "review of the heavens," examining "all the stars of Harris's maps and the telescopic ones near them as far as the eighth magnitude." This review, and all his subsequent work, were done with telescopes made by his own hands.

Just at this time he was the busiest man in England. He had sent for his brother Alexander (a musician of ability) and for his sister Caroline from their home in Hanover. The oratorios of the Messiah, Judas Maccabæus, and Samson were given under Herschel's direction, with an orchestra of nearly one hundred pieces. His sister Caroline was the leading soloist; Alexander was a 'cellist. He was giving music lessons at every hour of the day to fashionable pupils, and he was making his telescopes, his eye-pieces, his apparatus, "not taking his hands from it for sixteen hours together," his sister being obliged, "by way of keeping him alive, to feed him by putting the victuals by bits into his mouth" while he was at work. This was for the daylight hours. At night, "between the acts of the theater" and long into the morning, he was employing his own telescopes in seeing "for himself" every one of the objects his maps and books portrayed. As he says, "My situation permitted me not to consult large libraries; nor indeed was it very material, for as I intended to view the heavens myself, Nature, that great volume, appeared to me to contain the best catalogue."

These exhausting labors could not have lasted long. They were too wasteful of his physical vigor. But when he was forty-three years old, in 1781, he had the great good fortune to discover a new planet. This was the most startling discovery since Galileo's telescope had shown that "Venus, the Mother of

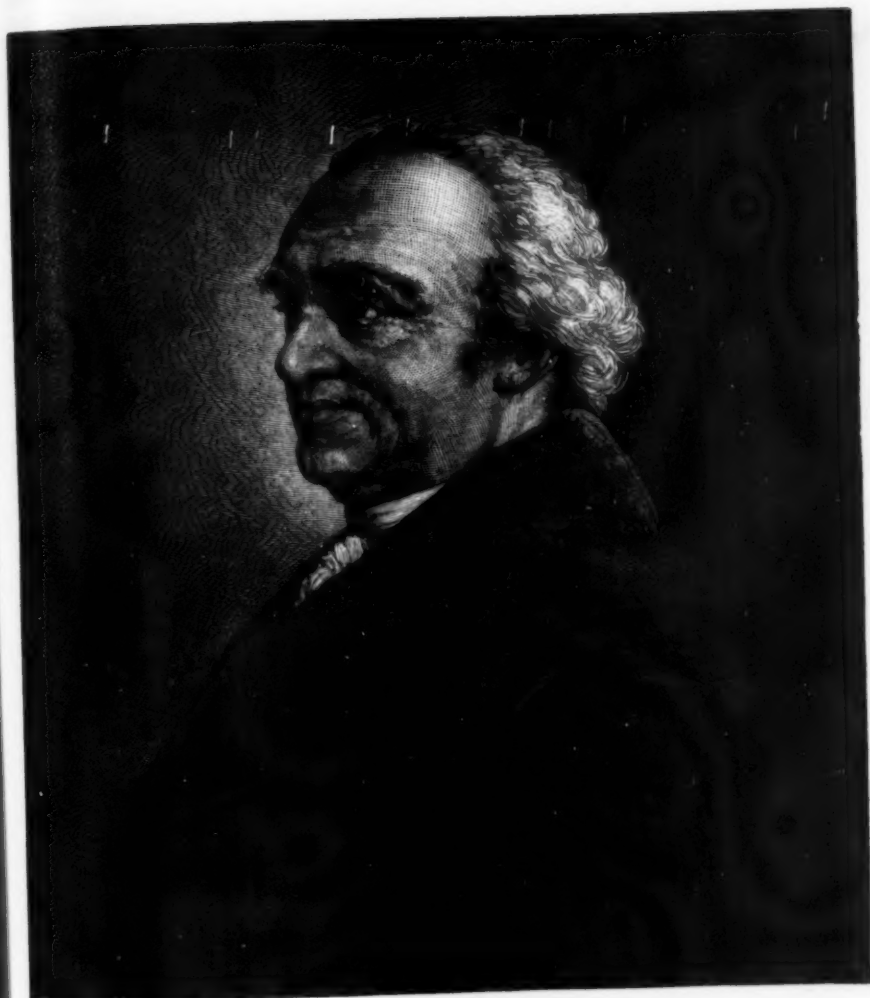
Love, emulated the phases of Cynthia," or that the sun was no longer to be considered as pure fire and immaculate.

Herschel became at one bound the best known man in Europe. The King made him royal astronomer. He had the medals of the learned societies. Oxford made him Doctor of Laws. Best of all, his discovery purchased his freedom to work in his own way. I never see the planet Uranus without remembering that it gave forty years of Herschel's life to the world, and furnished the opportunity to two of the greatest minds of our own generation. A consideration of its perturbations led Adams and Le Verrier to the discovery of Neptune.

The portrait of the Herschel of this period hangs in the British National Gallery. A copy of it is prefixed to Caroline Herschel's "Memoirs." The face is eager, ardent, intense; it has that "earnestness to explain" which was characteristic. But it is the face of Herschel the observer, the discoverer, not of Herschel the philosopher and the sage. This early portrait belongs to his friends, to his contemporaries, to those who have some personal relation with him. For us, to whom the first half of his life was nothing but a preparation, and to whom the discovery of Uranus appears little more than an opportunity achieved, the portrait given here is our ideal Herschel.

What did he do for the world in the last half of his long life? It is almost impossible to answer this without seeming to fall into exaggeration. Almost every notion of astronomy that is popularly held comes either from Herschel or from his great predecessors, Ptolemy and Galileo. The mere observing activity of his life was amazing. Double stars, planets, satellites, nebulae, the moon, the sun—all of these he observed with an assiduity that shames us, his successors. But it is not as a mere observer that we must regard him. Up to his time the sky as a whole had never been examined. Special parts, special stars, had alone been studied. He formed the plan of examining its every part. In the course of his "sweeps," new objects in profusion were found. But the main end was not to discover these; it was to unfold the laws of their distribution, of their connection with each other; to find out, in Herschel's favorite phrase, "the construction of the heavens."

It is usually impossible to condense philosophical writing, so as to present at once the argument and the results in a few pregnant words. There are two cases in Herschel's writings in which this is practicable, and they relate to the most far-reaching questions and to the grandest results. The first below gives us an instantaneous view of Nature. It is the progress of evolution halted



WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

[ENGRAVED BY HENRY VELTEN AFTER A DRAWING BY H. GREVEDON.]

for a moment by a master's hand so that the world may gaze at it:

"Not only were round nebulae and clusters formed by central powers, but likewise every cluster of stars or nebula that shows a gradual condensation, or increasing brightness towards a center.

"This theory of central power is fully established on grounds of observation which cannot be overturned.

"Clusters can be found of 10' diameter with a certain degree of compression and stars of a certain magnitude, and smaller clusters of 4', 3', 2' diameter, with smaller stars and greater compression, and so on through resolvable nebulae by imperceptible steps, to the smallest and faintest and most distant nebulae.

"Other clusters there are, which lead to the belief that either they are more compressed or are composed of larger stars. Spherical clusters are probably not more different in size among themselves than different individuals of plants of the same species. As it has been shown that the spherical figure of a cluster of stars is owing to central powers, it follows that those clusters which, *ceteris paribus*, are the most complete in this figure, must have been the longest exposed to the action of these causes.

"The maturity of a sidereal system may thus be judged from the disposition of the component parts. Planetary nebulae may be looked on as very aged.

"This method of viewing the heavens seems to throw them into a new kind of light. They are now seen to resemble a luxuriant garden which contains the greatest variety of productions in different flourishing beds; and one advantage we may at least reap from it is that we can, as it were, extend the range of our experience to an immense duration. For is it not almost the same thing whether we live successively to witness the germination, blooming, foliage, fecundity, fading, withering, and corruption of a plant, or whether a vast number of specimens, selected from every stage through which the plant passes in the course of its existence, be brought at once to our view?"

The second instance, which follows, tells us the ultimate destiny of the Milky Way — of the Galaxy in which our sun is but one unimportant star, and in which the solar system is as nothing:

"Since the stars of the Milky Way are permanently exposed to the action of a power whereby they are irresistibly drawn into groups, we may be certain that from mere clustering stars they will be gradually compressed through successive stages of accumulation till they come up to what may be called the ripening period of the globular form, and total insulation; from which it is evident that the Milky Way must be finally broken up and cease to be a stratum of scattered stars.

"The state into which the incessant action of the clustering power has brought it at present, is a kind of chronometer that may be used to measure the time of its past and future existence; and although we do not know the rate of going of this mysterious chronometer, it is nevertheless certain that since the breaking up of the Milky Way affords a proof that it cannot last forever, it equally bears witness that its past duration cannot be admitted to be infinite."

There is a majesty in these sentences which is close to the limit of human powers.

"— To him the fates were known
Of orbs dim hovering on the skirts of space."

The simple story of his sister's life is as noble in its way as the more exalted history of his own. He was her favorite brother in the little household at Hanover. When he had become the successful son of the family in England, she was sent for to sing in oratorios, to aid in grinding the mirrors for his telescopes, to record his observations at night, to reduce them into order the next day. "I became in time," she writes, "as useful a member of the workshop as a boy might be to his master during the first year of his apprenticeship. As I was to take part in the oratorios, I had for a whole twelvemonth two lessons per week from Miss Fleming, the celebrated dancing-mistress, to drill me for a gentlewoman (God knows how she succeeded)."

She calls herself and thinks of herself as "a mere tool which my brother had the trouble of sharpening." There was a true temper to the tool. She acquired the necessary knowledge to perform what simple calculations were necessary, and during his whole lifetime kept his multitude of observations in perfect order. She learned the details of observing with such success, that she independently discovered eight comets. As an assistant to him she rendered her highest service. Her devotion was spaniel-like. I cannot find that of herself she had any inclination to astronomy. Certainly, her work was distasteful to her at first. But her devotion to her brother and his interests was simply boundless and unquestioning—even unreflecting. This devotion appears to have been accompanied by a kind of feline jealousy, which was one of the sources of her misery. At Sir William's death she transferred her allegiance to his son. Everything that was done by the object of her love was perfect, and every other action was a possible attack. Her own life lasted more than a quarter of a century after her brother's death. Her only interest was in receiving the "*Astronomische Nachrichten*" and in recalling the incidents of her real life which ended with his activity. She was honored by various scientific societies in various ways. Each tribute was received with true humility, and gave her no real pride, but much real satisfaction. She lived for years in the radiance of genius. She shared its labors and its privileges. She became jealous for all its rights, and could not conceive of any improvements in its methods. The reflecting telescopes of Lord Rosse never were the same as "the forty-foot," her brother's masterpiece. Her individuality was strong and obstinate. Wherever her brother was concerned she abolished self, and replaced her nature with his. All this needs to be said and

seen. Her devotion was not primarily to science, but to an individual. Even the successes which she gained she regarded as a tribute to her brother, not as the reward of her own efforts.

The beauty of her character was not in the least intellectual, though she was possessed of a natural sprightliness and wit. In the appreciative introduction to her "Memoirs" her character is exactly described :

"Great men and great causes have always some helper of whom the outside world knows but little. These helpers and sustainers have the same quality in common—absolute devotion and unwavering faith in the individual or the cause. Seeking nothing for themselves, thinking nothing of themselves, they have all an intense power of sympathy, a noble love of giving themselves for the service of others. Of this noble company of unknown helpers Caroline Herschel was one."

Her devotion was to an individual, and she gave her entire effort and her entire sympathy, and such inspiration as entire sympathy may give. Her face expresses this exactly; here is no Dorothy Wordsworth, but a patient, persistent, faithful soul, which will give up its life for an ideal which is not even fully conceived, but which is held with entire tenacity during every moment of a long life. In another world her first training might be the development of an individuality to which she allowed no scope in this.

In 1792 John Herschel, the only child of the philosopher, was born. There is an amazing difference between the conditions of his early life and that of his father. The contrast is complete. For penury he had luxury; for obscurity, celebrity. He was trained in the midst of the famous telescopes of the most famous observatory of the world. His father and his aunt were still engaged in observations, though the period of greatest activity was past. The whole atmosphere of the household was filled with high philosophy.

From his home he went to Eton, and thence to Cambridge, where he was graduated with the highest honor. He was the senior wrangler of his year, and his first published work was in the direction of pure mathematics. At Cambridge he formed lasting friendships with the men who were to be the intellectual heads of England. His ability, his charming disposition, and his name made him friends everywhere. His first inclination was to the law, but it was not long before science claimed all his energies. He was a highly skillful chemist, and his early tastes were certainly in the direction of chemistry, or at least of chemical physics. It was filial feeling, he himself declares, that led him to astronomy. His admirable training in mathe-

matics, and the unparalleled advantages which the possession of his father's telescopes and methods gave him, soon led him to genuine successes in his inherited profession, and there is no sign of any flagging interest in astronomy in all his subsequent life. The multitude of his observations, their great importance, and the zeal with which they were prosecuted, constitute him one of the most distinguished observers of the century. Before 1833 he had reexamined most of his father's discoveries and made many of his own. Between 1833 and 1838 he labored at the Cape of Good Hope, where he investigated the southern sky in the same manner. He accomplished the magnificent task of examining the whole sky, from pole to pole, in a uniform way. Our accurate knowledge of the southern sky dates from his work, in the same way that our knowledge of the structure of the northern heavens dates from his father's labors.

The construction of the whole heavens can thus be studied from observations made with a single telescope and by a single observer. All our opinions as to the constitution of the stellar system are grounded in the conceptions of the elder Herschel and best known through the masterly extension and exposition of them by his son.

It is no small virtue to have furnished the basis for the thoughts of the whole intelligent world. This, Sir John Herschel has done in more than one direction. His "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy" and his "Outlines of Astronomy" will always remain as classic expositions of our certain knowledge and as eloquent suggestions for future progress. The chemical principles on which photography rests are his discovery, and it was undoubtedly only his intense occupation in other directions that prevented his anticipating the invention of Daguerre by many years. His public usefulness was very great. As a member of the Royal Society, as one of the founders of the Royal Astronomical Society, as a member of nearly every scientific society in the world, his authority was to England what Humboldt's authority was to Germany. It was always used in the wisest and most temperate way, with patience and moderation and high purpose. By inheritance, by education, and by the effect of his own scientific career, he was forcibly led to take wide and philosophical views. Add to this that he was possessed of poetic and literary abilities of a high order, and there may be a sufficient explanation for the gentleness, the elevation, the strength of his life, which was the ideal life of the man of science—the philosopher. Every opportunity of life was open to him, and of each one he made a full and a wise use. The portrait which accompanies



CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL.

[ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. WILLIAMS, FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.]

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this paper seems to show him in the possession of these gifts and full of the elevation which comes from an undisturbed dwelling amidst high thoughts.

The Royal Society of London had no more glorious name than that of Herschel for nearly a hundred years, and to-day two of his sons are counted among its honored members. The Royal Astronomical Society was, as has been said, founded largely through his efforts. His father was its first president; he himself was its first secretary. It is impossible that the venerable Sir William should not have been impressed with the strange and wonderful change which had brought him to occupy that chair, and had given him a son as coadjutor who was worthy to succeed to his honors.

There is no private history which better illustrates the progress which the world has made in flexibility—in prompt acceptance of accomplished facts. We have learned what is useful to us, and we have learned the great les-

son of accepting these gifts wherever and whenever we find them, and of giving honor and opportunity to our greatest men. There is an opposite to this virtue, however. We forget too quickly and too lightly. Would it be believed that the Royal Society of London has no portrait of Sir William Herschel, who, next to Newton, was its greatest astronomer? Or, that there is now no way of studying his magnificent memoirs, except by consulting the thirty-nine quarto volumes of the Philosophical Transactions in which they are scattered?

The world at large has accepted the results of all these labors, and does not concern itself with the details. The ideas of the two Herschels have gone into the great common stock of knowledge, along with those of Ptolemy, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Kant, Laplace. Their names are immortal in the surest way, for their beliefs are held by millions of their fellow-men.

Edward S. Holden.

IN AND OUT OF THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

(SECOND PAPER.)



THE common way of going from the city to the Exposition is the one-mule car. There were plans for steam transit at first, and something may come of them before the fair closes; but the only charter granted fell into the hands of some speculative persons, who had no money to build a road themselves and demanded fifty thousand dollars for their privilege. As I wrote in February, the fair-time being already one-third gone, the only alternative to mule transit is the steamboats on the river, which are too far away for most visitors to make use of. The mule-car is not a bad conveyance, however. True, the track is rough and the seats are hard, but the little animal clatters along at a lively pace over the plank roadway in the middle of the street, pulling his load with ease, for the ground is so level that the water in the deep ditches seems in doubt which way to run, and usually ends by standing still and hiding itself under a covering of green slime. In a few minutes the car gets beyond the business district, and thence on to the Exposition gates it runs through green and fragrant suburbs, where the date-palm, the magnolia, and the orange shade delicious little inclosures, half garden and half lawn, which look as if their beauty was quite unpre-

meditated, and came from nature's own generous moods. Handsome mansions, with pillared fronts, alternate with pretty one-story cottages, and a little farther out are the red and green houses of the negroes with their projecting hood-like roofs. There is no crowding of population into tenement houses in New Orleans. The poorest laborer that rolls cotton-bales on the levee can afford a three-room cottage for his family, where there is plenty of light, air, and shade. In hut and mansion life goes on with open doors all the year round, and even in December and January, when fires are kept up, the children play on the thresholds, and you get glimpses of the interiors as the car jogs past. The winter in New Orleans does not seem to be the death of the year, but only a brief sleep filled with dreams of the summer's luxuriance of leaf and blossom. Most of the trees, such as the live-oaks, the water-oaks, the oranges, and the magnolias, do not shed their foliage, and the roses seem not to know when to leave off blooming. I found the rainy season in January, of which there was so much complaint in newspaper correspondence, not altogether disagreeable. The frequent warm showers, and the spring-like feeling in the air, made the weather seem like an English May.

In the street-cars there is less reserve than in such vehicles in Northern cities. Strangers open conversation with you from mere expansiveness and friendliness of feeling. There is a deal of chatting about the city,

the weather, and the fair. Children are noticed and petted, and babies create a general sensation. In every other car smoking is permitted. If ladies get into the smoking-cars, which are plainly distinguished from the others, they are expected to make the best of the situation and not glare at the men for finishing their cigars. Sometimes there are outspoken protests against this custom. A party of ladies entered a car one day in which a Creole gentleman sat in placid enjoyment of his cigar and his morning paper. The windows were shut and the air was thick. The ladies began to make half-whispered remarks about the "horrid air." Then something was said about "no gentleman smoking in the presence of ladies where they came from." Still the smoker was obdurate. He puffed away with increased vigor. He had a right to smoke, and he evidently did not intend to be intimidated. Various sarcastic comments were made with less and less pretense of undertone, until the attention of all the passengers was attracted to the struggle. Finally, one of the women said, "Let's offer him five cents for his cigar." "Of course he'll take it," said another; "he could buy two of the sort he's smoking." This shot finished the poor Creole. He threw his cigar out of the window, scowled at his tormentors, but was too polite to make any retort.

The steamboat route to the Exposition starts from the head of Canal street. It's very odd, this going up hill to get to the water side of the city, and finding all the open drains flowing from the river instead of toward it. During the sail, which lasts nearly an hour, you pass along the greater part of the river from

tage of the city and get a strong impression of the extent and variety of its commercial activity. There are dozens of cotton-steamers, flying English, French, Spanish, Dutch, and Italian flags, steamers from Mexico, Cuba, and South America, fruit-schooners with fragrant cargoes from the lagoons of Yucatan and Honduras, black brigs laden with logwood and mahogany, and all sorts of queer, nondescript sail-craft from bays and bayous bringing fish and oysters, sugar and rice. The river steamboats do not make as great a show at the levees as they did years ago, the new railroad running parallel to the Mississippi and Red rivers, or crossing the Atchafalaya and the many navigable bayous that help carry to the gulf the abundant waters of those great streams, having seriously impaired the river trade of late. There is an amusing irregularity in the movements of the Exposition boats. If they have a time-table, they pay no attention to it. The gang-plank is not hauled in as long as a possible passenger is in sight on shore. Two boats will lie for an hour at the wharf, keeping up a terrific din with bells and whistles as if just about to pull out. Each has its runners ashore soliciting passengers, the rival captains standing by the gang-planks and shouting, "First boat for the city—Start in one minute.—Give her another toot, Jim.—Stand by, there, to cast off that line.—

This way, gentlemen—go half an hour before that other boat." Meanwhile, the passengers who have come aboard at the advertised time of leaving do not grumble. It's the custom of the country. Nobody is in a hurry; nobody cares to be on time. Even the restless, impatient Northerner soon falls in with

the ways of the natives, and finds it delightful to enter into the easy-going spirit of this lazy land, "wherein it seemeth always afternoon."

CONDITION OF NEW ORLEANS.

THE city of New Orleans was in need of the invigorating influences of the Exposition. Its trade has been at a standstill of late. The Eads jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi and the building of new railroads



ON DIXIE'S LINE.

gave it a fresh impetus a few years ago; but these new forces seem to have culminated. The place is not decaying, but it is not advancing. I noted but two conspicuous new buildings that have been erected in the business quarter since my last visit, six years ago. The receipts of cotton have not averaged as many bales during the past five years as in the five years preceding the war. The heaviest receipts in the history of the city were in the crop year 1859-60—2,139,425 bales. The receipts for 1883-84 were only 1,529,188 bales. Besides, the profit arising from handling the staple is much less than formerly, owing to the establishment of steam-presses at various points in the interior which compress the bales ready for shipment to Europe, so that there is nothing for New Orleans to do with them but transfer them directly to the ocean vessels from the cars and steamboats. The sugar crop of Louisiana was 221,515 hogsheads in 1883, and was 449,324 hogsheads as long ago as 1853. The grain movement to Europe by way of New Orleans is not increasing, notwithstanding the enormous expansion in recent years of the Western wheat crop. The gains achieved for the general business of the city appear to have come from the building of railroads and the consequent bringing of the surrounding country within easy reach of its trade. The important new roads—all built with Northern capital and managed by Northern men—are two lines to Texas, connecting with the Southern Pacific system, a line north-eastwardly into Alabama, forming a part of one of the through Northern routes of travel, and a line following the general course of the Mississippi to Memphis. In 1880 the census showed 216,000 people in New Orleans, a gain of only 13,000 in a decade. The present population is probably 225,000, not including the people brought here by the Exposition. These figures do not, however, convey a correct idea of the importance of the city as a center of commerce, for the reason that it is commerce alone that makes New Orleans, the multitude of manufacturing industries which would be found in a Northern city of any considerable size being almost wholly absent. Besides, New Orleans is great by comparison. In all the South-western and Gulf States, the next largest city had only 43,000 inhabitants in 1880. That was Nashville, Tennessee. The gap between 216,000 and 43,000 is a wide one. After Nashville came Memphis with 33,500, Mobile with 29,000, and Galveston with 22,000. The prominence of New Orleans is explained by the fact that it is from five to ten times as large as the other principal cities within the circuit of its trade relations.



"THE SMOKER WAS OBDURATE."

There is much complaint of the badness of the city government and the lethargy of the business men. At a *café chantant* one night I heard a popular song criticising the mayor, the aldermen, and the merchants, because of dull times, diverted trade, and unemployed labor, and the refrain to each verse was:

"Stick a pin in them and see if they're alive."

The Exposition sprang from the conviction that the future growth of New Orleans depends on securing a larger share of the trade of Latin America. The idea back of it is that the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea and the islands of the Antilles should exchange their products here for the manufactures of the North. If this idea bears important fruit, it must be through the accession of fresh Northern blood and capital to the business circles of the Crescent City. This is what it is hoped the Exposition will accomplish, by bringing Northern enterprise here to see the opportunities open to the southward for commercial activity. New blood is needed, because the old stock becomes lethargic through the enervating climatic influences. Rarely does the successful merchant who comes as a young man from the cooler latitudes leave a son who inherits the father's energy. One generation is enough to change character.



A STEVEDORE.

The long, hot, moist summers of the Louisiana lowlands are fatal to vigor. A city that lies below the level of the river which washes its wharves and only a few feet above the poisonous swamps surrounding it, and which has six sweltering summer months, must always continue to draw upon the North for new men to carry on its larger business activities.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE and her zealous assistants have made of this department a pleasing and successful feature of the Exposition, in spite of a grievous want of funds growing out of the miscalculations of the general management, which obliged them to resort to benefit concerts and lectures to raise money to pay expenses. Their row of State alcoves in one of the galleries of the Government

Building look like a series of sumptuous parlors, profusely decorated with pictures and embroideries. It is pleasant to retreat to one of these nooks from the masculine spaces of the fair, with their aggressive claims upon the attention, and to find one's self surrounded with only feminine influences. No great intellectual effort or physical exertion is needed to see and appreciate the delicate needlework, the decorated porcelain, or the bright crazy-quilts, or the attempts at painting and sculpture here displayed. In fact, the mind is rather benumbed at the view of the patient labor expended to produce pretty effects, as, for instance, the flowered quilt from Louisiana, made of a mosaic of 100,584 pieces of silk. Another quilt from Minnesota is covered with the autographs of the celebrities of all nations, and is said to be the result of ten years' effort. The thought of sleeping under the weight of all those congregated great names is appalling.

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Woman's work is shown in more practical fields by the Philadelphia silk-culture exhibit, by scientific analyses of food adulterations; and there are also a library of books by women, some botanical collections, and a few patented inventions. Some of the States have not seen fit to join the department in the gallery, preferring to show their women's exhibits in their State sections on the floor. Among these is Ohio, whose painted pottery and carved wood-work from Cincinnati touch, perhaps, the highest range of feminine achievements in art to be seen at the fair.

The impression a critical observer takes away from the Woman's Department, besides the pleasing one of its soft and pretty decorative effects, is that it is wholly and of necessity inadequate to present a view of the attainments of women in the industries and arts, and their share in carrying forward the world's civilization. Woman's work is so entangled with that of man in a thousand lines of effort, that it cannot be separated, ticketed with a feminine label, and put on exhibition. To realize what women are doing in this country, we must look at the census schedules of the occupations they engage in, and the number employed in each. An enormous amount of the labor, skill, and taste employed to carry on the processes of our modern life comes from women's hands and brains. These handsomely adorned alcoves, each with its State name, which occupy the gallery of the Woman's Department with their treasures of needle-work, and ornamented pottery, and ambitious little pictures, show woman's play rather than woman's work. They are very admirable in their way, and I would not in the least disparage them; but let us not for a moment suppose that they adequately typify woman's achievements. Nine-tenths of the educational exhibit is in reality woman's work, and a majority of the fabrics and wares which fill the Main Building have probably received some touch in making or decoration from her hand. If it were possible to present a picture of what woman does to-day in America, in the

multiform lines of human effort, and to contrast it with a view of her limited field half a century ago, when closely confined to household duties, none of the revolutions of modern times which have set the world



SOME MEMBERS OF THE MEXICAN BAND.

forward would appear so significant and so far-reaching.

THE MEXICAN EXHIBITS.

AMONG foreign nations Mexico has taken the most active interest in the New Orleans World's Fair. Her government has formed an admirable exhibit, which presents a faithful epitome of her natural resources and her industrial life. The aim has not been to display a few articles of exceptional merit, but to show the whole range of useful products and native manufactures. One is surprised at the number of things the Mexicans make, and make well. Their cotton fabrics are good, and of tasteful patterns; their woollens are

well woven; their leather-work, especially in saddlery, is wonderfully fine; their pottery is quaintly original; they prepare a multitude of food products and wines. Many articles show ingenuity and a great deal of patient labor. The little painted clay statuettes made by Indians, and representing phases of Mexican life,—the beggar, the fruit-seller, the priest, the country gentleman, the fisherman, etc.,—and the bird-pictures made from the

cushions, as big as barrels; cacti like giants' clubs, standing thirty feet high; cacti with thorns a finger long; cacti covered with delicate gray hairs; cacti with beautiful tubular pink blossoms; cacti with big roses growing among their spikes; cacti with red, apple-shaped fruit; cacti in pods, in bulbs, in branching candelabra. This cactus show is alone worth a visit to the Exposition. After seeing it one understands why the Mexican infantry



CACTUS FROM MEXICO.

feathers of the birds they represent, show the genius of close imitation, of patient handicraft, and to some extent of original conception, and seem to indicate an aptitude in the people for the higher kinds of manufacturing industry, which could be much developed by training. After spending an hour in the Mexican courts one marvels that a people who can produce all these things should make so small a figure in the sum-total of the world's civilizing forces.

In the Horticultural Hall Mexico makes a remarkable display of the different species of the cactus plant. This odd freak of the vegetable kingdom assumes no end of fantastic shapes. There are cacti like enormous pin-

soldiers wear high-topped boots. I have spoken before of the Moorish Building erected for the display of Mexican mining products, and of the barracks for the Mexican soldiers and the military band. The band has enlivened the fair through all its stages, furnishing music on every ceremonial occasion with never-failing courtesy and good-nature, and with a cosmopolitan impartiality, playing Dixie or Hail Columbia, Gounod, or Rossini, or Mozart, or Strauss with equal good-will, or singing the songs of love and patriotism of their own country. To these swarthy musicians, sixty of them I think in all, and representing most of the types of Mexico's much mixed races, the Exposition is greatly indebted.

LOUISIANA AGRICULTURE.

NEAR the great tower of green sugar-canes which serves as a beacon to guide the visitor through the mazes of the Government

Building to the Louisiana section, and beneath the rice-thatched pavilion, is a placard with the following legend: "Louisiana wants more men and women of brains, energy, and capital. Her lands are the most productive and the cheapest of all the Southern States." Close at hand, on one of the white pillars which show the sources whence the United States draws its supplies of sugar, and the comparative amount furnished by Louisiana, is a statement in black letters that "only one-twentieth of the land in Louisiana available for sugar is now under cultivation." These two inscriptions provoke inquiry. Here is one of the oldest settled portions of the Union, which could show a flourishing agriculture and a considerable

commercial city when such States as Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin were peopled only by savages, and such cities as Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Paul had not even a name, setting up claims for immigration in competition with those of Dakota and Oregon. How does it happen that there are still great areas of rich land untilled in the Mississippi delta? The first answer to the question is, that these lands largely require protection from overflow by levees, and that the present population has all it can do to maintain the old embankments, and cannot afford to build new ones to redeem more soil from the swamps. The second is, that the social organism is based on agriculture, and agriculture in all the lowland districts is based on negro labor. As many white people are now living on the labor of the negroes as that labor will support. The small immigration from Europe and the North goes to the towns and engages in trade. There has been very little influx of new blood in the country districts. The negro labor is probably in the aggregate as productive as in the days of slavery; but a smaller share of its results goes to the white land-owners, and a larger share to the blacks themselves. Thus the whites always speak of "the good old days before the war," and were, no doubt, as a class, in better circumstances then than now, though the aggregate annual wealth-production was not as great. Of the three special staples of Louisiana agriculture, cotton, raised in the uplands north of the Red River, shows some gain in its annual yield; sugar is variable in quantity, depending greatly on the seasons, and requiring large capital for its culture; rice, which is especially a black man's crop, has increased steadily, beginning with 20,978 barrels in 1865, and without a single set-back advancing to 498,138 barrels in 1883.

The time is not far distant when land will be too valuable on this continent for large areas of the warm, bountiful soils of Louisiana to be allowed to remain idle, and when the Mississippi delta, with its interlacing

rivers and bayous, will be a semi-tropical Holland, as well diked and as thoroughly utilized as the thrifty, populous country in the Rhine delta.

The most interesting phase of Louisiana agriculture is sugar-planting and sugar-making. This whole industry rests on a few lines in the tariff law. Without the duty on sugar and molasses the Louisiana planters could not maintain themselves in competition with those of the West India islands, where labor is cheaper, and where the cane sprouts afresh from the roots every year. The sugar industry in Louisiana is an exotic, but it is too late now to discuss the wisdom of nurturing it by favoring legislation. It is established; it employs large capital; it supports a considerable population; it is one of the pillars of the whole industrial and social fabric in an entire State. To withdraw the legislative shield which protects it would be to bring bankruptcy and misery to many thousands of people. The recent threat of the Spanish treaty produced great alarm in the sugar districts. The planters occupy a peculiarly critical position, their industry and the value of their landed property and machinery depending upon the goodwill of Congress, a large majority of whose members represent constituencies having no interest in the taxation of foreign sugars at the custom-house.

In ante-bellum times the sugar-planters were the flower of the slave-holding aristocracy. They owned large estates, lived gen-



A STUDY IN THE HOTEL.



CREOLES.

erously, valued education, and cultivated the social amenities. They were a gentle, luxurious, hospitable race, and were rudely shaken by the storm of war and the emancipation of the slaves. Many of them were unable to adapt themselves to the new social conditions, and have disappeared in the oblivion of financial and personal ruin. Others hold on to their lands, but are not able to cultivate more than a small part of them. Many of the old, influential families have perished, and their estates have gone into the hands of new men from the North, or of Hebrew money-

lenders in New Orleans. There is still enough left, however, of the old planting life behind the levees on the rivers and bayous, where the warm land slopes back to the mournful cypress swamps, and where the pillared porches of old mansions gleam through the foliage of orange-trees, to give picturesqueness and character to the region.

THE COLORED DEPARTMENT.

It would be more correct to call it the Somewhat Colored Department. Nowhere

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does it appear to represent the achievements of the pure-blooded negro. The woman who comes forward to explain the Kentucky exhibits has blue eyes and brown hair. The lady-like person who calls your attention to the embroideries and the handsome artificial flowers in the Louisiana section is an octoroon. The maker of an assortment of tools, forged with the hammer, hangs his photograph beside his work and displays unmistakable Caucasian features. And so it goes throughout the whole display. Even the chief of the department, a distinguished bureau official from Washington and a former United States senator, is three-fourths white. As a display of a few useful and many ornamental objects and some atrocities in art, produced by people having more or less African blood in their veins, this gallery possesses a moderate interest; but as a presentation of the industrial or educational attainments of the negro race in America, it is of very small value. It is impossible to say in the case of any article whether the white blood or the black, in the veins of the representative of mixed ancestry who made it, produced the progressive tendency. The absurdity of showing the work of quadrooms and octoroons as that of the black

race will be manifest if we turn the thing around, and imagine at a fair held in Hayti, where white people are said to be greatly despised, a white department opened and filled with articles made by persons three-fourths black. If this be not a fair comparison, then we must imagine the black blood in the mixed race to have greater potency than the white to develop its own race tendencies, and insist that in an ethnological sense the old barbarous rule of slavery was correct, and that the smallest visible admixture of the African taint makes the man a negro. Of course, the truth is on the opposite side of the proposition: the white blood is the more powerful, and the man who carries a preponderance of it in his veins is not a negro, and must be classed with the white race if any scientific line is to be drawn.

There is every reason to believe that the blacks of our Southern States are making steady progress. On a "Historical Chart of the Colored Race" displayed in the Colored Department is this motto: "We must unite; we must acquire wealth; we must educate, or we will perish." The negroes are slowly getting property and education. They inherit from slavery one great blessing — the habit of

industry; and this is their salvation. As to the higher attainments of civilization, whatever they exhibit, except in rare and isolated cases, is plainly traceable either to contact with the white race or to the admixture of white blood.

I had almost forgotten to point out one undoubted product of negro genius in the Colored Department. The Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Virginia, who preaches that the earth stands still, and the sun revolves around

great live-oaks on the grounds, and observe the passing throng, is to my mind the best part of the sight-seeing at the fair. The first broad division one makes is between Northern and Southern people. The energetic tread, the business-like air, and the evident disposition to do up the exhibition thoroughly and speedily, betrays the man from the North, as well as the cut of his coat, his Derby hat, and the unnecessary overcoat he lugs about on his



"WHAT'S THE CHEER GOOD FOR IF IT AIN'T TO SET DOWN IN?"

it, and tries to demolish astronomy with Scripture texts, has his autobiography on sale. Beside the books lies his photograph, which is that of a man whose unmixed African ancestry will not be questioned.

TYPES AND ODDITIES.

THE visitors themselves are as well worth seeing as the show. To sit on a bench on one of the broad aisles of the Main Building, or better still beneath the spreading arms of the

arm, incredulous as to May weather lasting long in February. The Northern woman is more fashionably dressed than her Southern sister, has a quicker gait, a better complexion, a nervous, eager manner, and an appearance of being in quest of information quite essential to her well-being. The Southern visitors saunter and chat a good deal; they seem never in a hurry. The women affect black in preference to colors, and are not particular as to the forms of their bonnets. The Hebrew clothing merchant, who has pervaded the entire South since the war, has nearly driven out the black

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broadcloth suit which was once the regulation garb for gentlemen, and it is not much worn now except by the older men, but the soft slouch hat holds its own. There are more distinct and recognizable types among the Southern population than in the North. The large-boned Kentuckian or Tennessean, reared on a limestone soil, differs widely from the inhabitant of the malarial lowlands of Mississippi and Louisiana. The Georgian can be told by speech and look from his neighbor in South Carolina. The Texan is a big breezy fellow, with a long stride and an air of owning half the universe. The Creole Louisianian (by which term, let it be explained for the hundredth time for the benefit of persistent ignorance, is meant, not a mulatto, but a native white of French or Spanish ancestry) is short of stature, slight of frame, with a curious mixture of languor and vivacity in manner, carefully dressed, very polite, and with small interest in the doings of the world outside his own State.

The odd characters at the fair are the terror of exhibitors. A Cincinnati furniture-maker discovered a countryman from Arkansas whitening a handsome mahogany cabinet "to see what the wood was like." The man's knowledge of furniture was evidently limited to articles which could not be damaged by a reasonable use of the jack-knife. Another exhibitor, who had fitted up a room with the finest specimens of his art, was horrified to find an old lady eating her lunch of fried chicken seated in one of his satin upholstered chairs. "What's the cheer good for if it ain't to see down in?" she placidly remarked, in reply to his earnest request that she would go somewhere else with her victuals. The same exhibitor one day found that some visitor to his alcoves had left a token of his approval on the polished surface of a costly mantel, in the words "This is pretty good" scratched with a knife.

The Turks who sell olive-wood, beads, and other trinkets "from Jerusalem"—all made in Paris—are picturesque additions to the



"WHEN DID YOU COME FROM INDIANA?"

permanent personnel of the fair, though their genuineness, like that of their wares, will not always bear inspection. An amusing scene occurred one day at one of these Oriental bazaars. A tall man, with a rural air, stopped before the stand and appeared to take a lively interest, not in the goods, but in the features of one of the salesmen in scarlet fez and baggy trousers. He surveyed the Oriental in front and in profile, and then, slapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, "Hello, Jake, when did you come from Indiana?" The Turk from Indiana acknowledged his old acquaintance and begged that he would not "give him away."

SOUTHERN TIMBER.

THE Southern States seek in their State displays, in the Government Building, to impress visitors with the fact that they have great undeveloped resources in their forests, which, on account of the rapid devastation of

the Northern pineries, are inviting to enterprise. In these displays sections of tree-trunks and specimens of boards are everywhere conspicuous. Florida erects a quadrilateral wall of trunks, entire below, split above to show the wood, both plain and varnished, and ending with the pressed leaves, accompanied by a little condensed information as to each specimen. In all there are one hundred and eighty varieties. Forty-two per cent. of all the varieties of forest trees known to exist in the United States are found in Florida. An artistic way of showing timber specimens is seen in the Tennessee section, where, on polished squares of the different kinds of wood found in the State, the leaves and flowers of each are prettily painted, the whole forming a large mosaic screen.

Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas have still many thousand square miles of yellow pine timber-lands, barely touched here and there by the lumberman's operations. The yellow pine is the common building wood of the South, and is sent to the ship-yards of the North. The sweet-gum tree, which grows abundantly in northern Louisiana, Arkansas, and the Yazoo delta of Mississippi, is beginning to come into use for furniture-making, and, now that the Northern black-walnut is so nearly exhausted, is likely to attract attention. Its wood takes a fine polish. There are said to be nine million acres of this timber. The tree grows to the height of ninety feet. In the swamps in the lower Mississippi basin the cypress is everywhere the dominant tree. Its trunk spreads out at the base to get a firm hold on the water-soaked loam, and it rears its branches to a height of over one hundred feet. The wood is very tough and durable, and is said to last forty years in the form of shingles and siding without the protection of paint. It is used for general building purposes, for boats, and for furniture veneered with mahogany. The white locust, the white holly, the ash, and the cottonwood are other valuable Southern woods. There used to be a good deal of black-walnut in Tennessee and Arkansas, but the furniture factories in Cincinnati and Grand Rapids have bought the little that remains uncut.

SOUTHERN MANUFACTURES.

ONE sees few evidences in the Exposition of the development of manufactures in the Southern States. In some special lines, at least, such development is going forward to a notable extent, but it is very inadequately represented here. The number of cotton-mills has increased from 161 in 1880 to 270 in 1884. There ought to be a collective display of the products of these factories. Most of

them are small mills, and make only yarns or coarse cloths; but the fact that 109 establishments should have been put in operation in four years is a remarkable evidence of progress. The great coal and iron deposits in northern Alabama have brought into existence a growing iron industry at Birmingham, where pig-iron is now made at less cost than at any other place in the United States. The Alabama coal is fast displacing that of Illinois, Ohio, and western Pennsylvania in New Orleans for domestic and steam fuel.

We must not, however, be led by these facts to suppose that there is any such general growth of manufacturing in the South as is taking place in Western States, like Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. The Southern States make a striking display of raw materials suitable for various forms of industry, and with iron and coal, timber and fibers, extend an eager invitation to all the world to come and make use of these bountiful gifts of nature; but their people appear to expect somebody else to do for them the work of diversifying their industries. They do little for themselves in this direction, compared to what is done in the West. If the exhibition is a faithful mirror of their achievements, we must conclude that most that we have heard of their recent progress beyond the old lines of raising agricultural staples has been newspaper talk only. Must we not also conclude that the genius of skillful handicraft does not spring from opportunity, but is a rare instinct? Manufacturing is an inherited tendency in the New England stock, and has advanced westward with the migration of that stock. A bountiful supply of natural resources does not give birth to this instinct. The New England States are singularly poor in such resources, while Virginia, Tennessee, and other Southern States are notably rich in them. Yet there are single towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut whose annual product of manufactures nearly equals that of all the Southern States. If the South is ever to become the seat of extensive general manufacturing operations, it will be when the West is full of people, and the tide of migration, which now follows lines of latitude, is deflected southward. The old Southern stock, very little changed by the infusion of new blood since the war, has no aptitude for the small economies, the close application, the attention to detail, and the mastery of machinery required for successful manufacturing.

BRAZILIAN COFFEE.

THE Rio de Janeiro Society of Labor and Commerce displays six hundred and twenty-

four samples of coffee, comprising eighty different qualities, each of which has its own name. This society has been striving for years to rescue Brazilian coffee from the low standing it has in the markets of the world, by proving that "Rio" is merely a trade name for a poor grade, and that all the better grades sold as Java, Ceylon, and Mocha are produced in large quantities in Brazil. It seems that it is the custom of the coffee merchants to sort the beans, calling the small round ones, of which only one grows in a cherry, "Mocha," and the large well-formed ones "Java" or "Ceylon," and then to lump the remainder together, mixed perhaps with a still poorer article from Venezuela or Costa Rica, and call it "Rio." A talk with the members of the Rio de Janeiro Society in charge of this interesting coffee exhibit will show most coffee-drinkers that they are ignorant of the main facts concerning the little berry of which their favorite beverage is made. How few people are connoisseurs of coffee. How few know that, like wine, the berry improves with age, gaining in delicacy and aroma the longer the time between the gathering and the use. We insist that wine should have a proper age, yet we buy the fresh green berries, recently gathered. Most consumers think the green color is an evidence of good quality, while in fact it shows that the bean is not sufficiently cured to be at its best, and that it will give the beverage a raw, crude flavor. The best coffee is of a light yellowish color. As the bean loses in weight with age, it is to the interest of the producer to market it at once. The consumer who is critical as to quality and aroma will lay in one or two years' supply, to insure the proper age, and will have the quantity needed for his breakfast-table freshly roasted and ground every morning in his own kitchen. There is as much difference in coffee as in wine, and nothing is more difficult, as every traveler knows, than to get even a tolerably fair cup of this most common of beverages. I doubt if one American in a hundred ever drank a really good cup of coffee, yet it is a luxury within the reach of everybody. In New Orleans the survival of French traditions in cooking insures a palatable *café au lait*, but the berry in common use comes from Mecca and lacks delicacy of aroma. The custom is to make the coffee very strong and black by the drip method, and to put in the cup as much hot milk as coffee. This makes a very nutritious drink, and, with a loaf of bread about as big as a man's fist and some fresh butter, is the Creole breakfast. To eat meat, potatoes, or hot bread in the morning the Creole regards as an American barbarism.

INDIAN ENGLISH.

In the New Mexico section are shown a curious batch of compositions written by Indian pupils in the Catholic schools. Some of these specimens of Indian English are very funny. Here are two of them:

The Cow and Oxen.

I write about the cow and oxen. The cows give to milk and the oxen is used to work in the garden and not have milks. Just used to work, and the cows have much milk and very good to drink cows milks, and the oxen is very strong and large oxen, and some oxen not large. The cows is not very fast run and some cows is very poor not fat and some very fat cows. The cows is everywhere walking and very just stay in the home — not go way, all time stand on the fence. The cows are very large horn, and some not cows not very large horn and some not very large. The cows are not have teeth just in the other side and all times chewing grass and oxen also chewing grass. The cows has calf and some not have calf, just has milk and just gave the people, is very good to drink this cows milk.

A Boule Dog.

The dog live in the house take care of it. Dog sleep on the door. Some dogs are good to catch rabbits. Much is snow. Me go mountain and very good dog to catch rabbits take of men. Come house. Good eat. Some dog not runs fast. Just sleep home about fire. Where you sleep fox, guess on the mountain. Guess not sleep every night. Walk rabbits.

BELGIUM AT THE FAIR.

BELGIUM receives hearty praise on all hands for the generous recognition her Government and her manufacturers have given to the Exposition. Other European nations have treated it with indifference, giving no money to aid it, and no stimulus of special effort, and contenting themselves with turning over those of their people who wished to exhibit goods to their respective consuls at New Orleans. Belgium, though in the midst of efforts for an exhibition of her own, of no small importance, to open in Antwerp in May, has devoted both money and effort to the creditable display, under competent supervision, of her art, her machinery, her textile fabrics, and her general manufactures, in the distant city at the mouth of the Mississippi. In all its departments, whether of railway appliances or paintings, cannon or cloths, iron-forging or delicate laces, the exhibit is attractive and worthy of study. The youngest of European nations, created by diplomacy only a little more than half a century ago, has an eye to business as well as to international courtesy in her prompt attendance at all important world's fairs. Her various industries compete sharply with those of France, Germany, and England. In a speech opening the Belgian section, the commissioner spoke of the purpose of his country

to develop commerce between Antwerp and New Orleans, and not only to extend her trade with the United States, but to reach out from New Orleans to Mexico and Central America for new markets for her manufactures. The Belgian paintings show the influence of both Munich and Paris. A distinct national school has hardly yet arisen. There are no great pictures shown, but there are many noticeably good ones, and no bad ones, and the display as a whole is very interesting.

FRENCH EDUCATION.

THE cheap shop-keeping character of the general French exhibit may well be overlooked in view of the very instructive display of educational methods and results made by the French Government, through its Ministry of Public Instruction and Fine Arts. This display is in charge of Professor B. Breisson. It covers the whole field of educational effort in France, from the crèche for infants and the primary school to the colleges, the medical schools, the schools for manual labor, and the national schools of decorative arts. The American teacher visiting the crowded gallery containing this exhibit will be struck, first, by the way in which the French carry their love of system into their school work; next, by a certain artistic feeling and indefinable touch of taste in the work of the pupils; and then, most of all, by the many evidences that instruction is carried outside the text-book, as far as possible, to objects and their relations, teaching theories by things and not by sentences learned by rote. The tendency is strongly in this direction in our own country, but the French carry it farther than we do, seeking in many ways to make the pupil familiar with the main facts in natural science, and with the practical sides of life.

THE LIBERTY BELL AND THE OLD FLAG.

THE old Liberty Bell, which stands in the Main Building upon the car built to transport it and its guard of stalwart policemen from



THE LIBERTY BELL.

Philadelphia, appears to awaken a sentiment of nationality in the breasts of the Southern visitors to the Exposition. Their patriotic feelings do not always extend to the national flag, however. It is rare to see the Stars and Stripes in New Orleans save on the shipping and the Government buildings. The people are fond of bunting, and to gratify their taste for color they devise many strange banners. Visitors are puzzled to make out the meaning of these combinations of red, purple, green, yellow, and white floating from flagstuffs on stores and hotels. To the frequent question, "What sort of a flag is that?" the answer is, "Oh, that don't mean anything in particular. It's just a fancy flag," or more often, "That's the flag of Rex, the King of the Carnival." When the Bankers' Building on the Exposition Grounds was decorated, a photographer from Philadelphia, who had been taking a picture of the throng, called out from his platform as the Stars and Stripes were unfurled from the roof of the structure, "Three cheers for our flag!" There were a few cheers and almost as many hisses. The Exposition will, unquestion-

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ably, do much toward stimulating the growth of the national idea in the South. A study of the enormous aggregation of products, arts, and inventions in the Government Building classified by States cannot fail to produce an enlarged conception of the greatness of the republic, and a feeling of pride in its magnificent resources. Opposition to the national emblem is only a sentiment in the South, and is fast fading into a tradition. There is not the slightest desire for separation. The Southerner does not want to hurrah for the old flag, simply because he thinks that to do so would be to show unfaithfulness to the memory of the cause for which he or his kindred fought—a memory which to him is sacred.

A REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

THE Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia was held when the business of the country was deep down in the rut of depression into which it had been settling after the panic of 1873. The exhibition seemed to be the turning-point. It set people in motion and broke the spell of lethargy. Hard times are a mental disease. At the outset a necessary reaction from the fever of speculation, they become a chronic condition prolonged far beyond the time needed for restoring wholesome conditions to trade. People grasp their money tightly, become overcautious, draw back from the most inviting enterprises, and retrench ex-

penses beyond reasonable economy. The malady affects even those whose incomes have not in the least suffered. The rich grow penurious without themselves knowing why. Thus the consumption of products of all kinds diminishes and manufactures and trade languish. A great exhibition encourages people to travel, interests their minds by its display of inventions, processes, and products, and thus lifts them out of the old grooves of inactivity and causes them to loosen their energies and their purse-strings. Perhaps the New Orleans fair is destined to do the same good work in breaking up hard times as was done by the Centennial. It is a pity that its magnitude and attractions did not become earlier known to the country at large. It took about two months to educate the country up to an appreciation of the Philadelphia Exhibition, but afterwards came the pleasant fall weather, most inviting to travel and sight-seeing. Unfortunately, the summer will begin in New Orleans about as soon as a knowledge of the merits of the "World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition" is widely diffused. If it were practicable to hold the great show together and reopen it in the coming autumn, its benefits would be much increased, and the wise plan of its projectors of bringing together within its gates for better acquaintance and mutual profit the peoples of all the North American republics and colonies might be more fully realized.

Eugene V. Smalley.

A FLORENTINE MOSAIC.

(THIRD PAPER.)



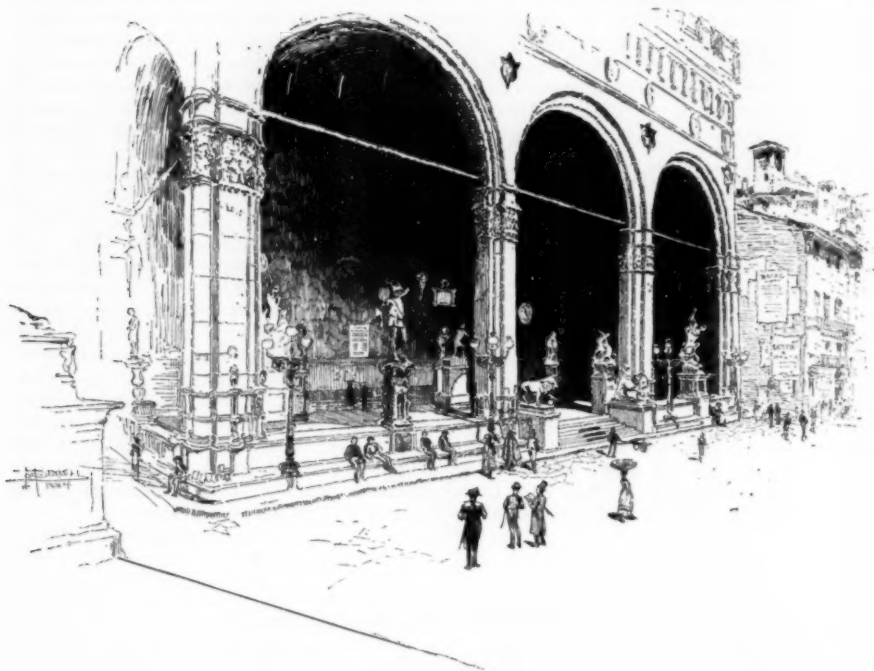
HOSE words of Michael Angelo's answer to Strozzi's civil verses on his Day and Night are nobly simple, and of a colloquial and

natural pitch to which their author seldom condescended in sculpture. Even the Day is too muscularly awaking and the Night too anatomically sleeping for the spectator's perfect loss of himself in the sculptor's thought; but the figures are so famous that it is hard to reconcile one's self to the fact that they do not celebrate the memory of the greatest Medici. That Giuliano whom we see in the chapel there is little known to history; of that Lorenzo, history chiefly remembers that he was the father of Alessandro, whom we have seen slain, and of Catharine de' Medici.

Some people may think this enough; but we ought to read the lives of the other Medici before deciding. Another thing to guard against in that chapel is the cold; and, in fact, one ought to go well wrapt up in visiting any of the indoor monuments of Florence. Santa Croce, for example, is a temple whose rigors I should not like to encounter again in January, especially if the day be fine without. Then the sun streams in with a deceitful warmth through the mellow blazon of the windows, and the crone, with her scaldino at the door, has the air almost of sitting by a register. But it is all an illusion. By the time you have gone the round of the strutting and mincing allegories, and the pompous effigies with which art here, as everywhere, renders death ridiculous, you have scarcely the courage to penetrate to those remote chapels where the Giotto frescoes are. Or if you do,

you shiver round among them with no more pleasure in them than if they were so many boreal lights. Vague they are, indeed, and spectral enough, those faded histories of John the Baptist, and John the Evangelist, and St. Francis of Assisi, and as far from us, morally, as anything at the pole; so that the honest sufferer, who feels himself taking cold in his bare head, would blush for his absurd-

full. The wonder of their temperance comes back with perpetual surprise to the gluttonous northern nature. Their shyness of your fire, their gentle deprecation of your out-of-hours hospitality, amuse as freshly as at first; and the reader who has not known the fact must imagine the well-dressed throng in the Florentine street more meagerly breakfasted and lunched than anything but destitution with



LOGGIA DEI LANZI.

ity in pretending to get any comfort or joy from them, if all the available blood in his body were not then concentrated in the tip of his nose. For my part, I marveled at myself for being led, even temporarily, into temptation of that sort; and it soon came to my putting my book under my arm and my hands in my pockets, and, with a priest's silken skull-cap on my head, sauntering among those works of art with no more sense of obligation to them than if I were their contemporary. It is well, if possible, to have some one with you to look at the book, and see what the works are and the authors. But nothing of it is comparable to getting out into the open piazza again, where the sun is so warm—though not so warm as it looks.

It suffices for the Italians, however, who are greedy in nothing and do not require to be warmed through, any more than to be fed

us, and protected against the cold indoors by nothing but the clothes which are much more efficient without.

II.

WHAT strikes one first in the Florentine crowd is that it *is* so well dressed. I do not mean that the average of fashion is so great as with us, but that the average of raggedness is less. Venice, when I saw it again, seemed in tatters, but, so far as I can remember, Florence was not even patched; and this, in spite of the talk one constantly hears of the poverty which has befallen the city since the removal of the capital to Rome. All classes are said to feel this adversity more or less, but none of them show it on the street; beggary itself is silenced to the invisible speech which one sees moving the lips of the old women who steal an open palm towards you

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at the church doors. Florence is not only better dressed on the average than Boston, but, with little over half the population, there are, I should think, nearly twice as many private carriages in the former city. I am not going beyond the most non-committal *si dice* in any study of the Florentine civilization, and I know no more than that it is said (as it has been said ever since the first northern tourist discovered them) that they will starve themselves at home to make a show abroad. But if they do not invite the observer to share their domestic self-denial,—and it is said that they do not, even when he has long ceased to be a passing stranger,—I do not see why he should complain. For my part their abstemiousness cost me no sacrifice, and I found a great deal of pleasure in looking at the turn-outs in the Cascine, and at the furlined coats in the streets and piazzas. They are always great wearers of fur in the south, but I think it is less fashionable than it used to be in Italy. The younger swells did not wear it in Florence, but now and then I met an elderly gentleman, slim, tall, with an iron-gray mustache, who, in folding his long furlined overcoat loosely about him as he walked, had a gratifying effect of being an ancestral portrait of himself; and with all persons and classes content to come short of recent fashion, fur is the most popular wear for winter. Each has it in such measure as he may; and one day in the Piazza della Signoria, when there was for some reason an assemblage of market-folk there, every man had hanging operatically from his shoulder an overcoat with cheap fur collar and cuffs. They were all babbling and gesticulating with an impassioned amiability, and their voices filled the place with a leafy rustling which it must have known so often in the old times, when the Florentines came together there to govern Florence. One ought not, I suppose, to imagine them always too grimly bent on public business in those times. They must have got a great deal of fun out of it, in the long run, as well as trouble, and must have enjoyed sharpening their wits upon one another vastly.

The presence now of all those busy-tongued people — bargaining or gossiping, whichever they were — gave its own touch to the peculiarly noble effect of the piazza, as it rose before me from the gentle slope of the Via Borgo dei Greci. I was coming back from that visit to Santa Croce, of which I have tried to give the sentiment, and I was resentfully tingling still with the cold, and the displeasure of a backward glance at the brand-new ugliness of the façade, and of the big clumsy Dante on his pedestal before it,

when all my burden suddenly lifted from me, as if nothing could resist the spring of that buoyant air. It was too much for even the dull, vague rage I felt at having voluntarily gone through that dreary old farce of old-master doing again, in which the man only averagely instructed in the history of art is at his last extreme of insincerity, weariness, and degradation — the ridiculous and miserable slave of the guide-book asterisks marking this or that thing as worth seeing. All seemed to rise and float away with the thin clouds, chasing one another across the generous space of afternoon sky which the piazza opened to the vision; and my spirit rose as light as the lion of the Republic, which capers so nimbly up the staff on top of the palace tower.

There is something fine in the old piazza being still true to the popular and even plebeian use. In narrow and crowded Florence, one might have supposed that fashion would have tried to possess itself of the place, after the public palace became the residence of the Medici; but it seems not to have changed its ancient character. It is now the starting-point of a line of omnibuses; a rank of cabs surrounds the base of Cosimo's equestrian statue; the lottery is drawn on the platform in front of the palace; second-rate shops of all sorts face it from two sides, and the restaurants and cafés of the neighborhood are inferior. But this unambitious environment leaves the observer all the freer to his impressions of the local art, the groups of the Loggia dei Lanzi, the symmetrical stretch of the Portico degli Uffizzi, and, best of all, the great, bold, irregular mass of the old palace itself, beautiful as some rugged natural object is beautiful, and with the kindness of nature in it. Plenty of men have been hung from its windows, plenty dashed from its turrets, slain at its base, torn in pieces, cruelly martyred before it; the wild passions of the human heart have beaten against it like billows; it has faced every violent crime and outbreak. And yet it is sacred, and the scene is sacred, to all who hope for their kind; for there, in some sort, century after century, the purpose of popular sovereignty — the rule of all by the most — struggled to fulfill itself, purblindly, bloodily, ruthlessly, but never ignobly, and inspired by an instinct only less strong than the love of life. There is nothing superfine, nothing of the *salon* about the place, nothing of the beauty of Piazza San Marco at Venice, which expresses the elegance of an oligarchy and suggests the dapper perfection of an aristocracy in decay; it is loud with wheels and hoofs, and busy with commerce, and it has a certain inefaceable rudeness and unfinished like the structure of a democratic state.

III.

WHEN Cosimo I., who succeeded Alessandro, moved his residence from the family seat of the Medici to the Palazzo Vecchio, it was as if he were planting his foot on the very neck of Florentine liberty. He ground his iron heel in deeply; the prostrate city hardly stirred afterwards. One sees what a potent and valiant man he was from the terrible face of the bronze bust by Benvenuto Cellini, now in the Bargello Museum; but the world, going about its business these many generations, remembers him chiefly by a horrid crime — the murder of his son in the presence of the boy's mother. Yet he was not only a great warrior and wild beast; he befriended letters, endowed universities, founded academies, encouraged printing; he adorned his capital with statues and public edifices; he enlarged and enriched the Palazzo Vecchio; he bought Luca Pitti's palace, and built the Uffizzi, thus securing the eternal gratitude of the tourists who visit these galleries, and have something to talk about at the *table d'hôte*. It was he who patronized Benvenuto Cellini, and got him to make his Perseus in the Loggia de' Lanzi; he built the fishermen's arcade in the Mercato Vecchio, and the fine Loggia of the Mercato Nuovo; he established the General Archives, and reformed the laws and the public employments; he created Leghorn, and throughout Tuscany, which his arms had united under his rule, he promoted the material welfare of his people, after the manner of tyrants when they do not happen to be also fools.

His care of them in other respects may be judged from the fact that he established two official spies in each of the fifty wards of the city, whose business it was to keep him informed of the smallest events, and all that went on in the houses and streets, together with their conjectures and suspicions. He did not neglect his people in any way; and he not only built all those fine public edifices in Florence,—having merely to put his hand in his people's pocket and do it, and then take the credit of them,—but he seems to have loved to adorn it with that terrible face of his on many busts and statues. Its ferocity, as Benvenuto Cellini has frankly recorded it, and as it betrays itself in all the effigies, is something to appall us still; and whether the story is true or not, you see in it a man capable of striking his son dead in his mother's arms. To be sure, Garzia was not Cosimo's favorite, and, like a Medici, he had killed his brother; but he was a boy, and when his father came to Pisa to find him, where he had taken refuge with his mother,

he threw himself at Cosimo's feet and implored forgiveness. "I want no Cains in my family!" said the father, and struck him with the dagger which he had kept hidden in his breast. "Mother! Mother!" gasped the boy, and fell dead in the arms of the hapless woman, who had urged him to trust in his father's mercy. She threw herself on the bed where they laid her dead son, and never looked on the light again. Some say she died of grief, some that she starved herself; in a week she died, and was carried with her two children to Florence, where it was presently made known that all three had fallen victims to the bad air of the Maremma. She was the daughter of a Spanish king, and eight years after her death her husband married the vulgar and ignoble woman who had long been his mistress. This woman was young, handsome, full of life, and she queened it absolutely over the last days of the bloody tyrant. His excesses had broken Cosimo with premature decrepitude; he was helpless in the hands of this creature, from whom his son tried to separate him in vain; and he was two years in dying, after the palsy had deprived him of speech and motion, but left him able to think and to remember!

The son was that Francesco I. who is chiefly known to fame as the lover and then the husband of Bianca Capello,—to so little may a sovereign prince come in the crowded and busy mind of aftertime. This grand duke had his courts and his camps, his tribunals and audiences, his shows of authority and government; but what we see of him at this distance is the luxurious and lawless youth, sated with every indulgence, riding listlessly by under the window of the Venetian girl who eloped with the Florentine banker's clerk from her father's palace in the lagoons, and is now the household drudge of her husband's family in Florence. She is looking out of the window that looks on Savonarola's convent, in the tallest of the stupid, commonplace houses that confront it across the square; and we see the prince and her as their eyes meet, and the work is done in the gunpowdery way of southern passion. We see her again at the house of those Spaniards in the Via de' Banchi, which leads out of our Piazza Santa Maria Novella, from whence the Palazzo Mandragone is actually in sight; and the marchioness is showing Bianca her jewels and— Wait a moment! There is something else the marchioness wishes to show her; she will go get it; and when the door reopens Francesco enters, protesting his love, to Bianca's confusion, and no doubt to her surprise; for how could she suppose he would be there? We see her then at the head of the grand-ducal

court, the poor, plain Austrian wife thrust aside to die in neglect; and then when Bianca's husband, whom his honors and good fortune have rendered intolerably insolent, is slain by some of the duke's gentlemen,—in the narrow street at Santo Spirito, hard by the handsome house in Via Maggio which the duke has given her,—we see them married, and receiving in state the congratulations of Bianca's father and brother, who have come on a special embassy from Venice to proclaim the distinguished lady Daughter of the Republic,—and, of course, to withdraw the price hitherto set upon her head. We see them then in the sort of life which must always follow from such love,—the grand duke had spent three hundred thousand ducats in the celebration of his nuptials,—overeating, overdrinking, and seeking their gross pleasures amid the ruin of the state. We see them trying to palm off a supposititious child upon the Cardinal Ferdinand, who was the true heir to his brother, and would have none of his spurious nephew; and we see these three sitting down in the villa at Poggio a Caiano to the famous tart which Bianca, remembering the skill of her first married days, has made with her own hands, and of which she courteously presses the Cardinal to be the first to partake. He politely refuses, being provided with a ring of admirable convenience at that time in Italy, set with a stone that turned pale in the presence of poison. "Some one has to begin," cries Francesco, impatiently; and in spite of his wife's signs—she was probably treading on his foot under the table, and frowning at him—he ate of the mortal viand; and then in despair Bianca ate too, and they both died. Is this tart perhaps too much for the reader's digestion? There is another story, then, to the effect that the grand duke died of the same malarial fever that carried off his brothers Garzia and Giovanni, and Bianca perished of terror and apprehension; and there is still another story that the Cardinal poisoned them both. Let the reader take his choice of them; in any case, it is an end of Francesco, of whom, as I said, the world remembers so little else.

It almost forgets that he was privy to the murder of his sister Isabella by her husband Paolo Orsini, and of his sister-in-law Eleonora by her husband Pietro de' Medici. The grand duke, who was then in the midst of his intrigue with Bianca, was naturally jealous of the purity of his family; and as it has never been denied that both of those unhappy ladies had wronged their husbands, I suppose he can be justified by the moralists who contend that what is a venial lapse in a man is worthy death, or something like it, in a woman. About the taking-off of Eleonora, however,

there was something gross, Medicean, butcherly, which all must deprecate. She knew she was to be killed, poor woman, as soon as her intrigue was discovered to the grand duke; and one is not exactly able to sympathize with either the curiosity or the trepidation of that "celebrated Roman singer" who first tampered with the letter from her lover, intrusted to him, and then, terrified at its nature, gave it to Francesco. When her husband sent for her to come to him at his villa, she took leave of her child as for the last time, and Pietro met her in the dark of their chamber and plunged his dagger into her breast.

The affair of Isabella Orsini was managed with much greater taste, with a sort of homicidal grace, a sentiment, if one may so speak, worthy a Roman prince and a lady so accomplished. She was Cosimo's favorite, and she was beautiful, gifted, and learned, knowing music, knowing languages, and all the gentler arts; but one of her lovers had just killed her page, of whom he was jealous, and the scandal was very great, so that her brother, the grand duke, felt that he ought, for decency's sake, to send to Rome for her husband, and arrange her death with him. She, too, like Eleonora, had her forebodings, when Paolo Orsini asked her to their villa (it seems to have been the custom to devote the peaceful seclusion of the country to these domestic rites); but he did what he could to allay her fears by his affectionate gayety at supper, and his gift of either of those stag-hounds which he had brought in for her to choose from against the hunt planned for the morrow, as well as by the tender politeness with which he invited her to follow him to their room. At the door we may still see her pause, after so many years, and turn wistfully to her lady in waiting:

"Madonna Lucrezia, shall I go or shall I not go to my husband? What do you say?"

And Madonna Lucrezia Frescobaldi answers, with the irresponsible shrug which we can imagine: "Do what you like. Still, he is your husband!"

She enters, and Paolo Orsini, a prince and a gentleman, knows how to be as sweet as before, and without once passing from caresses to violence, has that silken cord about her neck—

Terrible stories, which I must try to excuse myself for telling the thousandth time. At least, I did not invent them. They are all part of the intimate life of the same family, and the reader must group them in his mind to get an idea of what Florence must have been under the first and second grand dukes. Cosimo is believed to have killed his son Garzia, who had stabbed his brother Giovanni. His son Pietro kills his wife, and his daughter Isabella is strangled by her husband,

both murders being done with the knowledge and approval of the reigning prince. Francesco and Bianca his wife die of poison intended for Ferdinand, or of poison given them by him. On these facts throw the light of St. Bartholomew's day in Paris, whither Catharine de' Medici, the cousin of these homicides, had carried the methods and morals of her family, and you begin to realize the Medici.

By what series of influences and accidents did any race accumulate the enormous sum of evil which is but partly represented in these crimes? By what process was that evil worked out of the blood? Had it wreaked its terrible force in violence, and did it then no longer exist, like some explosive which has been fired? These would be interesting questions for the casuist; and doubtless such questions will yet come to be studied with the same scientific minuteness which is brought to the solution of contemporary social problems. The Medici, a family of princes and criminals, may come to be studied like the Jukes, a family of paupers and criminals. What we know at present is, that the evil in them did seem to die out in process of time; though, to be sure, the Medici died with it. That Ferdinand who succeeded Francesco, whichever poisoned the other, did prove a wise and beneficent ruler, filling Tuscany with good works, moral and material, and, by his marriage with Catharine of Lorraine, bringing that good race to Florence, where it afterwards reigned so long in the affections of the people. His son Cosimo II. was like him, but feebler, as a copy always is, with a dominant desire to get the sepulcher of our Lord away from the Turks to Florence, and long waging futile war to that end. In the time of Ferdinand II., Tuscany, with the rest of Italy, was wasted by the wars of the French, Spaniards, and Germans, who found it convenient to fight them out there, and by famine and pestilence. But the grand duke was a well-meaning man enough; he protected the arts and sciences as he got the opportunity, and he did his best to protect Galileo against the Pope and the inquisitors. Cosimo III., who followed him, was obliged to harass his subjects with taxes to repair the ruin of the wars in his father's reign; he was much given to works of piety, and he had a wife who hated him, and finally forsook him and went back to France, her own country. He reigned fifty years, and after him came his son Gian Gastone, the last of his line. He was a person, by all accounts, who wished men well enough, but, knowing himself destined to leave no heir to the throne, was disposed rather to enjoy what was left of his life than trouble himself about the affairs of state. Ger-

many, France, England, and Holland had already provided him with a successor, by the treaty of London, in 1718; and when Gian Gastone died, in 1737, Francis II. of Lorraine became Grand Duke of Tuscany.

IV.

UNDER the later Medici the Florentines were drawing towards the long quiet which they enjoyed under their Lorraine dukes—the first of whom, as is well known, left being their duke to go and be husband of Maria Theresa and emperor consort. Their son, Pietro Leopoldo, succeeded him in Tuscany, and became the author of reforms in the civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical law, which then astonished all Europe, and which tardy civilization still lags behind in some things. For example, Leopold found that the abolition of the death penalty resulted not in more, but in fewer crimes of violence; yet the law continues to kill murderers, even in Massachusetts.

He lived to see the outbreak of the French revolution, and his son, Ferdinand III., was driven out by the forces of the Republic in 1796, after which Tuscany rapidly underwent the Napoleonic metamorphoses, and was republican under the Directory, regal under Lodovico I., Bonaparte's king of Etruria, and grand-ducal under Napoleon's sister, Elisa Bacciocchi. Then, in 1816, Ferdinand III. came back, and he and his descendants reigned till 1848, when Leopold II. was driven out, to return the next year with the Austrians. Ten years later he again retired, and in 1860 Tuscany united herself by popular vote to the kingdom of Italy, of which Florence became the capital, and so remained till the French evacuated Rome in 1871.

The time from the restoration of Ferdinand III. till the first expulsion of Leopold II. must always be attractive to the student of Italian civilization as the period in which the milder Lorraine traditions permitted the germs of Italian literature to live in Florence, while everywhere else the native and foreign despotisms sought diligently to destroy them, instinctively knowing them to be the germs of Italian liberty and nationality; but I confess that the time of the first Leopold's reign has a greater charm for my fancy. It is like a long stretch of sunshine in that lurid, war-clouded landscape of history, full of repose and genial, beneficent growth. For twenty-five years, apparently, the good prince got up at six o'clock in the morning, and dried the tears of his people. To be more specific, he "formed the generous project," according to Signor Bacciotti, by whose "*Firenze Illustrata*" I would not thanklessly profit, "of restoring

Tuscany to her original happy state" — which, I think, must have been prehistoric. "His first occupation was to reform the laws, simplifying the civil and mitigating the criminal; and the volumes are ten that contain his wise statutes, edicts, and decrees. In his time, ten years passed in which no drop of blood was shed on the scaffold. Prisoners suffered no corporeal penalty but the loss of liberty. The amelioration of the laws improved the public morals; grave crimes, after the abolition of the cruel punishments, became rare, and for three months at one period the prisons of Tuscany remained empty. The hospitals that Leopold founded, and the order and propriety in which he kept them, justly entitled him to the name of Father of the Poor. The education he gave his children aimed to render them compassionate and beneficent to their fellow-beings, and to make them men rather than princes. An illustrious Englishman, then living in Florence, and consequently an eyewitness, wrote of him: 'Leopold loves his people. He has abolished all the imposts which were not necessary; he has dismissed nearly all his soldiers; he has destroyed the fortifications of Pisa, whose maintenance was extremely expensive, overthrowing the stones that devoured men. He observed that his court concealed him from his people; he no longer has a court. He has established manufactures, and opened superb roads at his own cost, and founded hospitals. These might be called, in Tuscany, the palaces of the grand duke. I visited them, and found throughout cleanliness, order, and delicate and attentive treatment; I saw sick old men, who were cared for as if by their own sons; helpless children watched over with a mother's care; and that luxury of pity and humanity brought happy tears to my eyes. The prince often repairs to these abodes of sorrow and pain, and never quits them without leaving joy behind him, and coming away loaded with blessings: you might fancy you heard the expression of a happy people's gratitude, but that hymn rises from a hospital. The palace of Leopold, like the churches, is open to all without distinction; three days of the week are devoted to one class of persons; it is not that of the great, the rich, the artists, the foreigners; it is that of the unfortunate! In many countries, commerce and industry have become the patrimony of the few: in Tuscany, all that know how may do; there is but one exclusive privilege — ability. Leopold has enriched the year with a great number of work-days, which he took from idleness and gave back to agriculture, to the arts, to good morals. . . . The grand duke always rises before the sun, and when that beneficent star rejoices nature with its rays, the good prince

has already dried many tears. . . . Leopold is happy, because his people are happy; he believes in God; and what must be his satisfaction when, before closing his eyes at night, before permitting himself to sleep, he renders an account to the Supreme Being of the happiness of a million of subjects during the course of the day!"

English which has once been in Italian acquires an emotionality which it does not perhaps wholly lose in returning to itself; and I am not sure that the language of the illustrious stranger, whom I quote at second hand, has not kept some terms which are native to Signor Bacciotti rather than himself. But it must be remembered that he was an eighteenth-century Englishman, and perhaps expressed himself much in this way. The picture he draws, if a little too idyllic, too pastoral, too operatic, for our realization, must still have been founded on fact, and I hope it is at least as true as those which commemorate the atrocities of the Medici. At any rate it is delightful, and one may as probably derive the softness of the modern Florentine morals and manners from the benevolence of Leopold as from the ferocity of Cosimo. Considering what princes mostly were in the days when they could take themselves seriously, and still are now when I should think they would give themselves the wink on seeing their faces in the glass, I am willing to allow that kindly despot of a Leopold all the glory that any history may claim for him. He had the genius of humanity, and that is about the only kind of genius which is entitled to reverence in this world. If he perhaps conceived of men as his children rather than his brothers, still he wished them well and did them all the good he knew how. After a hundred years it must be allowed that we have made a considerable advance beyond him — in theory.

V.

WHAT society in Florence may now be like underneath its superficial effect of gentleness and placidity, the stranger, who reflects how little any one really knows of his native civilization, will carefully guard himself from saying upon his own authority. From the report of others, of people who had lived long in Florence and were qualified in that degree to speak, one might say a great deal — a great deal that would be more and less than true. A brilliant and accomplished writer, a stranger naturalized by many years' sojourn, and of an imaginable intimacy with his subject, sometimes spoke to me of a decay of manners which he had noticed in his time: the peasants no longer saluted persons of civil condition

in meeting them; the young nobles, if asked to a ball, ascertained that there was going to be supper before accepting. I could not find these instances very shocking, upon reflection; and I was not astonished to hear that the sort of rich American girls who form the chase of young Florentine noblemen show themselves indifferent to untitled persons. There was something more of instruction in the fact that these fortune-hunters care absolutely nothing for youth or beauty, wit or character, in their prey, and ask nothing but money. This implies certain other facts—certain compensations and consolations, which the American girl with her heart set upon an historical name would be the last to consider. What interested me more was the witness which this gentleman bore, with others, to the excellent stuff of the peasants, whom he declared good and honest, and full of simple, kindly force and uprightness. The citizen class, on the other hand, was unenlightened and narrow-minded, and very selfish towards those beneath them; he believed that a peasant, for example, who cast his lot in the city, would encounter great unfriendliness in them if he showed the desire and the ability to rise above his original station. Both from this observer, and from other foreigners resident in Florence, I heard that the Italian nobility are quite apart from the national life; they have no political influence, and are scarcely a social power. (There are but three of the old noble families founded by the German emperors remaining—the Ricasoli, the Gherardeschi, and the Stufe; and a title counts absolutely for nothing with the Italians.) At the same time a Corsini was syndic of Florence; all the dead walls invited me to "vote for Peruzzi" in the approaching election for deputy, and at the last election a Ginori had been chosen. It is very hard to know about these things, and I am not saying my informants were wrong; but it is right to oppose to theirs the declaration of the intelligent and sympathetic scholar with whom I took my walks about Florence, and who said that there was great good-will between the people and the historical families, who were in thorough accord with the national aspirations and endeavors. Again, I say, it is difficult to know the truth; but happily the truth in this case is not important.

One of the few acquaintances I made with Italians outside of the English-speaking circles was that of a tradesman who, in the intervals of business, was reading Shakspeare in English, and—if I may say it—"Venetian Life." I think some Americans had lent him the latter classic. I did not learn from him that many other Flo-

entine tradesmen gave their leisure to the same literature; in fact, I inferred that, generally speaking, there was not much interest in any sort of literature among the Florentines; and I only mention him in the hope of throwing some light upon the problem with which we are playing. He took me one night to the Literary Club, of which he was a member, and of which the Marchese Ricci is president; and I could not see that any presentation could have availed me more than his with that nobleman or the other nobleman who was secretary. The president shook my hand in a friendly despair, perfectly evident, of getting upon any common ground with me; and the secretary, after asking me if I knew Doctor Holmes, had an amiable effect of being cast away upon the sea of American literature. These gentlemen, as I understood, came every week to the club, and assisted at its entertainments, which were sometimes concerts, sometimes lectures and recitations, and sometimes conversation merely, for which I found the empty chairs, on my entrance, arranged in groups of threes and fives about the floor, with an air perhaps of too great social premeditation. Presently there was playing on the piano, and at the end the president shook hands with the performer. If there was anything of the snobbishness which poisons such intercourse with our race, I could not see it. May be snobbishness, like gentlemanliness, is not appreciable from one race to another.

VI.

My acquaintance, whom I should grieve to make in any sort a victim by my personalities, did me the pleasure to take me over the little ancestral farm which he holds just beyond one of the gates; and thus I got at one of the homely aspects of life which the stranger is commonly kept aloof from. A narrow lane, in which some boys were pitching stones for quoits in the soft Sunday afternoon sunshine, led up from the street to the farm-house, where one wandering roof covered house, stables, and offices with its mellow expanse of brown tiles. A door opening flush upon the lane admitted us to the picturesque interior, which was divided into the quarters of the farmer and his family, and the apartment which the owner occupied during the summer heats. This contained half a dozen pleasant rooms, chief of which was the library, overflowing with books representing all the rich past of Italian literature in poetry, history, and philosophy—the collections of my host's father and grandfather. On the table he opened a bottle of the wine made on his farm; and then he took me up

to the terrace at the house-top for the beautiful view of the city, and the mountains beyond it, streaked with snow. The floor of the terrace, which, like all the floors of the house, was of brick, was heaped with olives from the orchard on the hillside which bounded the little farm; but I could see from this point how it was otherwise almost wholly devoted to market-gardening. The grass keeps green all winter long at Florence, not growing, but never withering; and there were several sorts of vegetables in view, in the same sort of dreamy arrest. Between the rows of cabbages I noticed the trenches for irrigation; and I lost my heart to the wide, deep well under the shed-roof below, with a wheel, picturesque as a mill-wheel, for pumping water into these trenches. The farm implements and heavier household utensils were kept in order here; and among the latter was a large wash-tub of fine earthenware, which had been in use there for a hundred and fifty years. My friend led the way up the slopes of his olive-orchard, where some olives still lingered among the willow-like leaves, and rewarded my curious palate with the insipidity of the olive which has not been salted. Then we returned to the house, and explored the cow-stables, where the well-kept Italian kine between their stone walls were much warmer than most Italian Christians in Florence. In a large room next the stable and behind the kitchen the farm-people were assembled, men, women, and children, in their Sunday best, who all stood up when we came in — all but two very old men, who sat in the chimney and held out their hands over the fire that sent its smoke up between them. Their eyes were bleared with age, and I doubt if they made out what it was all about; but they croaked back a pleasant answer to my host's salutation, and then let their mouths fall open again and kept their hands stretched over the fire. It would be very hard to say just why these old men were such a pleasure to me.

VII.

ONE January afternoon I idled into the Baptistry, to take my chance of seeing some little one made a Christian, where so many babes, afterwards memorable for good and evil, had been baptized; and, to be sure, there was the conventional Italian infant of civil condition tied up tight in the swathing of its civilization, perfectly quiescent, except for its feebly wiggling arms, and undergoing the rite with national patience. It lay in the arms of a half-grown boy, probably its brother, and there were the father and the nurse; the mother of so young a child could not come, of course.

The officiating priest, with spectacles dropped quite to the point of his nose, mumbled the rite from his book, and the assistant, with one hand in his pocket, held a negligently tilted taper in the other. Then the priest lifted the lid of the font in which many a renowned poet's, artist's, tyrant's, philanthropist's twisted little features were similarly reflected, and poured on the water, rapidly drying the poor little skull with a single wipe of a napkin; then the servant in attendance powdered the baby's head, and the group, grotesquely inattentive throughout to the sacred rite, dispersed, and left me and a German family who had looked in with murmurs of sympathy for the child, to overmaster as we might any interest we had felt in a matter that had apparently not concerned them.

One is always coming upon this sort of thing in the Italian churches, this droll nonchalance in the midst of religious solemnities, which I suppose is promoted somewhat by the invasions of sight-seeing everywhere. In the Church of the Badia at Florence, one day, the indifference of the tourists and the worshippers to one another's presence was carried to such a point that the boy who was showing the strangers about, and was consequently in their interest, drew the curtain of a picture, and then, with his back to a group of kneeling devotees, balanced himself on the chapel-rail and sat swinging his legs there, as if it had been a store-box on a curbstone.

Perhaps we do not sufficiently account for the domestication of the people of Latin countries in their every-day-open church. They are quite at their ease there, whereas we are as unhappy in ours as if we were at an evening party; we wear all our good clothes, and they come into the houses of their Father in any rag they chance to have on, and are at home there. I have never seen a more careless and familiar group than that of which I was glad to form one, in the Church of Ognissanti, one day. I had gone, in my quality of American, to revere the tablet to Amerigo Vespucci which is there, and I found the great nave of the church occupied by workmen who were putting together the foundations of a catafalque, hammering away, and chatting cheerfully, with their mouths full of tacks and pins, and the funereal frippery of gold, black, and silver braid all about them. The church-beggars had left their posts to come and gossip with them, and the grandchildren of these old women were playing back and forth over the structure, unmolested by the workmen, and unawed either by the function going on in a distant chapel or by the theatrical magnificence of the sculptures around them and the fresco overhead, where a painted colonnade lifted another roof high above the real vault.

I liked all this, and I could not pass a church door without the wish to go in, not only for the pictures or statues one might see, but for the delightfully natural human beings one could always be sure of. Italy is above all lands the home of human nature,—simple, unabashed even in the presence of its Maker, who is probably not so much ashamed of his work as some would like to have us think. In the churches, the beggary which the civil government has disheartened almost out of existence in the streets is still fostered, and an aged crone with a scaldino in her lap, a tattered shawl over her head, and an outstretched, skinny palm, guards the portal of every sanctuary. She has her chair, and the church is literally her home; she does all but eat and sleep there. For the rest, these interiors had not so much novelty as the charm of old association for me. Either I had not enlarged my interests in the twenty years since I had known them, or else they had remained unchanged; there was the same old smell of incense, the same chill, the same warmth, the same mixture of glare and shadow. A function in progress at a remote altar, the tapers starring the distant dusk; the straggling tourists; the sacristan, eager, but not too persistent with his tale of some special attraction at one's elbow; the worshippers, all women or old men; a priest hurrying to or from the sacristy; the pictures, famous or unknown, above the side altars; the monuments, serious Gothic or strutting rococo,—all was there again, just as it used to be.

But the thing that was really novel to me, who found the churches of 1883 in Florence so like the churches of 1863 in Venice, was the loveliness of the deserted cloisters belonging to so many of the former. These inclose nearly always a grass-grown space, where daisies and dandelions began to abound with the earliest consent of spring. Most public places and edifices in Italy have been so much photographed that few have any surprise left in them: one is sure that one has seen them before; but the cloisters are not yet the prey of this sort of preacquaintance. Whether the vaults and walls of the colonnades are beautifully frescoed, like those of Sta. Maria Novella or Sta. Annunziata or San Marco, or the place has no attraction but its grass and sculptured stone, it is charming; and these cloisters linger in my mind as something not less Florentine in character than the Ponte Vecchio or the Palazzo Pubblico. I remember particularly an evening effect in the cloister of Santa Annunziata, when the belfry in the corner, lifted aloft on its tower, showed with its pendulous bells like a great, graceful flower against the dome of

the church behind it. The quiet in the place was almost sensible; the pale light, suffused with rose, had a delicate clearness; there was a little agreeable thrill of cold in the air; there could not have been a more refined moment's pleasure offered to a sympathetic tourist loitering slowly homeward to his hotel and its *table d'hôte*; and why we cannot have old cloisters in America, where we are getting everything that money can buy, is a question that must remain to vex us. A suppressed convent at the corner of, say, Clarendon street and Commonwealth Avenue, where the new Brattle street church is, would be a great pleasure on one's way home in the afternoon; but still I should lack the final satisfaction of dropping into the chapel of the Brothers of the Misericordia, a little farther on towards Santa Maria Novella.

The sentimentalist may despair as he pleases, and have his fill of panic about the threatened destruction of the Ponte Vecchio, but I say that while these brothers, "black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream," continue to light the way to dusty death with their flaring torches through the streets of Florence, the mediæval tradition remains unbroken; Italy is still Italy. They knew better how to treat Death in the middle ages than we do now, with our vain profanation of flowers to his service, our loathsome dapperness of "burial caskets," and dress-coat and white tie for the dead. Those simple old Florentines, with their street wars, their pestilences, their manifold destructive violences, felt instinctively that he, the inexorable, was not to be hidden or palliated, not to be softened or prettified, or anywise made the best of, but was to be confessed in all his terrible gloom; and in this they found, not comfort, not alleviation, which time alone can give, but the anæsthesia of a freezing horror. Those masked and trailing sable figures, sweeping through the wide and narrow ways by night to the wild, long rhythm of their chant, in the red light of their streaming torches, and bearing the heavily draped bier in their midst, supremely awe the spectator, whose heart falters within him in the presence of that which alone is certain to be. I cannot say they are so effective by daylight, when they are carrying some sick or wounded person to the hospital; they have not their torches then, and the sun seems to take a cynical satisfaction in showing their robes to be merely of black glazed cotton. An anteroom of their chapel was fitted with locked and numbered drawers, where the brothers kept their robes; half a dozen coffin-shaped biers and litters stood about, and the floor was strewn with laurel-leaves,—I suppose because it was the festa of St. Sebastian.



THE BROTHERS OF MISERICORDIA.

VIII.

I DO not know that the festas are noticeably fewer than they used to be in Italy. There are still enough of them to account for the delay in doing almost anything that has been promised to be done. The carnival came on scatteringly and reluctantly. A large sum of money which had been raised for its celebration was properly diverted to the relief of the sufferers by the inundations in Lombardy and Venetia, and the Florentines patiently set about being merry each on his own personal account. Not many were visibly merry, except in the way of business. The gentlemen of the operatic choruses clad themselves in stage-armor, and went about under the hotel-windows, playing and singing, and levying contributions on the inmates; here and there a white clown or a red devil figured through the streets; two or three carriages feebly attempted a *corso*, and there was an exciting rumor that *confetti* had been thrown from one of them: I did not see the *confetti*. There was for a long time doubt whether there was to be any *veglione* or ball on the

last night of the carnival; but finally there were two of them: one of low degree at the Teatro Umberto, and one of more pretension at the Pergola Theater. The latter presented an agreeable image of the carnival ball which has taken place in so many romances: the boxes filled with brilliantly dressed spectators, drinking champagne; the floor covered with maskers, gibbering in falsetto, dancing, capering, coquetting till daylight. This, more than any other aspect of the carnival, seemed to give one the worth of his money in tradition and association. Not but that towards the end the masks increased in the streets, and the shops where they sold costumes were very gay; but the thing is dying out, as at least one Italian, in whose veins the new wine of Progress had wrought, rejoiced to tell me. I do not know whether I rejoiced so much to hear it; but I will own that I did not regret it a great deal. Italy is now so much the sojourn of barbarians that any such gayety must be brutalized by them, till the Italians turn from it in disgust. Then it must be remembered that the carnival was fostered by their tyrants to corrupt and ener-

vate them; and I cannot wonder that their love of Italy is wounded by it. They are trying to be men, and the carnival is childish. I fancy that is the way my friend felt about it.

IX.

AFTER the churches, the Italians are most at home in their theaters, and I went as often as I could to see them there, preferably where they were giving the Stenterello plays. Stenterello is the Florentine mask or type who survives the older Italian comedy which Goldoni destroyed; and during carnival he appeared in a great variety of characters at three different theaters. He is always painted with wide purplish circles round his eyes, with an effect of goggles, and a hare-lip; and his hair, caught into a queue behind, curls up into a pigtail on his neck. With this face and this wig he assumes any character the farce requires, and becomes delicious in proportion to his grotesque unfitness for it. The best Stenterello was an old man, since dead, who was very famous in the part. He was of such a sympathetic and lovely humor that your heart warmed to him the moment he came upon the stage, and when he opened his mouth, it scarcely mattered what he said: those Tuscan gutturals and abounding vowels as he uttered them were enough; but certainly to see him in "Stenterello and his own Corpse," or "Stenterello Umbrellamender," or "Stenterello Quack Doctor" was one of the great and simple pleasures. He was an actor who united the quaintness of Jefferson to the sweetness of Warren; in his wildest burlesque he was so true to nature in every touch and accent, that I wanted to sit there and spend my life in the innocent folly of enjoying him. Apparently, the rest of the audience desired the same. Nowhere, even in Italy, was the sense of rest from all the hurrying, great weary world outside so full as in certain moments of this Stenterello's absurdity at the Teatro Rossini, which was not otherwise a comfortable place. It was more like a section of a tunnel than like a theater, being a rounded oblong, with the usual tiers of boxes, and the pit where there were seats in front, and two-thirds of the space left free for standing behind. Every day there was a new bill, and I remember "Stenterello White Slave in America" and "Stenterello as Hamlet" among the attractions offered. In fact, he runs through an indefinite number of dramas, as Brighella, Arlecchino, Pantalone, Florindo, Rosaura and the rest, appear and reappear in the comedies of Goldoni while he is temporizing with the old *commedia d'arte*, where he is at his best.

At what I may call the non-Stenterello theaters in Florence, they were apt to give versions of the more heart-breaking, vow-broken, French melodramas, though occasionally there was a piece of Italian origin, generally Giacosa's. But it seemed to me that there were now fewer Italian plays given than there were twenty years ago; and the opera season was almost as short and inclement as in Boston.

X.

I VISITED many places of amusements more popular than the theater, but I do not know that I can fitly offer them all to the more polite and formal acquaintance of my readers, whom I like always to figure as extremely well-behaved and well-dressed persons. Which of these refined and fastidious ladies and gentlemen shall I ask, for example, to go with me to see a dying Zouave in wax in a booth at the Mercato Vecchio, where there were other pathetic and monstrous figures? At the door was a peasant-like personage who extolled himself from time to time as the inventor of a musical instrument within, which he said he had exemplarily spent his time in perfecting, instead of playing cards and *mora*. I followed him inside with the crowd, chiefly soldiers, who were in such overwhelming force that I was a little puzzled to make out which corps and regiment I belonged to; but I shared the common edification of the performance, when our musical genius mounted a platform before a most intricate instrument, which combined in itself, as he boasted, the qualities of all other kinds of instruments. He shuffled off his shoes and played its pedals with his bare feet, while he sounded its pipes with his mouth, pounding a drum-attachment with one hand and scraping a violin-attachment with the other. I do not think the instrument will ever come



THE CLOWN.

into general use, and I have my doubts whether the inventor might not have better spared a moment or two of his time to *mora*. I enjoyed more a little vocal and acrobatic entertainment, where again I found myself in the midst of my brothers in arms. Civilians paid three cents to come in, but we military only two; and we had the best seats and smoked throughout the performance. This consisted of the feats of two nice, innocent-looking boys, who came

out and tumbled, and of two sisters who sang a very long duet together, screeching the dialogue with which it was interspersed in the ear-piercingest voices; it represented a lovers' quarrel, and sounded very like some which I have heard on the roof and the back fences. But what I admired about this and other popular shows was the perfect propriety. At the circus in the Via Nazionale they had even a clown in a dress-coat.

Of course, the two iron tanks full of young crocodiles which I saw in a booth in our piazza classed themselves with great moral shows, because of their instructiveness. The water in which they lay soaking was warmed for them, and the chill was taken off the air by a sheet-iron stove, so that, upon the whole, these saurians had the most comfortable quarters in the whole shivering city. Although they had up a sign, "*Animali pericolosi—non si toccano*," nothing was apparently further from their thoughts than biting; they lay blinking in supreme content, and allowed a captain of horse to poke them with his finger throughout my stay, and were no more to be feared than that younger brother of theirs whom the showman went about with in his hand, lecturing on him; he was half-hatched from his native egg, and had been arrested and neatly varnished in the act for the astonishment of mankind.

XI.

WE had the luck to be in Florence on the 25th of March, when one of the few surviving ecclesiastical shows peculiar to the city takes place. On that day a great multitude, chiefly of peasants from the surrounding country, assemble in front of the Duomo to see the explosion of the Car of the Pazzi. This car somehow celebrates the exploit of a crusading Pazzi, who broke off a piece of the Holy Sepulcher and brought it back to Florence with him; I could not learn just how or why, from the very scoffing and ironical little pamphlet which was sold in the crowd; but it is certain the car is covered with large fire-crackers, and if these explode successfully, the harvest for that year will be something remarkable. The car is stationed midway between the Duomo and the Baptistry, and the fire to set off the crackers is brought from the high altar by a pyrotechnic dove, which flies along a wire stretched for that purpose. If a mother with a sick child passes under the dove in its flight, the child is as good as cured.

The crowd was vast, packing the piazza outside around the car and the cathedral to its walls with all sorts and conditions of people, and every age and sex. An alley between the living walls was kept open under

the wire, to let the archbishop, heading a procession of priests, go out to bless the car. When this was done, and he had returned within, we heard a faint pop at the high altar, and then a loud fizzing as the fiery dove came flying along the wire, showering sparks on every side; it rushed out to the car, and then fled back to the altar, amidst a most satisfactory banging of the fire-crackers. It was not a very awful spectacle, and I suspect that my sarcastic pamphleteer's description was in the mood of most of the Florentines looking on, whatever the peasant thought. "*Now, Nina,*" says the priest to the dove, '*we're almost ready, and look out how you come back, as well as go out. That's a dear! It's for the good of all, and don't play me a trick—you understand? Ready! Are you ready? Well, then,—Gloria in excelsis Deo,—go, go, dear, and look out for your feathers! Shhhhh! pum, pum! Hurrah, little one! Now for the return! Here you come! Shhhhh! pum, pum, pum! And I don't care a fig for the rest!*' And he goes on with his mass, while the crowd outside console themselves with the cracking and popping. Then those inside the church join those without, and follow the car up to the corner of the Pazzi palace, where the unexploded remnants are fired in honor of the family."

XII.

THE civil rite now constitutes the only legal marriage in Italy, the blessing of the church going for nothing without it before the law; and I had had a curiosity to see the ceremony which one may see any day in the office of the syndic. The names of those intending matrimony are posted for a certain time on the base of the Public Palace, which gives everybody the opportunity of dedicating sonnets to them. The pay of a sonnet is one franc, so that the poorest couple can afford one; and I suppose the happy pair whom I saw waiting in the syndic's anteroom had provided themselves with one of these simple luxuries. They were sufficiently commonish, kindly-faced young people, and they and their friends wore, with their best clothes, an air of natural excitement. A bell sounded, and we followed the group into a large handsome saloon hung with red silk and old tapestries, where the bride and groom sat down in chairs placed for them at the rail before the syndic's desk, with their two witnesses at their left. A clerk recorded the names and residences of all four; and then the usher summoned the syndic, who entered, a large, stout old gentleman, with a tricolor sash accentuating his fat middle—waist he had none. Everybody rose, and he asked the bride and groom severally if they would help each other

through life and be kind and faithful; then in a long, mechanical formula, which I could not hear, he dismissed them. They signed a register, and the affair was all over for us, and just begun for them, poor things. The bride seemed a little moved when we returned to the ante-room; she borrowed her husband's handkerchief, lightly blew her nose with it, and tucked it back in his breast-pocket.

XIII.

IN pursuance of an intention of studying Florence more seriously than anything here represents, I assisted one morning at a session of the police court, which I was willing to compare with the like tribunal at home. I



A SCAVENGER.

found myself in much the same sort of crowd as frequents the police court here; but upon the whole the Florentine audience, though shabby, was not so truculent-looking nor so dirty as the Boston one; and my respectability was consoled when I found myself shoulder to shoulder with an *abbate* in it. The thing that chiefly struck me in the court itself was the abundance of form and "presence," as compared with ours. Instead of our clerk standing up in his sack-coat, the court was opened by a crier in a black gown with a white shoulder-knot, and order was kept by others as ceremoniously appareled, instead of two fat, cravatless officers in blue flannel jackets

and Japanese fans. The judges, who were three, sat on a dais under a bust of King Umberto, before desks equipped with inkstands and sand-boxes exactly like those in the theater. Like the ushers, they wore black gowns and white shoulder-knots, and had on visorless caps bound with silver braid; the lawyers also were in gowns. The business with which the court opened seemed to be some civil question, and I waited for no other. The judges examined the witnesses, and were very keen and quick with them, but not severe; and what I admired in all was the good manner—self-respectful, unabashed; nobody seemed brow-beaten or afraid. One of the witnesses was one whom people near me called a *gobbino* (hunchbackling), and whose deformity was so grotesque that I am afraid a crowd of our people would have laughed at him, but no one smiled there. He bore himself with dignity, answering to the beautiful Florentine name of Vanuccio Vanucci; the judges first addressed him as *voi* (you), but slipped insensibly into the more respectful *lei* (lordship) before they were done with him. I was too far off from them to make out what it was all about.

XIV.

I BELIEVE there are not many crimes of violence in Florence; the people are not brutal, except to the dumb brutes, and there is probably more cutting and stabbing in Boston; and for shooting, it is almost unheard of. A society for the prevention of cruelty to animals has been established by some humane English ladies, which directs its efforts wisely to awakening sympathy for them in the children. They are taught kindness to cats and dogs, and it is hoped that when they grow up they will even be kind to horses. These poor creatures, which have been shut out of the pale of human sympathy in Italy by their failure to embrace the Christian doctrine ("*Non sono Cristiani!*"), are very harshly treated by the Florentines, I was told; though I am bound to say that I never saw an Italian beating a horse. The horses look wretchedly underfed and overworked, and doubtless they suffer from the hard, smooth pavements of the city, which are so delightful to drive on; but as for the savage scourgings, the kicking with heavy boots, the striking over the head with the butts of whips, I take leave to doubt if it is at all worse with the Italians than with us, though it is so bad with us that the sooner the Italians can be reformed the better.

If they are not very good to animals, I saw how kind they could be to the helpless and hapless of our own species, in a visit which I paid one morning to the Pia Casa di Rico-

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A COURT-YARD NEAR FLORENCE.

vero in Florence. This refuge for pauperism was established by the first Napoleon, and is formed of two old convents, which he suppressed and joined together for the purpose. It has now nearly eight hundred inmates, men, women, and children; and any one found begging in the streets is sent there. The whole is under police government, and an officer was detailed to show me about the airy wards and sunny courts, and the clean, wholesome dormitories. The cleanliness of the place, in fact, is its most striking characteristic, and is promoted in the persons of the inmates by baths, perfunctory or voluntary, every week. The kitchen, with its shining coppers, was deliciously fragrant with the lunch preparing, as I passed through it: a mush of Indian meal boiled in a substantial meat-broth. This was served with an abundance of bread and half a gill of wine in pleasant refectories; some very old incapables and incurables were eating it in bed. The aged leisure gregariously gossiping in the wards, or blinking vacantly in the sunshine of the courts, was an enviable spectacle; and I should have liked to know what these old fellows had to complain of; for, of course, they were discontented. The younger inmates were all at work; there was an admirably appointed shop where they were artistically instructed in wood-carving and fine cabinet-work; and there were whole rooms full of little girls knitting, and of big girls weaving: all the clothes

worn there are woven there. I do not know why the sight of a very old tailor in spectacles, cutting out a dozen suits of clothes at a time, from as many thicknesses of cloth, should have been so fascinating. Perhaps in his presence I was hovering upon the secret of the conjectured grief of that aged leisure: its clothes were all cut of one size and pattern!

XV.

I HAVE spoken already of the excellent public schools of Florence, which I heard extolled again and again as the best in Italy; and I was very glad of the kindness of certain friends, which enabled me to visit them nearly all. The first which I saw was in that famous old Via de' Bardi where Romola lived, and which was inspired by a charity as large-minded as her own. It is for the education of young girls in book-keeping and those departments of commerce in which they can be useful to themselves and others, and has a subsidy from the state of two-fifths of its expenses; the girls pay each ten francs a year for their tuition, and the rest comes from private sources. The person who had done most to establish it was the lady in whose charge I found it, and who was giving her time to it for nothing; she was the wife of a professor in the School of Superior Studies (as the University of Florence modestly calls itself), and I hope I may be forgiven, for the

sake of the completer idea of the fact which I wish to present, if I trench so far as to add that she found her devotion to it consistent with all her domestic duties and social pleasures: she had thoroughly philosophized it, and enjoyed it practically as well as æsthetically. The school occupies three rooms on the ground floor of an old palace, whose rear windows look upon the Arno; and in these

She said she had no trouble with her girls, and she was experiencing now, at the end of the first year, the satisfaction of success in her experiment: hers I call it, because, though there is a similar school in Naples, she was the foundress of this in Florence.

There is now in Italy much inquiry as to what the Italians can best do to resume their place in the business of the world; and in



ON THE ARNO—REAR OF VIA DE' BARDI.

rooms are taught successively writing and mathematics, the principles of book-keeping, and practical book-keeping, with English and French throughout the three years' course. The teacher of penmanship was a professor in the Academy of Fine Arts, and taught it in its principles; in this case, as in most others, the instruction is without text-books, and seemed to me more direct and sympathetic than ours: the pupil felt the personal quality of the teacher. There are fifty girls in the school, mostly from shop-keeping families, and of all ages from twelve to seventeen; and although it had been established only a short time, several of them had already found places. They were prettily and tidily dressed, and looked interested and happy. They rose when we entered a room, and remained standing till we left it; and it was easy to see that their mental training was based upon a habit of self-respectful subordination, which would be quite as useful hereafter. Some little infractions of discipline—I have forgotten what—were promptly rebuked by Signora G——, and her rebuke was received in the best spirit.

giving me a letter to the director of the Popular Schools in Florence, Signora G—— told me something of what certain good heads and hearts there had been thinking and doing. It appeared to these that Italy, with her lack of natural resources, could never compete with the great industrial nations in manufacturing, but they believed that she might still excel in the mechanical arts which are nearest allied to the fine arts, if an intelligent interest in them could be reawakened in her people, and they could be enlightened and educated to the appreciation of skill and beauty in these. To this end a number of Florentine gentlemen united to establish the Popular Schools, where instruction is given free every Sunday to any man or boy of any age who chooses to wash his hands and face and come. Each of these gentlemen pledges himself to teach personally in the schools, or to pay for a teacher in his place; there is no aid from the state; all is the work of private beneficence, and no one receives pay for service in the schools except the porter.

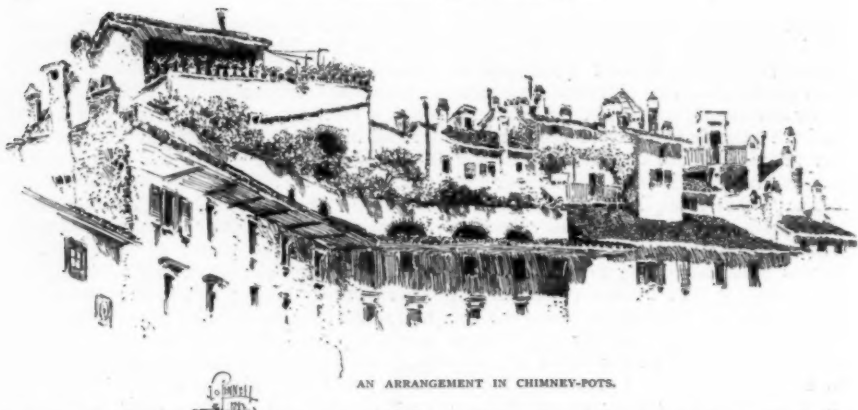
I found them in a vast old palace in the Via Parione, and the director kindly showed me through every department. Instruction is given in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the other simpler branches; but the final purpose of the schools is to train the faculties for the practice of the decorative arts, and any art in which disciplined and nimble wits are useful. When a pupil enters, his name is registered, and his history in the school is carefully recorded up to the time he leaves it. It was most interesting to pass from one room to another, and witness the operation of the admirable ideas which animated the whole. Of course, the younger pupils were the quicker; but the director called them up without regard to age or standing, and let me hear them answer their teachers' questions, merely saying, "This one has been with us six weeks; this one, two; this one, three years," etc. They were mostly poor fellows out of the streets, but often they were peasants who walked five or six miles to and fro to profit by the chance offered them for a little life and light. Sometimes they were not too clean, and the smell in the rooms must have been trying to the teachers; but they were decently clad, attentive, and well-behaved. One of the teachers had come up through the schools, with no other training, and was very efficient. There was a gymnasium, and the pupils were taught the principles of hygiene; there was abundant scientific apparatus, and a free circulating library. There is no religious instruction, but in one of the rooms a professor from the *Studii Superiori* was lecturing on the Duties of a Citizen; I heard him talk to the boys about theft; he was very explicit with them, but just and kindly; from time to time he put a question to test their intelligence and attention. An admirable spirit of democracy—that is to say, of humanity and good sense—seemed to prevail throughout. The director made one little fellow read to me. Then, "What is your business?" he asked. "Cleaning out eave-troughs." Some of the rest giggled. "Why laugh?" demanded the director, sternly. "It is an occupation, like another."

There are no punishments; for gross misbehavior the offender is expelled. On the other hand, the pupils are given premiums for excellence, and are encouraged to put them into the savings-bank. The whole course is for four years; but in the last year's room few remained. Of these was a certain *rosso* (red-head), whom the director called up. Afterwards he told me that this *rosso* had a wild romantic passion for America, whither he supremely desired to go, and that it would be an inexpressible pleasure for him to have seen

me. I came away regretting that he could form so little idea, from my looks, of what America was really like.

In an old Medici palace, which was also once a convent, at the Oltarno end of the Trinità bridge, is the National Female Normal School, one of two in the kingdom, the other being at Naples. On the day of my visit, the older girls had just returned from the funeral of one of their professors—a priest of the neighboring parish of S. Spirito. It was at noon, and, in the natural reaction, they were chatting gayly; and as they ranged up and down stairs and through the long sunny corridors, pairing off, and whispering and laughing over their luncheon, they were very much like school-girls at home. The porter sent me upstairs through their formidable ranks to the room of the professor to whom I was accredited, and he kindly showed me through his department. It was scientific, and to my ignorance, at least, was thoroughly equipped for its work with the usual apparatus; but at that moment the light, clean, airy rooms were empty of students; and he presently gave me in charge of the directress, Signora Billi, who kindly led the way through the whole establishment. Some Boston lady, whom she had met in our educational exhibit at the Exposition in Paris, had made interest with her for all future Americans by giving her a complete set of our public-school text-books, and she showed me with great satisfaction, in one of the rooms, a set of American school furniture, desks, and seats. But there the Americanism of the Normal School ended. The instruction was oral, the text-books few or none; but every student had her notebook in which she set down the facts and principles imparted. I do not know what the comparative advantages of the different systems are; but it seemed to me that there must be more life and sympathy in the Italian.

The pupils, who are of all ages from six years to twenty, are five hundred in number, and are nearly all from the middle class, though some are from the classes above and below that. They come there to be fitted for teaching, and are glad to get the places which the state, which educates them for nothing, pays scantily enough—two hundred and fifty dollars a year at most. They were all neatly dressed, and well-mannered, of course, from the oldest to the youngest; the discipline is perfect, and the relation of teachers and pupils, I understood, most affectionate. Perhaps after saying this I ought to add that the teachers are all ladies, and young ladies. One of these was vexed that I should see her girls with their hats and sacks on: but they were little ones and just going home; the little



AN ARRANGEMENT IN CHIMNEY-POTS.

ones were allowed to go home at one o'clock, while the others remained from nine till two. In the room of the youngest were two small Scotchwomen who had quite forgotten their parents' dialect; but in their blue eyes and auburn hair, in everything but their speech, they were utterly alien to the dusky bloom and gleaming black of the Italians about them. The girls were nearly all of the dark type, though there was here and there one of those opaque southern blondes one finds in Italy. Fair or dark, however, they all had looks of bright intelligence, though I should say that in beauty they were below the American average. All their surroundings here were wholesome and good, and the place was thoroughly comfortable, as the Italians understand comfort. They have no fire in the coldest weather, though at Signora G——'s commercial school they had stoves, to be used in extreme cases; but on the other hand they had plenty of light and sunny air, and all the brick floors and whitewashed walls were exquisitely clean. I should not have been much the wiser for seeing them at their lessons, and I shall always be glad of that impression of hopeful, cheerful young life which the sight of their leisure gave me, as they wandered happy and free through the corridors where the nuns used to pace with downcast eyes and folded palms; and I came away very well satisfied with my century.

My content was in nowise impaired by the visit which I made to the girls' public school in Via Montebello. It corresponded, I suppose, to one of our primary schools; and here, as elsewhere, the teaching was by dictation; the children had readers, but no other textbooks; these were in the hands of the teachers alone. Again everything was very clean, very orderly, very humane and kindly. The little ones in the various rooms, called up at random, were wonderfully proficient in reading,

mathematics, grammar, and geography; one small person showed an intimacy with the map of Europe which was nothing less than dismaying if one had had his difficulties in keeping the Caspian Sea out of it.

I did not succeed in getting to the boys' schools, but I was told that they were practically the same as this; and it seemed to me that if I must miss either, it was better to see the future mothers of Italy at their books. Here alone was there any hint of the church in the school: it was a Friday, and the priest was coming to teach the future mothers their catechism.

XVI.

FEW of my readers, I hope, have failed to feel the likeness of these broken and ineffectual sketches to the pictures in stone which glare at you from the windows of the mosaics on the Lungarno and in the Via Borgognissanti; the wonder of them is greater than the pleasure. I have myself had the fancy, in my work, of a number of small views and figures of mosaic, set in a slab of black marble for a table-top,—or, if the reader does not like me to be so ambitious, a paper-weight; and now I am tempted to form a border to this *capo d'opera*, bizarre and irregular, such as I have sometimes seen composed of the bits of *pietra viva* left over from a larger work. They are mere fragments of color, scraps and shreds of Florence, which I find still gleaming more or less dimly in my note-books, and I have no notion of making any ordered arrangement of them.

But I am sure that if I shall but speak of how the sunshine lies in the Piazza of the Annunziata at noonday, falling on the feebly dribbling grotesques of the fountain there, and on John of Bologna's equestrian grand duke, and on that dear and ever lovely band of babes by Luca della Robbia in the façade

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of the Hospital of the Innocents, I shall do enough to bring it all back to him who has once seen it, and to justify myself at least in his eyes.

The beautiful pulpit of Donatello in San Lorenzo I find associated in sensation with the effect, from the old cloistered court of that church, of Brunelleschi's dome and Giotto's tower showing in the pale evening air above all the picturesque roofs between San Lorenzo and the cathedral; and not remote from these is my pleasure in the rich vulgarity and affluent bad taste of the modern decoration of the *Caffè del Parlamento*, in which one takes one's ice under the chins of all these pretty girls, popping their little sculptured heads out of the lunettes below the frieze, with the hats and bonnets of fifteen years ago on them.

Do you remember, beloved brethren and sisters of Florentine sojourn, the little windows beside the grand portals of the palaces, the *cantine*, where you could buy a graceful wicker-covered flask of the prince's or marquis's wine? "Open from ten till four — till one on holidays," they were lettered; and in the Borgo degli Albizzi I saw the Cantina Filicaja, though it had no longer the old sigh for Italy upon its lips:

"Deh, fossi tu men bella o almen più forte!"

I am far from disdaining the memory of my horse-car tour of the city, on the track which followed so nearly the line of the old city wall that it showed me most of the gates still left standing, and the last grand duke's arch of triumph, very brave in the sunset light. The tramways make all the long distances in the Florentine outskirts and suburbs, and the cars never come when you want them, just as with us, and are always as crowded.

I had a great deal of comfort in two old fellows, unoccupied custodians, in the convent of San Marco, who, while we were all fidgeting about, doing our Fra Angelico or our Savonarola, sat motionless in a patch of sunshine and tranquilly gossiped together in senile falsetto. On the other hand, I never saw truer grief, or more of it, in a custodian than the polite soul displayed in the Bargello on whom we came so near the hour of closing one day that he could show us almost nothing. I could see that it wrung his heart that we should have paid our francs to come in then, when the Dante in the peaceful Giotto fresco was only a pensive blur to the eye, and the hideous realizations of the great Pest in wax were mere indistinguishable nightmares. We tried to console him by assuring him of our delight in Della Robbia's singing boys in another room, and of the compensation we had in getting away from the Twelve (Useless) Labors of Hercules by Rossi, and two or

three particularly unpleasant muscular Abstractions of Michael Angelo. It was in fact too dark to see much of the museum, and we had to come again for that; but no hour could have been better than that of the falling dusk for the old court, with its beautiful staircase, where so many hearts had broken in the anguish of death, and so many bloody heads rolled upon the insensible stones since the first Podestà of Florence had made the Bargello his home, till the last Medici had made it his prison.

Of statues and of pictures I have spoken very little, because it seems to me that others have spoken more than enough. Yet I have hinted that I did my share both of suffering and enjoying in galleries and churches, and I have here and there still lurking in my consciousness a color, a look, a light, a line from some masterpiece of Botticelli, of Donatello, of Mino da Fiesole, which I would fain hope will be a consolation forever, but which I will not vainly attempt to impart to others. I will rather beg the reader, when he goes to Florence, to go for my sake, as well as his own, to the Academy and look at the Spring of Botticelli as long and often as he can keep away from the tender and dignified and exquisitely refined Mino da Fiesole sculptures in the Badia, or wherever else he may find them. These works he may enjoy without technique, and simply upon condition of his being a tolerably genuine human creature. There is something also very sweet and winningly simple in the archaic reliefs in the base of Giotto's tower; and the lessee of the Teatro Umberto in showing me behind the scenes of his theater had a politeness that was delicious, and comparable to nothing less than the finest works of art. In quality of courtesy the Italians are still easily first of all men, as they are in most other things when they will, though I am not sure that the old gentleman who is known in Florence as The American, *par excellence*, is not perhaps preëminent in the art of driving a circus-chariot. This compatriot has been one of the most striking and characteristic features of the place for a quarter of a century, with his team of sixteen or twenty horses guided through the Florentine streets by the reins gathered into his hands. From time to time his horses have run away and smashed his carriage, or at least pulled him from his seat, so that now he has himself strapped to the box, and four grooms sit with folded arms on the seats behind him, ready to jump down and fly at the horses' heads. As the strange figure, drawn at a slow trot, passes along, with stiffly-waxed mustache and impassive face, it looks rather like a mechanical contrivance in the human form; and you are yielding to this fancy, when, approaching



FOUNTAIN IN THE BOBOLI GARDENS.

a corner, it breaks into a long cry, astonishingly harsh and fierce, to warn people in the next street of its approach. It is a curious sight, and seems to belong to the time when rich and privileged people used their pleasure to be eccentric, and the "madness" of Englishmen especially was the amazement and delight of the Continent. It is in character with this that the poor old gentleman should bear one of our own briefly historical names, and that he should illustrate in the indulgence of his caprice the fact that no great length of time is required to arrive at all that centuries can do for a noble family. I have been sorry to observe a growing impatience with him on the part of the Florentine journalists. Upon the occasion of his last accident they asked if it was not time his progresses should be forbidden. Next to tearing down the Ponte Vecchio, I can imagine nothing worse.

Journalism is very active in Florence, and newspapers are sold and read everywhere; they are conspicuous in the hands of people who are not supposed to read; and more than once the cab-driver whom I called at a street corner had to fold up his cheap paper and put it away before he could respond. They are of a varying quality. The "*Nazione*," which

is serious and political, is as solidly, if not so heavily, written as an English journal; the "*Fanfulla della Domenica*," which is literary, contains careful and brilliant reviews of new books. The cheap papers are apt to be inflammatory in politics; if humorous, they are local and somewhat unintelligible. The more pretentious satirical papers are upon the model of the French—a little more political, but abounding mostly in jokes at the expense of the seventh commandment, which the Latins find so droll. There are in all thirty periodicals, monthly, weekly, and daily, published in Florence, which you are continually assured is no longer the literary center of Italy. It is true none of the leaders of the new realistic movement in fiction are Florentines by birth or residence; the chief Italian poet, Carducci, lives in Bologna, the famous traveler De Amicis lives in Turin, and most new books are published at Milan or Naples. But I recur again to the group of accomplished scholars who form the intellectual body of the *Studii Superiori*, or University of Florence; and thinking of such an able and delightful historian as Villari, and such a thorough and indefatigable littérateur as Gubernatis, whom the

congenial intellectual atmosphere of Florence has attracted from Naples and Piedmont, I should not, if I were a Florentine, yield the palm without a struggle.

One does not turn one's face from Florence without having paid due honors in many a regretful, grateful look to the noble and famous river that runs through her heart. You are always coming upon the Arno, and always seeing it in some new phase or mood. Belted with its many bridges, and margined with towers and palaces, it is the most beautiful and stately thing in the beautiful and stately city, whether it is in a dramatic passion from the recent rains, or dreamily raving of summer drouth over its dam, and stretching a bar of silver from shore to shore. The tawny splendor of its flood; the rush of its rapids; the glassy expanses in which the skies mirror themselves by day, and the lamps by night; the sweeping curve of the pale buff line of houses that follows its course, give a fascination which is not lost even when the anxiety of a threatened inundation mingles with it. The storms of a single night, sending down their torrents from the hills, set it foaming; it rises momentarily, and nothing but the presence of all the fire-engine companies in the city allays

public apprehension. What they are to do to the Arno in case it overflows its banks, or whether they are similarly called out in summer when it shrinks to a rill in its bed, and sends up clouds of mosquitoes, I do not know; nor am I quite comfortable in thinking the city is drained into it. From the vile old rancid stench which steam up from the crevices in the pavement everywhere, one would think the city was not drained at all; but this would be as great a mistake as to think New York is not cleaned, merely because it looks filthy.

Before we left Florence we saw the winter drowse broken in the drives and alleys of the Cascine; we saw the grass, green from November till April, snowed with daises, and the floors of the dusky little dingles empurpled with violets. The nightingales sang from the poplar tops in the dull rich warmth; the carriages blossomed with lovely hats and parasols; handsome cavaliers and slim-waisted ladies dashed by on blooded horses (I will say blooded for the effect), and a fat flower-girl urged her wares upon every one she could overtake. It was enough to suggest what the Cascine could be to Florence in the summer, and enough to make one regret the winter, when one could have it nearly all to one's self.

You can never see the Boboli Garden with the same sense of ownership, for it distinctly belongs to the king's palace, and the public has the range of it only on Sundays, when the people throng it. But, unless one is very greedy, it is none the less a pleasure for that, with its charming, silly grottoes, its masses of ivy-covered wall, its curtains of laurel-hedge, its black spires of cypress and domes of pine, its weather-beaten marbles, its sad, unkempt lawns, its grotesque, overgrown fountain, with those sea-horses so much too big

for its lake, its wandering alleys and moss-grown seats abounding in talking age and whispering lovers. It has a tangled vastness in which an American might almost lose his self-consciousness; and the view of Florence from one of its heights is incomparably enchanting,—like every other view of Florence.

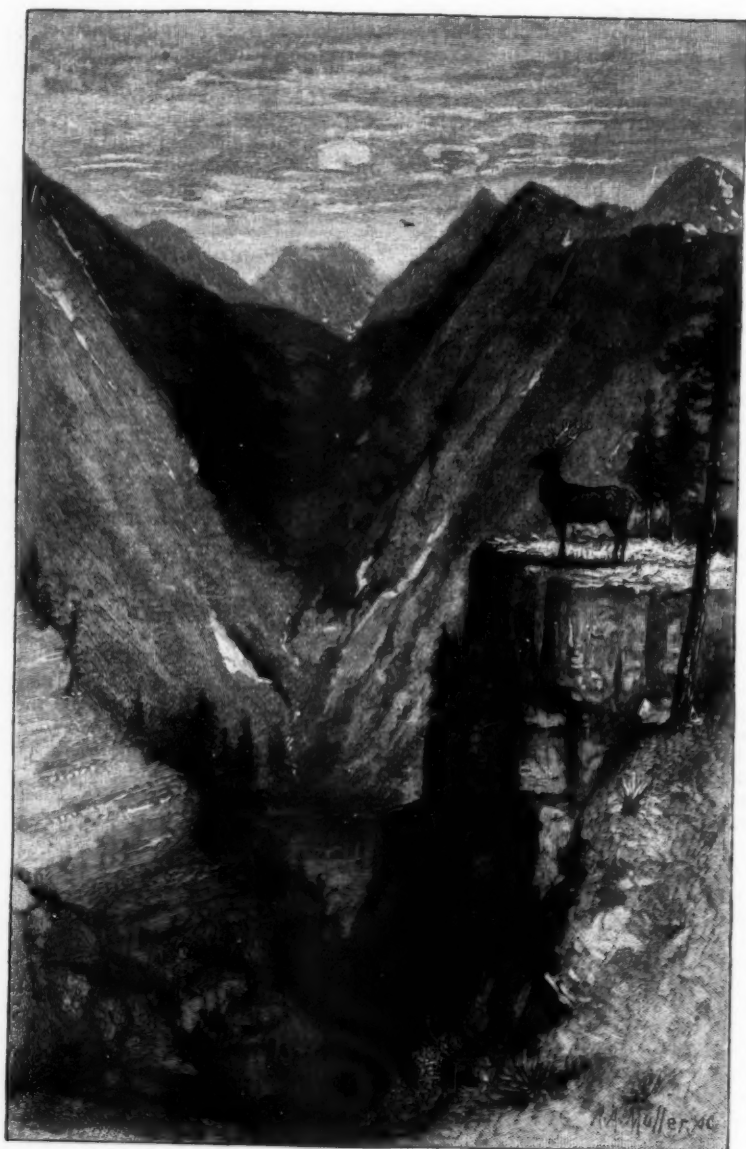
Like that, for instance, which one has from the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, looking down on the picturesque surfaces of the city tiles, the silver breadth and stretch of the Arno, the olive- and vine-clad hills, the vast champaign widening in the distance till the misty tops of the mountains softly close it in at last. Here, as from San Miniato, the domed and galleried bulk of the cathedral showed prodigiously first of all things; then the eye rested again and again upon the lowered crests of the mediæval towers, monumentally abounding among the modern roofs that swelled above their broken pride. The Florence that I saw was indeed no longer the Florence of the sentimentalist's feeble desire, or the romancer's dream, but something vastly better: contemporary, real, busy in its fashion, and wholesomely and every-daily beautiful. And my heart still warms to the famous town, not because of that past which, however heroic and aspiring, was so wrong-headed and bloody and pitiless, but because of the present, safe, free, kindly, full of possibilities of prosperity and fraternity, like Boston or Denver.

The weather had grown suddenly warm overnight. I looked again at the distant mountains, where they smoldered along the horizon: they were purple to their tips, and no ghost of snow glimmered under any fold of their mist. Our winter in Florence had come to an end.

W. D. Howells.



RELIEF FROM PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA.



IN THE BIG HORN MOUNTAINS.

[DRAWN BY E. SWAIN GIFFORD, ENGRAVED BY R. A. MULLER.]

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STILL-HUNTING THE GRIZZLY.

THE grizzly bear undoubtedly comes in the category of dangerous game, and is, perhaps, the only animal in the United States that can be fairly so placed, unless we count the few jaguars found north of the Rio Grande. But the danger of hunting the grizzly has been greatly exaggerated, and the sport is certainly very much safer than it was at the beginning of this century. The first hunters who came into contact with this great bear were men belonging to that hardy and adventurous class of backwoodsmen which had filled the wild country between the Appalachian Mountains and the Mississippi. These men carried but one weapon, the long-barreled, small-bored pea-rifle, whose bullets ran seventy to the pound, the amount of powder and lead being a little less than that contained in the cartridge of a thirty-two-caliber Winchester. In the Eastern States almost all the hunting was done in the woodland; the shots were mostly obtained at short distance, and deer and black bear were the largest game; moreover, the pea-rifles were marvelously accurate for close range, and their owners were famed the world over for their skill as marksmen. Thus these rifles had so far proved plenty good enough for the work they had to do, and had also done excellent service as military weapons in the ferocious wars that the men of the border carried on with their Indian neighbors, and even in conflict with more civilized foes, as at the battles of King's Mountain and New Orleans. But when the restless frontiersmen pressed out over the Western plains, they encountered in the grizzly a beast of far greater bulk and more savage temper than any of those found in the Eastern woods, and their small-bore rifles were utterly inadequate weapons with which to cope with him. It is small wonder that he was considered by them to be almost invulnerable and extraordinarily tenacious of life. He would be a most unpleasant antagonist now to a man armed only with a thirty-two-caliber rifle, that carried but a single shot and was loaded at the muzzle. A rifle, to be of use in this sport, should carry a ball weighing from half an ounce to an ounce. With the old pea-rifles the shot had to be in the eye or heart, and accidents to the hunter were very common. But the introduction of heavy breech-loading repeaters has greatly lessened the danger, even in the very few and far-off places where the grizzlies are as fero-

cious as formerly. For nowadays these great bears are undoubtedly much better aware of the death-dealing power of men, and, as a consequence, far less fierce, than was the case with their forefathers, who so unhesitatingly attacked the early Western travelers and explorers. Constant contact with rifle-carrying hunters, for a period extending over many generations of bear-life, has taught the grizzly by bitter experience that man is his undoubted overlord, as far as fighting goes; and this knowledge has become a hereditary characteristic. No grizzly will attack a man now unprovoked, and one will almost always rather run than fight; though if he is wounded or thinks himself cornered he will attack his foes with a headlong, reckless fury that renders him one of the most dangerous of wild beasts. The ferocity of all wild animals depends largely upon the amount of resistance they are accustomed to meet with, and the quantity of molestation to which they are subjected. The change in the grizzly's character during the last half century has been precisely paralleled by the change in the characters of his northern cousin, the polar bear, and of the South African lion. When the Dutch and Scandinavian sailors first penetrated the Arctic seas they were kept in constant dread of the white bear, who regarded a man as simply an erect variety of seal, quite as good eating as the common kind. The records of these early explorers are filled with examples of the ferocious and man-eating propensities of the polar bears; but in the accounts of most of the later Arctic expeditions it is portrayed as having learned wisdom, and being now most anxious to keep out of the way of the hunters. A number of my sporting friends have killed white bears, and none of them were ever even charged. And in South Africa the English sportsmen and Dutch boers have taught the lion to be a very different creature from what it was when the first white man reached that continent. If the Indian tiger had been a native of the United States, it would now be one of the most shy of beasts.

How the prowess of the grizzly compares with that of the lion or tiger would be hard to say; I have never shot either of the latter myself, and my brother, who has killed tigers in India, has never had a chance at a grizzly. Owing to its bulk and muscular development being two or three times as great, I should think that any one of the big bears we killed

on the mountains would make short work of a lion or a tiger; but, nevertheless, I believe either of the latter would be much more dangerous to a hunter or other human being, on account of the immensely superior speed of its charge, the lightning-like rapidity of its movements, and its apparently sharper senses. Still, after all is said, the man should have a thoroughly trustworthy weapon and a fairly cool head who would follow into his own haunts and slay grim Old Ephraim.

A grizzly will only fight if wounded or cornered, or, at least, if he thinks himself cornered. If a man by accident stumbles on to one close up, he is almost certain to be attacked, really more from fear than from any other motive,—exactly the same reason that makes a rattlesnake strike at a passer-by. I have personally known of but one instance of a grizzly turning on a hunter before being wounded. This happened to a friend of mine, a Californian ranchman, who, with two or three of his men, was following a bear that had carried off one of his sheep. They got the bear into a cleft in the mountain from which there was no escape, and he suddenly charged back through the line of his pursuers, struck down one of the horsemen, seized the arm of the man in his jaws and broke it as if it had been a pipe-stem, and was only killed after a most lively fight, in which, by repeated charges, he at one time drove every one of his assailants off the field.

But two instances have come to my personal knowledge where a man has been killed by a grizzly. One was that of a hunter at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains who had chased a large bear and finally wounded him. The animal turned at once and came straight at the man, whose second shot missed. The bear then closed and passed on, after striking only a single blow; yet that one blow, given with all the power of its thick, immensely muscular fore-arm, armed with nails as strong as so many hooked steel spikes, tore out the man's collar-bone and snapped through three or four ribs. He never recovered from the shock, and died that night.

The other instance occurred, two or three years ago, to a neighbor of mine, who has a small ranch on the Little Missouri. He was out on a mining trip, and was prospecting with two other men near the headwaters of the Little Missouri, in the Black Hills country. They were walking down along the river, and came to a point of land thrust out into it, which was densely covered with brush and fallen timber. Two of the party walked round by the edge of the stream; but the third, a German, and a very powerful fellow, followed a well-beaten game-trail leading

through the bushy point. When they were some forty yards apart the two men heard an agonized shout from the German, and at the same time the loud coughing growl, or roar, of a bear. They turned just in time to see their companion struck a terrible blow on the head by a grizzly, which must have been roused from its lair by his almost stepping on it; so close was it that he had no time to fire his rifle, but merely held it up over his head as a guard. Of course it was struck down, the claws of the great brute at the same time shattering his skull like an egg-shell. The man staggered on some ten feet before he fell; but when he did fall he never spoke or moved again. The two others killed the bear after a short, brisk struggle, as he was in the midst of a most determined charge.

In 1872, near Fort Wingate, New Mexico, two soldiers of a cavalry regiment came to their death at the claws of a grizzly bear. The army surgeon who attended them told me the particulars, so far as they were known. They were mail-carriers, and one day did not come in at the appointed time. Next day a relief party was sent out to look for them, and after some search found the bodies of both, as well as that of one of the horses. One of the men still showed signs of life; he came to his senses before dying, and told the story. They had seen a grizzly and pursued it on horseback, with their Spencer rifles. On coming close, one had fired into its side, when it turned with marvelous quickness for so large and unwieldy an animal, and struck down the horse, at the same time inflicting a ghastly wound on the rider. The other man dismounted and came up to the rescue of his companion. The bear then left the latter and attacked the other. Although hit by the bullet, it charged home and threw the man down, and then lay on him and deliberately bit him to death; his groans and cries were frightful to hear. Afterwards it walked off into the bushes without again offering to molest the already mortally wounded victim of its first assault.

At certain times the grizzly works a good deal of havoc among the herds of the stockmen. A friend of mine, a ranchman in Montana, told me that one fall bears became very plenty around his ranches, and caused him severe loss, killing with ease even full-grown beef-steers. But one of them once found his intended quarry too much for him. My friend had a stocky, rather vicious range stallion, which had been grazing one day near a small thicket of bushes, and towards evening came galloping in with three or four gashes in one haunch, that looked as if they had been cut with a dull axe. The cowboys

knew at once that he had been assailed by a bear, and rode off to the thicket near which he had been feeding. Sure enough a bear, evidently in a very bad temper, sallied out as soon as the thicket was surrounded, and, after a spirited fight and a succession of charges, was killed. On examination, it was found that his under jaw was broken, and part of his face smashed in, evidently by the stallion's hoofs. The horse had been feeding, when the bear leaped out at him, but failed to kill at the first stroke; then the horse lashed out behind, and not only freed himself, but also severely damaged his opponent.

Doubtless the grizzly could be hunted to advantage with dogs, which would not, of course, be expected to seize him, but simply to find and bay him, and distract his attention by barking and nipping. Occasionally a bear can be caught in the open and killed with the aid of horses. But nine times out of ten the only way to get one is to put on moccasins and still-hunt it in its own haunts, shooting it at close quarters. Either its tracks should be followed until the bed wherein it lies during the day is found, or a given locality in which it is known to exist should be carefully beaten through, or else a bait should be left out and a watch kept on it to catch the bear when he has come to visit it.

During last summer we found it necessary to leave my ranch on the Little Missouri, and take quite a long trip through the cattle country of south-eastern Montana and northern Wyoming; and having come to the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, we took a fortnight's hunt through them after elk and bear.

We went into the mountains with a pack-train, leaving the ranch wagon at the place where we began to go up the first steep rise. There were two others besides myself in the party: one of them, the teamster, a weather-beaten old plainsman, who possessed a most extraordinary stock of miscellaneous misinformation upon every conceivable subject; and the other, my ranch foreman, Merrifield. Merrifield was originally an Eastern backwoodsman, and during the last year or two has been my *fidus Achates* of the hunting field; he is a well-built, good-looking fellow, an excellent rider, a first-class shot, and a keen sportsman. None of us had ever been within two hundred miles of the Big Horn range before; so that our hunting trip had the added zest of being also an exploring expedition.

Each of us rode one pony, and the packs were carried on four others. We were not burdened by much baggage. Having no tent, we took the canvas wagon-sheet instead; our bedding, plenty of spare cartridges, some flour, bacon, coffee, sugar, and salt, and a few

very primitive cooking utensils, completed the outfit.

The Big Horn range is a chain of bare rocky peaks, stretching lengthwise along the middle of a table-land which is about thirty miles wide. At its edges this table-land falls sheer off into the rolling plains country. From the rocky peaks flow rapid brooks of clear, icy water, which take their way through deep gorges that they have channeled out in the surface of the plateau; a few miles from the heads of the streams these gorges become regular cañons, with sides so steep as to be almost perpendicular. In traveling, therefore, the trail has to keep well up towards timber-line, as lower down horses find it difficult or impossible to get across the valleys. In strong contrast to the treeless cattle plains extending to its foot, the sides of the table-land are densely wooded with tall pines. Its top forms what is called a park country,—that is, it is covered with alternating groves of trees and open glades, each grove or glade varying in size from half a dozen to many hundred acres.

We went in with the pack-train two days' journey before pitching camp in what we intended to be our hunting grounds, following an old Indian trail. No one who has not tried it can understand the work and worry that it is to drive a pack-train over rough ground and through timber. We were none of us very skillful at packing, and the loads were all the time slipping. Sometimes the ponies would stampede with the packs half tied, or they would get caught among the fallen logs, or, in a ticklish place, would suddenly decline to follow the trail, or would commit some other of the thousand tricks which seem to be all a pack-pony knows. Then, at night, they were a bother; if picketed out, they fed badly and got thin, and if they were not picketed, they sometimes strayed away. The most valuable one of the lot was also the hardest to catch. Accordingly, we used to let him loose with a long lariat tied round his neck, and one night this lariat twisted up in a sage brush, and in struggling to free himself the pony got a half-hitch round his hind leg, threw himself, and fell over a bank into a creek on a large stone. We found him in the morning very much the worse for wear, his hind legs swelled up so that his chief method of progression was by a series of awkward hops. Of course, no load could be put upon him, but he managed to limp along behind the other horses, and actually, in the end, reached the ranch on the Little Missouri, three hundred miles off. No sooner had he got there and been turned loose to rest, than he fell down a big wash-out and broke his neck. Another time, one of the mares—a homely beast,

with a head like a camel's—managed to flounder into the very center of a mud-hole, and we spent the better part of a morning in fishing her out.

We spent several days at the first camping-place, killing half a dozen elk, but none with very fine heads. All of these were gotten by still-hunting, Merrifield and I following up their trails, either together or separately. Throughout this trip I used a buckskin hunting-suit, a fur cap, and moccasins. Not only was this dress very lasting, but it was also very inconspicuous in the woods (always an important point for a hunter to attend to); and in it I could walk almost noiselessly, the moccasins making no sound whatever, and the buckskin reducing the rustling of branches and twigs as I passed through them to a minimum. Both of us carried Winchester rifles. Mine was a 45-75, half-magazine, stocked and sighted to suit myself. At one time I had bought a double-barreled English Express, but I soon threw it aside in favor of the Winchester, which, according to my experience, is much the best weapon for any American game.

Although it was still early in September, the weather was cool and pleasant, the nights being frosty; and every two or three days there was a flurry of light snow, which rendered the labor of tracking much more easy. Indeed, throughout our stay in the mountains, the peaks were snow-capped almost all the time. Our fare was excellent, consisting of elk venison, mountain grouse, and small trout, the last caught in one of the beautiful little lakes that lay almost up by the timber-line. To us, who had for weeks been accustomed to make small fires from dried brush, or from sage-brush roots, which we dug out of the ground, it was a treat to sit at night before the roaring and crackling pine logs; as the old teamster quaintly put it, we had at last come to a land "where the wood grew on trees." There were plenty of black-tail deer in the woods, and we came across a number of bands of cow and calf elk, or of young bulls; but after several days' hunting, we were still without any head worth taking home, and had seen no sign of grizzly, which was the game we were especially anxious to kill for neither Merrifield nor I had ever seen a wild bear alive.

One day we separated. I took up the trail of a large bull elk, and though after a while I lost the track, in the end I ran across the animal itself, and after a short stalk got a shot at the noble-looking old fellow. It was a grand bull, with massive neck and twelve-tined antlers; and he made a most beautiful picture, standing out on a crag that jutted over the sheer cliff wall, the tall pine-trees behind him

and the deep cañon at his feet, while in the background rose the snow-covered granite peaks. As I got up on my knees to fire he half-faced towards me, about eighty yards off, and the ball went in behind the shoulder. He broke away into the forest, but stopped before he had gone twenty rods, and did not need the second bullet to which he fell. I reached camp early in the afternoon, and waited for a couple of hours before Merrifield put in an appearance. At last we heard a shout—the familiar long-drawn *Ei-koh-h-h* of the cattle men—and he came in sight, galloping at speed down an open glade, and waving his hat, evidently having had good luck; and when he reined in his small, wiry cow-pony, we saw that he had packed behind his saddle the fine, glossy pelt of a black bear. Better still, he announced that he had been off about ten miles to a perfect tangle of ravines and valleys where bear sign was very thick; and not of black bear either, but of grizzly. The black bear (the only one we got on the mountains) he had run across by accident. While riding up a valley in which there was a patch of dead timber grown up with berry bushes, he noticed a black object, which he first took to be a stump; for during the past few days we had each of us made one or two clever stalks up to charred logs which our imagination converted into bears. On coming near, however, the object suddenly took to its heels; he followed over frightful ground at the pony's best pace, until it stumbled and fell down. By this time he was close on the bear, which had just reached the edge of the wood. Picking himself up, he rushed after it, hearing it growling ahead of him; after running some fifty yards the sounds stopped, and he stood still listening. He saw and heard nothing until he happened to cast his eyes upwards, and there was the bear, almost overhead, and about twenty-five feet up a tree; and in as many seconds afterwards it came down to the ground with a bounce, stone dead. It was a young bear, in its second year, and had probably never before seen a man, which accounted for the ease with which it was treed and taken. One minor result of the encounter was to convince Merrifield—the list of whose faults did not include lack of self-confidence—that he could run down any bear; in consequence of which idea we on more than one subsequent occasion went through a good deal of violent exertion.

Merrifield's tale made me decide to shift camp at once, and go over to the spot where the bear-tracks were so plenty, which was not more than a couple of miles from where I had slain the big elk. Next morning we were off, and by noon pitched camp by a clear brook, in a valley with steep, wooded sides, but with

good feed for the horses in the open bottom. We rigged the canvas wagon-sheet into a small tent, sheltered by the trees from the wind, and piled great pine logs nearly where we wished to place the fire; for a night-camp in the sharp fall weather is cold and dreary unless there is a roaring blaze of flame in front of the tent.

That afternoon we again went out, and I shot another fine bull elk. I came home alone towards nightfall, walking through a reach of burnt forest, where there was nothing but charred tree-trunks and black mold. When nearly through it I came across the huge, half-human footprints of a great grizzly, which must have passed by within a few minutes. It gave me rather an eerie feeling in the silent, desolate woods, to see for the first time the unmistakable proofs that I was in the home of the mighty lord of the wilderness. I followed the tracks in the fading twilight until it became too dark to see them any longer, and then shouldered my rifle and walked back to camp.

That night we almost had a visit from one of the animals we were after. Several times we had heard at night the calling of the bull elks, a sound than which there is nothing more musical in nature. No writer has done it justice; it has in it soft, flute-like notes, and again chords like those of an *Æolian* harp, or like some beautiful wind instrument. This night, when we were in bed and the fire was smoldering, we were roused by a ruder noise,—a kind of grunting or roaring whine, answered by the frightened snorts of the ponies. It was a bear, which had evidently not seen the fire, as it came from behind the bank, and had probably been attracted by the smell of the horses. After it made out what we were, it staid round a short while, again uttered its peculiar roaring grunt, and went off. We had seized our rifles and run out into the woods, but in the darkness could see nothing; indeed, it was rather lucky we did not stumble across the bear, as he could have made short work of us when we were at such a disadvantage.

Next day we went off on a long tramp through the woods and along the sides of the cañons. There were plenty of berry bushes growing in clusters, and all around these there were fresh tracks of bear. But the grizzly is also a flesh-eater, and has a great liking for carrion. On visiting the place where Merrifield had killed the black bear, we found that the grizzlies had been there before us, and had utterly devoured the carcass with cannibal relish. Hardly a scrap was left, and we turned our steps toward where lay the second bull elk I had killed. It was quite late in the afternoon when we reached

the place. A grizzly had evidently been at the carcass during the preceding night, for his great foot-prints were in the ground all around it, and the carcass itself was gnawed and torn, and partially covered with earth and leaves; for the grizzly has a curious habit of burying all of his prey that he does not at the moment need. A great many ravens had been feeding on the body, and they wheeled about over the tree-tops above us, uttering their barking croaks.

The forest was composed mainly of what are called ridge-pole pines, which grow close together, and do not branch out until the stems are thirty or forty feet from the ground. Beneath these trees we walked over a carpet of pine-needles, upon which our moccasined feet made no sound. The woods seemed vast and lonely, and their silence was broken now and then by the strange noises always to be heard in the great forests, and which seem to mark the sad and everlasting unrest of the wilderness. We climbed up along the trunk of a dead tree which had toppled over until its upper branches struck in the limb-crotch of another, that thus supported it at an angle half-way in its fall. When above the ground far enough to prevent the bear's smelling us, we sat still to wait for his approach; until, in the gathering gloom, we could no longer see the sights of our rifles, and could but dimly make out the carcass of the great elk. It was useless to wait longer, and we clambered down and stole out to the edge of the woods. The forest here covered one side of a steep, almost cañon-like ravine, whose other side was bare except of rock and sage-brush. Once out from under the trees, there was still plenty of light, although the sun had set, and we crossed over some fifty yards to the opposite hillside and crouched down under a bush to see if perchance some animal might not also leave the cover. To our right the ravine sloped downward towards the valley of the Big Horn River, and far on its other side we could catch a glimpse of the great main chain of the Rockies, their snow-peaks glinting crimson in the light of the set sun. Again we waited quietly in the growing dusk until the pine-trees in our front blended into one dark, frowning mass. We saw nothing; but the wild creatures of the forest had begun to stir abroad. The owls hooted dismally from the tops of the tall trees, and two or three times a harsh, wailing cry, probably the voice of some lynx or wolverine, arose from the depths of the woods. At last, as we were rising to leave, we heard the sound of the breaking of a dead stick from the spot where we knew the carcass lay. It was a sharp, sudden noise, perfectly distinct

from the natural creaking and snapping of the branches,—just such a sound as would be made by the tread of some heavy creature. "Old Ephraim" had come back to the carcass. A minute afterward, listening with strained ears, we heard him brush by some dry twigs. It was entirely too dark to go in after him; but we made up our minds that on the morrow he should be ours.

Early next morning we were over at the elk carcass, and, as we expected, found that the bear had eaten his fill at it during the night. His tracks showed him to be an immense fellow, and were so fresh that we doubted if he had left long before we arrived; and we made up our minds to follow him up and try to find his lair. The bears that lived on these mountains had evidently been little disturbed. Indeed, the Indians and most of the white hunters are rather chary of meddling with "Old Ephraim," as the mountain men style the grizzly, unless they get him at a disadvantage; for the sport is fraught with some danger and but small profit. The bears thus seemed to have very little fear of harm, and we thought it far from unlikely that the bed of the one who had fed on the elk would not be far away.

My companion was a skillful tracker, and we took up the trail at once. For some distance it led over the soft, yielding carpet of moss and pine-needles, and the foot-prints were quite easily made out, although we could follow them but slowly; for we had, of course, to keep a sharp lookout ahead and around us as we walked noiselessly on in the somber half-light always prevailing under the great pine-trees, through whose thickly interlacing branches stray but few beams of light, no matter how bright the sun may be outside. We made no sound ourselves, and every little sudden noise sent a thrill through me as I peered about with each sense on the alert. Two or three of the ravens which we had scared from the carcass flew overhead, croaking hoarsely; and the pine-tops moaned and sighed in the slight breeze—for pine-trees seem to be ever in motion, no matter how light the wind.

After going a few hundred yards the tracks turned off on a well-beaten path made by the elk; the woods were in many places cut up by these game-trails, which had often become as distinct as ordinary foot-paths. The beast's footprints were perfectly plain in the dust, and he had lumbered along up the path until near the middle of the hillside, where the ground broke away and there were hollows and boulders. Here there had been a wind-fall, and the dead trees lay among the living, piled across one another in all directions;

while between and around them sprouted up a thick growth of young spruces and other evergreens. The trail turned off into the tangled thicket, within which it was almost certain we would find our quarry. We could still follow the tracks, by the slight scrapes of the claws on the bark, or by the bent and broken twigs; and we advanced with noiseless caution, slowly climbing over the dead tree-trunks and upturned stumps, and not letting a branch rustle or catch on our clothes. When in the middle of the thicket we crossed what was almost a breastwork of fallen logs, and Merrifield, who was leading, passed by the upright stem of a great pine. As soon as he was by it he sank suddenly on one knee, turning half round, his face fairly aflame with excitement; and as I strode past him, with my rifle at the ready, there, not ten steps off, was the great bear, slowly rising from his bed among the young spruces. He had heard us, but apparently hardly knew exactly where or what we were, for he reared up on his haunches sideways to us. Then he saw us and dropped down again on all fours, the shaggy hair on his neck and shoulders seeming to bristle as he turned towards us. As he sank down on his fore feet I had raised the rifle; his head was bent slightly down, and when I saw the top of the white bead fairly between his small, glittering, evil eyes, I pulled trigger. Half rising up, the huge beast fell over on his side in the death-throes, the ball having gone into his brain, striking as fairly between the eyes as if the distance had been measured by a carpenter's rule.

The whole thing was over in twenty seconds from the time I caught sight of the game; indeed, it was over so quickly that the grizzly did not have time to show fight at all or come a step towards us. It was the first I had ever seen, and I felt not a little proud as I stood over the great brindled bulk, which lay stretched out at length in the cool shade of the evergreens. He was a monstrous fellow, much larger than any I have seen since, whether alive or brought in dead by the hunters. As near as we could estimate (for of course we had nothing with which to weigh more than very small portions), he must have weighed about twelve hundred pounds; and though this is not as large as some of his kind are said to grow in California, it is yet a very unusual size for a bear. He was a good deal heavier than any of our horses; and it was with the greatest difficulty that we were able to skin him. He must have been very old, his teeth and claws being all worn down and blunted; but nevertheless he had been living in plenty, for he was as fat as a prize hog, the layers on his back being a finger's length in thickness. He

was still in the summer coat, his hair being short, and in color a curious brindled brown, somewhat like that of certain bull-dogs; while all the bears we shot afterwards had the long thick winter fur, cinnamon or yellowish brown. By the way, the name of this bear has reference to its character, and not to its color, and should, I suppose, be properly spelt grisly,—in the sense of horrible, exactly as we speak of a "grisly specter,"—and not grizzly; but perhaps the latter way of spelling it is too well established to be now changed.

In killing dangerous game steadiness is more needed than good shooting. No game is dangerous unless a man is close up, for nowadays hardly any wild beast will charge from a distance of a hundred yards, but will rather try to run off; and if a man is close it is easy enough for him to shoot straight if he does not lose his head. A bear's brain is about the size of a pint bottle; and any one can hit a pint bottle off-hand at thirty or forty feet. I have had two shots at bears at close quarters, and each time I fired into the brain, the bullet in one case striking fairly between the eyes, as told above, and in the other going in between the eye and ear. A novice at this kind of sport will find it best and safest to keep in mind the old Norse viking's advice in reference to a long sword: "If you go in close enough, your sword will be long enough." If a poor shot goes in close enough, he will find that he shoots straight enough.

I was very proud over my first bear; but Merrifield's chief feeling seemed to be disappointment that the animal had not had time to show fight. He was rather a reckless fellow, and very confident in his own skill with the rifle; and he really did not seem to have any more fear of the grizzlies than if they had been so many jack-rabbits. I did not at all share his feeling, having a hearty respect for my foes' prowess, and in following and attacking them always took all possible care to get the chances on my side. Merrifield was sincerely sorry that we never had to stand a regular charge; we killed our five grizzlies with seven bullets, and, except in the case of the she and cub spoken of farther on, each was shot about as quickly as it got sight of us.

The last one we got was an old male, which was feeding on an elk carcass. We crept up to within about sixty feet, and, as Merrifield had not yet killed a grizzly purely to his own gun, and I had killed three, I told him to take the shot. He at once whispered gleefully, "I'll break his leg, and we'll see what he'll do!" Having no ambition to be a participator in the antics of a three-legged bear, I hastily interposed a most emphatic

veto; and with a rather injured air he fired, the bullet going through the neck just back of the head. The bear fell to the shot, and could not get up from the ground, dying in a few minutes; but first he seized his left wrist in his teeth and bit clean through it, completely separating the bones of the paw and arm. Although a smaller bear than the big one I first shot, he would probably have proved a much more ugly foe, for he was less unwieldy, and had much longer and sharper teeth and claws. I think that if my companion had merely broken the beast's leg he would have had his curiosity as to its probable conduct more than gratified.

We tried eating the grizzly's flesh, but it was not good, being coarse and not well flavored; and besides, we could not get over the feeling that it had belonged to a carrion-feeder. The flesh of the little black bear, on the other hand, was excellent; it tasted like that of a young pig. Doubtless, if a young grizzly, which had fed merely upon fruits, berries, and acorns, was killed, its flesh would prove good eating; but even then it would probably not be equal to a black bear.

A day or two after the death of the big bear, we went out one afternoon on horse-back, intending merely to ride down to see a great cañon lying some six miles west of our camp; we went more to look at the scenery than for any other reason, though, of course, neither of us ever stirred out of camp without his rifle. We rode down the valley in which we had camped through alternate pine groves and open glades, until we reached the cañon, and then skirted its brink for a mile or so. It was a great chasm, many miles in length, as if the table-land had been rent asunder by some terrible and unknown force; its sides were sheer walls of rock, rising three or four hundred feet straight up in the air, and worn by the weather till they looked like the towers and battlements of some vast fortress. Between them at the bottom was a space, in some places nearly a quarter of a mile wide, in others very narrow, through whose middle foamed a deep rapid torrent of which the sources lay far back among the snow-topped mountains around Cloud Peak. In this valley, dark-green, somber pines stood in groups, stiff and erect; and here and there among them were groves of poplar and cottonwood, with slender branches and trembling leaves, their bright green already changing to yellow in the sharp fall weather. We went down to where the mouth of the cañon opened out, and rode our horses to the end of a great jutting promontory of rock, thrust out into the plain; and in the cold clear air we looked far over the broad valley of the Big Horn as it lay

at our very feet, walled in on the other side by the distant chain of the Rocky Mountains.

Turning our horses, we rode back along the edge of another cañon-like valley, with a brook flowing down in its center, and its rocky sides covered with an uninterrupted pine forest—the place of all others in whose inaccessible wildness and ruggedness a bear would find a safe retreat. After some time we came to where other valleys, with steep grass-grown sides, covered with sage-brush, branched out from it, and we followed one of these out. There was plenty of elk sign about, and we saw several black-tail deer. These last were very common on the mountains, but we had not hunted them at all, as we were in no need of meat. But this afternoon we came across a buck with remarkably fine antlers, finer than any I had ever got, and accordingly I shot it, and we stopped to cut off and skin out the horns, throwing the reins over the heads of the horses and leaving them to graze by themselves. The body lay near the crest of one side of a deep valley or ravine which headed up on the plateau a mile to our left. Except for scattered trees and bushes the valley was bare; but there was heavy timber along the crests of the hills on its opposite side. It took some time to fix the head properly, and we were just finishing when Merrifield sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Look at the bears!" pointing down into the valley below us. Sure enough, there were two bears (which afterwards proved to be an old she and a nearly full-grown cub) traveling up the bottom of the valley, much too far off for us to shoot. Grasping our rifles and throwing off our hats, we started off as hard as we could run diagonally down the hillside, so as to cut them off. It was some little time before they saw us, when they made off at a lumbering gallop up the valley. It would seem impossible to run into two grizzlies in the open, but they were going up hill and we down, and moreover the old one kept stopping. The cub would forge ahead and could probably have escaped us, but the mother now and then stopped to sit up on her haunches and look round at us, when the cub would run back to her. The upshot was that we got ahead of them, when they turned and went straight up one hillside as we ran straight down the other behind them. By this time I was pretty nearly done out, for running along the steep ground through the sage-brush was most exhausting work; and Merrifield kept gaining on me and was well in front. Just as he disappeared over a bank, almost at the bottom of the valley, I tripped over a bush and fell full length. When I got up I knew I could never make up the ground I had lost, and besides could

hardly run any longer. Merrifield was out of sight below, and the bears were laboring up the steep hillside directly opposite and about three hundred yards off; so I sat down and began to shoot over Merrifield's head, aiming at the big bear. She was going very steadily and in a straight line, and each bullet sent up a puff of dust where it struck the dry soil, so that I could keep correcting my aim; and the fourth ball crashed into the old bear's flank. She lurched heavily forward, but recovered herself and reached the timber, while Merrifield, who had put on a spurt, was not far behind.

I toiled up the hill at a sort of trot, fairly gasping and sobbing for breath; but before I got to the top I heard a couple of shots and a shout. The old bear had turned as soon as she was in the timber, and come towards Merrifield; but he gave her the death-wound by firing into her chest, and then shot at the young one, knocking it over. When I came up he was just walking towards the latter to finish it with the revolver, but it suddenly jumped up as lively as ever and made off at a great pace—for it was nearly full-grown. It was impossible to fire where the tree-trunks were so thick, but there was a small opening across which it would have to pass, and collecting all my energies I made a last run, got into position, and covered the opening with my rifle. The instant the bear appeared I fired, and it turned a dozen somersaults downhill, rolling over and over; the ball had struck it near the tail and had ranged forward through the hollow of the body. Each of us had thus given the fatal wound to the bear into which the other had fired the first bullet. The run, though short, had been very sharp, and over such awful country that we were completely fagged out, and could hardly speak for lack of breath. The sun had already set, and it was too late to skin the animals; so we merely dressed them, caught the ponies—with some trouble, for they were frightened at the smell of the bear's blood on our hands—and rode home through the darkening woods. Next day we brought the teamster and two of the steadiest pack-horses to the carcasses, and took the skins into camp.

The feed for the horses was excellent in the valley in which we were camped, and the rest after their long journey across the plains did them good. They had picked up wonderfully in condition during our stay on the mountains; but they were apt to wander very far during the night, for there were so many bears and other wild beasts round that they kept getting frightened and running off. We were very loath to leave our hunting grounds, but time was pressing, and we had already

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THE DEATH OF OLD EPHRAIM.

[DRAWN BY A. D. FROST, ENGRAVED BY S. F. DAVIS.]

many more trophies than we could carry; so one cool morning, when the branches of the evergreens were laden with the feathery snow that had fallen overnight, we struck camp and started out of the mountains, each of us taking his own bedding behind his saddle, while the pack-ponies were loaded down with bear skins, elk and deer antlers, and the hides and furs of other game. In single file we

moved through the woods and across the cañons to the edge of the great table-land, and then slowly down the steep slope to its foot, where we found our canvas-topped wagon. Next day saw us setting out on our long journey homewards, across the three hundred weary miles of treeless and barren-looking plains country.

Theodore Roosevelt.

ORCHIDS.

THE tulipomania which two hundred and fifty years ago shook financial Holland to its very center finds a mild, modern echo in the orchidomania of to-day.

Orchids, it is true, have not created an "exchange" where fortunes are won and lost in a day. An orchid bulb has never been owned by a company and sold on shares, as its prototype was in sober, money-getting Holland in days gone by; still, the fact that a single plant of this group has been known to cost hundreds and even thousands of dollars offers some slight justification for the coinage of a word to express the popular estimate of the fancy that lies back of such transactions.

A visit to a fine collection of plants some months ago brought conviction home that there were still a few people ignorant of what an orchid is. Within the space of ten minutes I heard one group of people informed that they were "pitcher-plants," and that "travelers were often saved from death by the water they held"; and another party was informed that they were "a species of the prickly pear." Pointing to one of the bulbs, the instructress said, "There is the pear, you see, but this one hasn't any prickles."

Orchids are plants belonging to the monocotyledons—the same great class as Indian corn; many of them are air-plants; all of them, almost without exception, show some marked peculiarity of form or function. There are no flowers which so richly repay study as do the

orchids; their forms are so extraordinary, their properties so curious, their structure and habits so marvelous, that it is not strange they should prove so absorbingly interesting to the intelligent collector. A taste for orchids can be indulged by very few people, because of the great expense it entails. The variety of these plants which will grow in an ordinary greenhouse is comparatively small. Being gathered, as they are, from every latitude, growing under every climatic condition, it is necessary, in order to insure success in artificial rearing, to have several different greenhouses for a collection including any great variety.

The mere mimetic quality of orchids, which catches the eye and fancy of casual observers, has been absurdly exaggerated both in verbal description and popular illustration. Making all due allowance, however, for this exaggeration, the suggestion found in their curious forms of birds and butterflies, spiders (Fig. 1) and ants, and even of strange mythologic monsters, is strong enough to give added interest to their fantastic beauty of form and color.

I shall make no attempt here to illustrate many of the more magnificent varieties of the orchids,—of the *Vanda*, the *Sobralias*, the *Laelias* and *Stanhopias*,—since, without reproducing their natural size and colors, no idea of the real beauty of the flowers could be given. The gorgeousness of tint, the singularity of marking to be found among them, are to be found nowhere else in the vegetable world. Every color of the rainbow is represented in the orchid family, and scores of tints that the rainbow knows not. Great rosy sheets of blossoms, masses of gorgeous orange (Fig. 2), vivid lemon-color, somber brown, and coral red, clusters of delicate blue and lilac and pink, of Nile green, and opalescent



FIG. 1.—ODONTOGLOSSUM
CORDATUM.

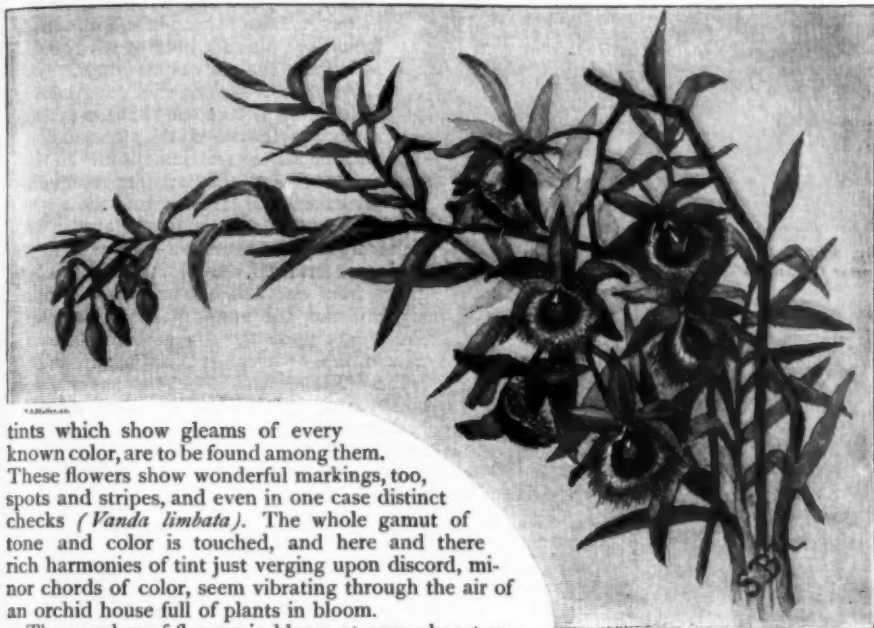


FIG. 2.—DENDROBIUM FIMBRIATUM.

tints which show gleams of every known color, are to be found among them. These flowers show wonderful markings, too, spots and stripes, and even in one case distinct checks (*Vanda limbata*). The whole gamut of tone and color is touched, and here and there rich harmonies of tint just verging upon discord, minor chords of color, seem vibrating through the air of an orchid house full of plants in bloom.

The number of flowers in bloom at once almost surpasses belief.* I have seen two hundred and seventy blossoms on a single plant in a private orchid house on Madison Square, and even greater numbers are on record.

In *Le Flore* is the account of a plant (*Phalenopsis Schilleriana*, Fig. 3) bearing three hundred and seventy-eight flowers at once, which was purchased at auction by Sir Trevor Lawrence for about \$3300. When it is remembered that every one of these blossoms is as large and perfect as a Cape jasmine, and in color "celestial rosy red," some idea of the glory of the plant may be reached. The duration of the flower is another great charm of some of the members of the orchid family. The plant just spoken of is very remarkable in this respect. Mr. Murray, formerly head gardener of Mr. Isaac Buchanan's orchid house, in Astoria, Long Island, informed me some time ago that he had exhibited the same plant, covered with the same blossoms, for five consecutive months at the Horticultural Rooms,† the flowers remaining perfect all that time.

The fact that so many of these plants are epiphytes, or air-plants, makes an orchid house the most interesting of all conservatories. While the shelves are filled with the terrestrial forms, and such of the air-plants as require a great deal of moisture,—their roots immersed in wet moss, in pots pierced with many holes,—the walls and roofs are hung with myriads of other varieties, fastened upon bits of bark, tied to cross-sections of small trees (Fig. 4), in hanging baskets and other devices, from which great sprays sweep down and out, bearing dozens of exquisite or curious blossoms. Some of them, in accordance with the eccentricities of the family, prefer to live upside down (Fig. 5), and have never been successfully reared until they were hung by the heels in this way.

The epiphytic orchids have often a very curious look, with all their domestic economy in view—their long straggling white roots reaching down into the air below them to gather nutriment and moisture from it. In some common varieties, as well as rare ones, new bulbs form on parts of the stem, which send out leaves and roots and blossoms while still attached to the parent plant (Fig. 6). These pseudo-bulbs, as Fitzgerald calls them, form reservoirs of moisture stored up against a time of drought. Many of the Australian orchids show very

* Fitzgerald speaks of an Australian variety, *Dendrobium Hillii*, which had forty thousand flowers in bloom at once.

† On Twenty-eighth street, near Broadway, where the first Tuesday of every month a display of orchids may usually be seen among other flowers. In May and June the display is sometimes of orchids alone.

FIG. 3.—*PHALAENOPSIS SCHILLERIANA*.

the entire plant look nothing more than a detached spray of blossoms. The peculiarities of this eccentric family are not confined to their flowers. One, *Dendrobium cucumerinum*, has solid leaves, like a cucumber, after which it is named.

The purpose of every plant is not so much the attainment of individual perfection as it is the perpetuation of the species. The culmination in flower and fruit is for this end. In the heart of every flower are guarded the precious pollen and ovules, whose union will produce the seed. The delicate petals wrap them about; the green sepals cradle them safe. The color and perfume and nectar of the flower all help in the attainment of the one end of bringing the two together. In ordinary flowers the sepals—making the green calyx—form the outer protection to the growing bud; the petals,—a single row, many rows, or a bell,—making the corolla, come next in order. In the heart of the rosette

remarkable peculiarities. The *Calochilus campestris* has a fringed labellum, which looks like a pink and blue ostrich feather, as large as the rest of the flower. The *Caleana major* is wonderfully suggestive of a family of fantastic red ants taking a gay promenade up the stem; colors and all are correct imitations. In the corysanthes all the parts are rudimentary except the labellum and the upper

sepal. The flower rests like a cup in its saucer upon a flat heart-shaped leaf. If the ovules are fertilized, the column or its pedicel grows from one and one-half to six inches high; if not, the flower perishes, and lies like a blot upon the foliage leaf beneath. *Dendrobium tetragonium* has square pseudobulbs. *Spathoglottis Paulinae*, though an epiphyte, is independent of insect agency and fertilizes itself. The flower of *Angræcum sesquipedale*, like *A. Scottianum* (Fig. 12), has a long whip-like nectary, sometimes fourteen

inches long, used, Fitzgerald thinks, as a retreat for the insects which visit the blossom.

The *Galeolus cassythrides*, though covered with blossoms, has not a single leaf—the organ that stands for lungs in the vegetable kingdom; the stem of the main plant sends out prehensile roots, which hold on to the trees on which it lives, making

FIG. 4.—*ODONTOGLOSSUM ROSSII* AND *ONCIDIUM BARKERII* ON SECTION OF TRUNK; *EPIDENDRUM POLYANTHUS*, SPRAY BACK OF CIRCLE.

are the stamens, bearing the yellow pollen-dust, and down deep below the surface nestling in their receptacle the ovules waiting for the vivifying touch of the pollen to wake them into activity. Opening out of the chamber where the ovules rest is some sort of a passage-way through a stem called the style, ending in a sticky stigma, the whole together being commonly called a pistil. For the production of a seed it is necessary that the pollen-grain shall reach an ovule and that the contents of the two cells shall mingle. In many plants the pollen of a flower drops or is blown upon the stigma of the same, or of some other flower; in others insects visiting it for honey or for pollen-dust, out of which they make bee-bread, convey the grains from flower to flower, or from stamen to stigma. However this may happen, when fertilization is effected it is because one or more living pollen-grains have stuck fast to the moist stigma; when this occurs the pollen-grain begins to push out a tiny tube, which grows down and down through the whole length of the style till it reaches the ovary. It then finds its way, often guided by growths and ridges, to the mouth of a little opening in the end of an ovule; when this is done the contents of the pollen-grain pour themselves through the tube into the ovule, and fertilization is effected. Each ovule grows into a seed capable, under proper conditions, of becoming a plant like the parent plants.

Among the orchids there are certain flowers which are singularly affected by this penetration of the pollen-tubes. Flowers which, unfertilized, remain fresh and perfect for weeks, wither away at once after being fertilized. When beauty and fragrance and sweetness have served their purpose, they fade away and disappear.

In some plants this penetration and fertilization of the ovules takes only a few hours or days. In the orchids it sometimes takes three months, and the pollen-tubes may be seen hanging from the stigma like a bundle of white silk threads.

The majority of plants produce more vigorous and healthy seed if they are cross-fertilized,—that is, if the pollen of one flower or plant fertilizes the ovule of another. The devices by which insects are attracted to certain flowers, and then decoyed into performing the service of cross-fertilization, without their own knowledge or consent, are numberless and most curious. Epiphytic orchids especially seem to need this service; the pollen of a flower, in some varieties, is impotent to fertilize its own ovules, and in some cases it even acts as a poison when artificially applied to its own stigma.

The ordinary flower arrangement is very much modified in the orchideæ. Instead of simple circles of sepals, petals, stamens, and pistils, one within the other, as we see in the wild rose and other common flowers, the combinations and peculiar development of certain parts make a very puzzling result. The flower of an ordinary orchid (Fig. 9, *Cattleya triana delicata*) is composed of three colored sepals, three petals (one, the labellum, being very much modified), and a column made up of stamens and pistils. By a singular twist in the stem and ovary of orchids, the flower is turned upside down; the labellum, which by rights would have been the upper petal, becomes the lower one. In *Malaxis paludosa*, a small British species, the twisting has been carried so far that the labellum has come up again, and



FIG. 5.—*CATTELEYA CITRINA*.



FIG. 6. *DENDROBIUM NOBILIS*.
L. Labellum. p. Pseudo-bulb. r. Root.

occupies the topmost position on the flower. The labellum of orchids is curiously enough not a simple petal. It has incorporated into it two of the stamens, which probably accounts for its difference from all the other petals of the flower; the back part of it toward the stem is usually prolonged into a horn-shaped nectary, sometimes very long and deep. In *Angracum Scottianum* (Fig. 12) it reaches the length of ten or twelve inches. In *Disa grandiflora* (Fig. 7), one of the loveliest of the terrestrial orchids, with its large, rosy, lily-like flower, it is the posterior sepal, and not a petal which is drawn out into a nectary.

Some of the simpler cases of cross-fertilization by insect agency may be briefly explained. The pollen of most orchids, instead of lying loose as a yellow dust in the open pods of the stamens, is bound together by elastic threads into little packages about a central stalk; the stalk, its packages of pollen, and the sticky, disk-like base are together called a pollinium. The base is inclosed in a sensitive cap, which usually projects into the cavity of the flower in the direct path to the nectary. Let us take an orchid which the bees frequent, and suppose the insect to enter the flower in search of

honey: the path to the nectary is circumscribed. To reach it the bee must force its way by the sensitive rostellum. A touch, and the cap flies back, the base of the pollinia rests upon the head of the bee, and in a few seconds the sticky cement sets hard, gluing the pollinia, or one of them, upon the head of the insect, which soon withdraws, adorned with a top-knot. Darwin has found bees with numbers of these bases glued fast to their heads; in some cases the insect was blinded by them, the eyes being completely covered with the hardened basal disk of the pollinium, which only comes off by wearing off. In accordance with the instinct of bees not to "mix their drinks," our little messenger goes from one flower to another of the same kind. It is easy to see that if she enters a second flower as she entered the first, the pollen on the end of the pollinium will only strike another pollen mass, and no good will be effected; but let us try an experiment. An ordinary lead-pencil inserted into the flower will simulate a bee, and being left there as long as it takes a bee to drink her fill, and then withdrawn, the pencil will come out adorned, like the bee, with a top-knot. Now watch! the stalk of the pollinium slowly bends and takes such a position that, inserting the pencil into a second flower, it strikes directly on its stigma, and is glued fast to it. Now the elastic threads show what is their use. If the pencil is left in the second flower long enough to fasten the pollen firmly to the stigma, the packages are torn away from the stalk of the pollinium; if not, the elastic threads hold them so that they are not lost, and the bee (or pencil) may effect fertilization in a third flower.

This is a very simple device for an orchid. Let us look into another, a little more complex. The *Aërides odorata* (Fig. 8) is a very common and favorite orchid; the cluster looks not unlike a raceme of pale-pink hyacinths, and has an odor of overpowering sweetness. A single flower, separated from the cluster and viewed sidewise, is seen to be made up of a very much curved horn, with five small petals springing from its convex side not far below the upper or larger end. The upper part of the horn is divided into four flaps by four longitudinal clefts. The two slightly curved side-flaps stand up in position; the front one on the concave side of the horn is of a long, leaf-like form, and curves over the top toward the back, making a lid to the mouth of the horn from the back-flap spring, the five petals with the stem coming from the midst. The horn is the labellum lengthened out into the nectary which holds the honey. The so-called petals are as numbered—1, 2, 3, sepals; 4 and 5, petals. Looked at from every side, there is no appearance of column, no stamens or pistil. Now press against the lidded part of the horn; it swings lightly away from the rest of the flower, and a little upright bird comes out, the petals forming its liberal supply of wings. The stigma lies in the throat of the bird, the

pollen-pods on the top of its head; the pollen is where the eye-mark appears.

The flower of the *Aërides* shows one of the simpler modes which, in the orchid tribe, insure cross-fertilization. But, before looking into this, it will be necessary to examine a little more closely the organization of the flower. In the illustration, the head, body, and legs of the bird form the column; at *s*, below the bill, in the throat, is the sticky stigma, ready to receive and hold fast any pollen that touches it. In this orchid, as in most of the tribe, the pollen, instead of lying loose in the pods when they open, as is the case with most flowers, is done up in neat parcels bound to the stalk of the pollinium. An insect attracted to the flower by its sweetness alights on the closed mouth of the horn, the labellum, which is always the "alighting-board" of the orchid-trap. The weight of the bee (let us say) is sufficient to make the hinged cornucopia swing a little downward and away from the rest of the flower. This makes a slight opening between the tip of the lid and the bird's throat; into this goes the bee's head, pressing against the bill of the bird. While sucking, the base of the pollinium is glued fast, and the bee comes out adorned with it. Bees with the pollinia of orchids on their heads had been observed and named "captain bees" by certain apiculturists, who supposed the crest to mark some natural difference. This, however, has proved to be nothing more than a badge of office.

Following Mr. Darwin, I inserted my pencil into the nectary of the flower; in passing, it touched the bird's bill; the rostellum flew back, the base of the pollinium glued itself to the pencil, and the stalk sprang up at right angles to the base; slowly the stalk began to bend forward and take such a position as would make it strike the stigma in the next flower entered, the projecting bill of the bird helping to scoop off the pollen masses as the pencil was withdrawn from a second flower.

Very remarkable members of the orchid family are the species of *Pterostylis* (Fig. 10), which seem to belong in great measure to Australia. Fitzgerald, in his work on Australian orchids, pictures a large number, and they all appear to have one striking peculiarity: they set a sort of spring-trap, catching unwary insects, and holding them prisoners till they perform the office desired of them. The flower of *Pterostylis longifolia*, a good type of the class, is long and tubular, being closed in on every side, as well as on top, with the exception of one opening in the front. Out of this hangs a thick, rough petal, almost as a tongue might loll out of an open mouth. On this tongue—the labellum—the insect visitor is sure to settle. In an instant the unwary victim is thrown into the closed chamber of the flower by the sudden flapping up of the lolling tongue, which almost completely closes the outlet. There is just one place where the light comes in to the captive; he makes for that by the only path open to him, which forces him to press closely to the pollen, and get well dusted over with it as he comes out. He cannot enter the same flower immediately, as the tongue does not come out again for about

half an hour; so he goes to some other blossom of the same kind, to be again caught and again released, this time depositing pollen-grains on the stigma, and taking on a new load.

The flower of the vanilla, which is allied to the *Pterostylis*, just described, attracts insects by its delicious odor. The "way into this parlor" is as easy as the way into difficulties proverbially is: the entrance is lined with a flexible brush made of a series of



FIG. 7.—DISA GRANDIFLORA.



FIG. 8.—DISSECTION OF AERIDES ODORATA.



FIG. 9.—CATTLEYA TRIANA DELICATA.

combs, placed side by side and turned *toward* the nectary. It is easy enough to get in; but when the captive has satisfied himself and wants to get out, the problem is a very different one. All the teeth of the comb now are bristling in his face, forming a perfect *chevaux-de-frise*. In order to escape, he has to press close against the column, which covers him with pollen, to be deposited on the stigma of the next flower he shall visit. Both Darwin and Fitzgerald remark upon the fact that, in spite of all these wonderful contrivances, few beans are perfected on the vanillas unless artificial fertilization is resorted to.

One of the *sobralias* of Guatemala, allied to the vanilla, Darwin says, secretes a nectar too powerful for the British bee. After partaking, the bee stretched his legs out and lay on the labellum for some time, apparently dead; after a while, however, he recovered and seemed as well as ever, having evidently slept off the effects of his debauch.

Some orchids, with all these wonderful adaptations for cross-fertilization, yet make provision against extinction in case the insects do not do their duty. The *Cephalanthera*, one of these, is a tubular flower, with a slightly projecting tongue. Its pollen, instead of being bound into packets, is dry and easily dispersed. It is found that before the flower opens part of the pollen sends down a multitude of tubes into its own stigma, but only a part of it. Experimenting upon this plant, Darwin found that these self-fertilized ovules produced

seed, but that they were not as vigorous as those produced by cross-fertilization. Besides securing the flower against accidents, these pollen-tubes served two other purposes: they anchored the remainder of the pollen, saving it from being dispersed, and they also formed guiding ridges which should secure the cross-fertilization of a number of the ovules, in case the flower was visited by insects.

The ovules of the beautiful *Disa grandiflora* are usually self-fertilized, though cross-fertilization by insects is also possible, and sometimes occurs; but foreign agency seems far less necessary to the terrestrial orchids than it is to the epiphytes.

A most remarkable exotic orchid belongs to the family of the *Vandee*, the *Coryanthes* (Fig. 11). In this species the petals and sepals flare out like wings, while the nectary forms a rounded bucket, overhung by the

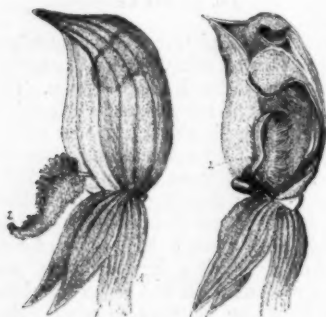


FIG. 10.—PTEROSTYLIS LONGIPOLIA.

labellum in the form of a rounded or flat plate, with two horns projecting, one on either side. These horns drop a liquid like sweetened water into the bucket. When the fluid rises to a certain height, it pours off through a spout in the back of the bucket. The plate above the bucket is a favorite feeding-ground of certain humble-bees (*Euglossæ*), who crowd upon it so that one after another is pushed off in the struggle, and falls off into the bucket beneath. Soaked and sticky from their sudden plunge, the bees cannot fly, so they crawl out by the way of the spout, and in doing so are crowded against the stigma first, and then the pollen, and come out covered with the grains. These bees are described by Dr. Crüger, who first



FIG. 11.—*CORYANTHES SPECIOSA*.

but in this case the sensitiveness lies in the rostellum, which is most wonderfully modified. This, instead of being a mere cap surrounding the viscid base of the pollinium, is a great pointed organ, looking like a queer sort of leaf, and prolonged below into two tapering antennæ, or horns, the right one hanging down powerless, while the left projects over the labellum. There is no nectary, but the labellum offers inviting pasturage to the insects which visit the plant. While gnawing the labellum the head or wings of the guest are sure to touch the extended antenna. In an instant the shock sets free the pollinium, which starts out of its socket with a curve and a rebound that throws the whole pollinium base forward, if nothing be in the way, to the distance of several feet. The insect which causes this disturbance, however, is always in the way, being just in front of the column on the labellum, and receives the pollinium disk, which glues itself firmly somewhere about its head or body, ready for transportation. The only sensitive place in the plant is the left antenna. This orchid, *Catasetum saccatum*, produces only male flowers; that is, only the pollen is perfected, the stigma and ovules never being developed. After a good deal of experimenting by different botanists, it was found that two other forms, classified as separate genera of the *Catasetum* family, were the female and hermaphrodite forms of the same plant.

Another anomaly of this kind is found in the familiar swan-flower, or *Cynoches ventricosum*. This form belongs to the sub-family of the *Catasetidae*, and is fertilized in the same way by the flirting of the pollinia. Bateman mentions, in his "Orchids of Mexico and Guatemala," the discovery of a new variety of this species, *Cynoches Egertonianum*, which bore a long raceme of flowers, very unlike in color, form, and mode of growth to the *C. ventricosum*. The plant was sent to England, and when it bloomed the flowers proved to be the familiar swan-flower. Suspecting some blunder, another and another plant were forwarded, with the same result. Finally, the discoverer himself returned, bringing with him a bulb, which survived and after a time bloomed, bearing the old disappointing flowers. Before the wonderment was over, the same scape produced another raceme of twenty-eight flowers of *C. Egertonianum* (Fig. 13), and the two forms are now accepted as the different sexes of the same plant.

While it is true that the remarkable peculiarities of some

discovered the singular mechanism of the plant and the uses of the various parts, as forming a regular procession out of the bucket by way of the spout, and all covered with pollen. Undaunted by their ill luck, they go straight back to the gnawing-ground, to be subjected to another tumble, this time depositing the pollen on the stigma of some flower in the cluster upon their exit, after their involuntary bath.

The *Catasetidae*, members of the same family as the *Coryanthes*, are the most remarkable of all the orchids. Like the *Pterostylis*, they are sensitive and have the power of movement,



FIG. 12.—*ANGRÆCUM SCOTTIANUM*.

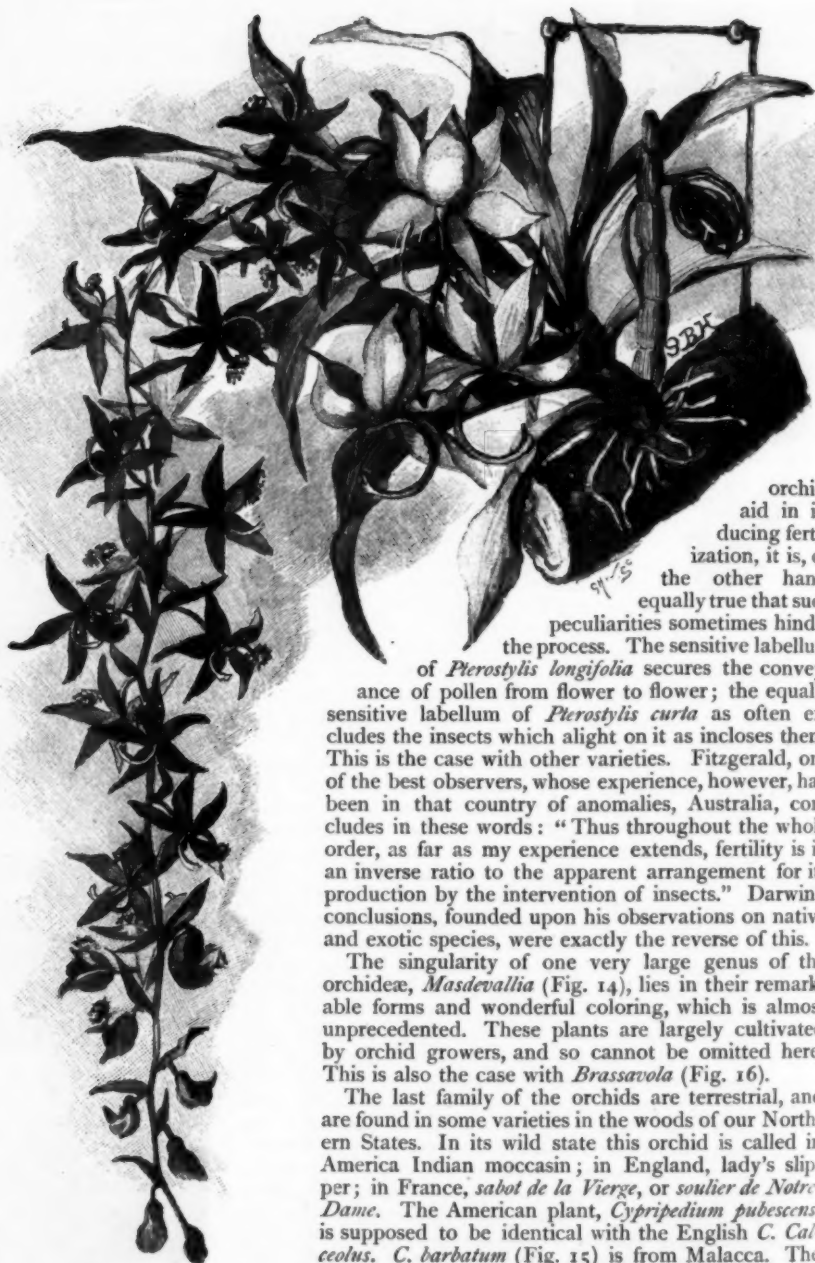


FIG. 13.—CYCLOCHES EGERTONIANUM AND VENTRICOSUM.

orchids aid in inducing fertilization, it is, on the other hand, equally true that such peculiarities sometimes hinder the process. The sensitive labellum

of *Pterostylis longifolia* secures the conveyance of pollen from flower to flower; the equally sensitive labellum of *Pterostylis curta* as often excludes the insects which alight on it as incloses them. This is the case with other varieties. Fitzgerald, one of the best observers, whose experience, however, had been in that country of anomalies, Australia, concludes in these words: "Thus throughout the whole order, as far as my experience extends, fertility is in an inverse ratio to the apparent arrangement for its production by the intervention of insects." Darwin's conclusions, founded upon his observations on native and exotic species, were exactly the reverse of this.

The singularity of one very large genus of the orchideæ, *Masdevallia* (Fig. 14), lies in their remarkable forms and wonderful coloring, which is almost unprecedented. These plants are largely cultivated by orchid growers, and so cannot be omitted here. This is also the case with *Brassavola* (Fig. 16).

The last family of the orchids are terrestrial, and are found in some varieties in the woods of our Northern States. In its wild state this orchid is called in America Indian moccasin; in England, lady's slipper; in France, *sabot de la Vierge*, or *soulier de Notre-Dame*. The American plant, *Cypripedium pubescens*, is supposed to be identical with the English *C. calceolus*. *C. barbatum* (Fig. 15) is from Malacca. The *Cypripediaceæ* are an immense family, having every manner of coloring and marking, and related to the still more remarkable *Selenopediums* and *Urepodiums*.

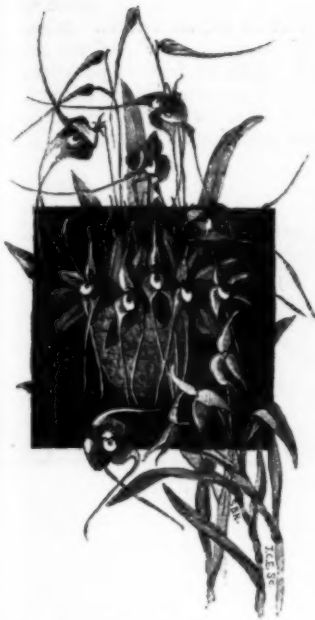


FIG. 14. A GROUP OF MASDEVALLIAS.

must be more common. Even in Shakspeare's day some varieties were familiar. In Hamlet he speaks of "long purples" and "dead men's fingers," both orchids. With us "Bartram's tree orchis," the "yellow moccasin," "Indian moccasin flower," "lady's slipper," "grass-pink," "salep," "great fringed orchis," "snake-mouth," and "ladies' tresses," or "traces," as Meehan calls them, constitute as far as I can find all the orchids which have received names in the vernacular, among a large number known to botanists. A very valuable addition to the literature of our native orchids has just appeared, "The Orchids of New England," by Mr. Henry Baldwin.

We are apt to think of orchids as queer rather than as beautiful, because of their rarity. The singular forms have not lost their novelty with us, and so have not taken on the quality which so many of our common garden and wild flowers possess. We feel that the violet, the lily of the valley, the mignonette, and rose are friends in contradistinction to tulips and dahlias, fuchsias and geraniums, around which sentiment refuses to cling. The orchids in their native homes seem to have to an exceptional degree this sentiment, this power of linking themselves to the joy and sorrow of human life. Scarcely a feast or fast or act of devotion among the fanciful Mexicans but has its special orchid as its emblem and appropriate offering. Christenings, marriages, and deaths are all symbolized by some one variety of these wonderful and beautiful flowers.

And they are not quite without the qualities which

All have the same pouch-like labellum, partially inclosing the reproductive organs. Cross-fertilization is brought about in this family by small insects, which crawl or fly into the pouch, and then, being unable to crawl out the same way because of the incurved edges, are forced to make their exit by way of the column.

One other point in regard to the orchids must not be left untouched. In most plants, as is well known, there is an enormous development of loose pollen which goes to waste, not one grain in a thousand perhaps being used to fertilize an ovule,—as in the case of corn, for example. Why, then, should such care be taken to prevent the loss of the pollen of the orchids? By computation it is found that in some varieties a single orchid flower produces over a million and a half of seeds. If pollen were produced in such excess of the needs of the ovules as in the case of corn and other wind-fertilized plants, the orchid would be utterly exhausted. All these wonderful adaptations are therefore for the purpose of making the pollen "go" as far as possible.

Fitzgerald seems inclined to demur to any word in favor of the economy of life in the orchids; he speaks of the fearful waste of energy in the production of pollen and ovules which never come to seed, but it is certain that without these provisions the waste would be far greater than it now is.

The number of indigenous orchids in the United States is very great, but they do not seem to be very generally known, as careful search has only shown a few which have popular names. In England they



FIG. 15.—CYPRIPEDIUM BARBATUM.

make them of material value to the native tribes. In Demerara, the juice of the singular *Catasetums* is used to mix in the famous *wourali* to poison the arrows of the native warriors, as well as for the more domestic use of hardening leather for shoe-soles. Salep, a nutritious substance, is obtained from the root of the *Orchis mascula*. Bulbs of the *Maxillaria* supply drink to the perishing traveler, and cooling draughts for fevered patients are extracted from some varieties of *lælias*. But, beyond the mere uses and abuses of orchids in their native homes,—which are not very many nor very important,—in their singular structure and wonderful life-history lies their real claim to the attention of the student.

S. B. Herrick.



FIG. 16.—BRASSAVOLA.

NEXT OF KIN.

NATIVE land hadst thou not,
Born out at sea;
Named for the rocking ship,
Cradle to thee.

Voyage thine verily
Over life's wave,
Owing earth barely for
Tiniest grave.

Never I looked on thee,
Thy little span
Measured and ended long
Ere mine began.

Yet have I yearned to thee,
Yearn to thee yet;
Strangely my spirit turns
From the world's fret;

Dwells on the thought of thee,
Hungers to know
How it has fared with thee
Since long ago.

Art thou the baby still?
Or hast thou flown—
Have I for near of kin
Angel full-grown?

Free from earth's soil and sting,
Blest in thy lot,
Dost thou not sadden for
Us who are not?

Dost thou not hover near
Sometimes to me,
Pant to come face to face—
As I to thee?

Bitter the barrier—
Oh, 'twere divine:
Friend without clay to grate
Harsh upon mine!

Should I have grace to win
Lowliest gate
To thy beatitude,
Stand thou in wait!

Hold, thou, and tenderly
Smile down on me;
Touch these blurred eyes of mine,
That I may see!

Lead me and comfort me,
Dear unbeguiled,—
Thou the grown sister, and
I the young child!

James T. McKay.

THE RISE OF SILAS LAPHAM.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Modern Instance," "A Woman's Reason," etc.

XIX.

"HE talked sense, Persis," said Lapham gently, as he mounted to his wife's side in the buggy and drove slowly homeward through the dusk.

"Yes, he talked sense," she admitted. But she added, bitterly, "I guess, if he had it to do! Oh, he's right, and it's got to be done. There ain't any other way for it. It's sense; and, yes, it's justice." They walked to their door after they left the horse at the livery stable around the corner, where Lapham kept it. "I want you should send Irene up to our room as soon as we get in, Silas."

"Why, ain't you going to have any supper first?" faltered Lapham, with his latch-key in the lock.

"No. I can't lose a minute. If I do, I sha'n't do it at all."

"Look here, Persis," said her husband tenderly, "let *me* do this thing."

"Oh, *you*!" said his wife, with a woman's compassionate scorn for a man's helplessness in such a case. "Send her right up. And I shall feel—" She stopped, to spare him.

Then she opened the door, and ran up to her room, without waiting to speak to Irene, who had come into the hall at the sound of her father's key in the door.

"I guess your mother wants to see you upstairs," said Lapham, looking away.

Her mother turned round and faced the girl's wondering look as Irene entered the chamber, so close upon her that she had not yet had time to lay off her bonnet; she stood with her wraps still on her arm.

"Irene!" she said harshly, "there is something you have got to bear. It's a mistake we've all made. He don't care anything for you. He never did. He told Pen so last night. He cares for her."

The sentences had fallen like blows. But the girl had taken them without flinching. She stood up immovable, but the delicate rose-light of her complexion went out and left her snow-white. She did not offer to speak.

"Why don't you say something?" cried her mother. "Do you want to kill me, Irene?"

"Why should I want to hurt *you*, mamma?" the girl replied steadily, but in an alien voice.

"There's nothing to say. I want to see Pen a minute."

She turned and left the room. As she mounted the stairs that led to her own and her sister's rooms on the floor above, her mother helplessly followed. Irene went first to her own room at the front of the house, and then came out, leaving the door open and the gas flaring behind her. The mother could see that she had tumbled many things out of the drawers of her bureau upon the marble top.

She passed her mother, where she stood in the entry. "You can come too, if you want to, mamma," she said.

She opened Penelope's door without knocking, and went in. Penelope sat at the window, as in the morning. Irene did not go to her; but she went and laid a gold hair-pin on her bureau, and said, without looking at her, "There's a pin that I got to-day, because it was like his sister's. It won't become a dark person so well, but you can have it."

She stuck a scrap of paper in the side of Penelope's mirror. "There's that account of Mr. Stanton's ranch. You'll want to read it, I presume."

She laid a withered *boutonnière* on the bureau beside the pin. "There's his button-hole bouquet. He left it by his plate, and I stole it."

She had a pine-shaving, fantastically tied up with a knot of ribbon, in her hand. She held it a moment; then, looking deliberately at Penelope, she went up to her, and dropped it in her lap without a word. She turned, and, advancing a few steps, tottered and seemed about to fall.

Her mother sprang forward with an imploring cry, "Oh, 'Rene, 'Rene, 'Rene!"

Irene recovered herself before her mother could reach her. "Don't touch me," she said icily. "Mamma, I'm going to put on my things. I want papa to walk with me. I'm choking here."

"I—I can't let you go out, Irene, child," began her mother.

"You've got to," replied the girl. "Tell papa to hurry his supper."

"Oh, poor soul! He doesn't want any supper. *He* knows it too."

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"I don't want to talk about that. Tell him to get ready."

She left them once more.

Mrs. Lapham turned a hapless glance upon Penelope.

"Go and tell him, mother," said the girl. "I would, if I could. If she can walk, let her. It's the only thing for her." She sat still; she did not even brush to the floor the fantastic thing that lay in her lap, and that sent up faintly the odor of the sachet powder with which Irene liked to perfume her boxes.

Lapham went out with the unhappy child, and began to talk with her, crazily, incoherently enough.

She mercifully stopped him. "Don't talk, papa. I don't want any one should talk with me."

He obeyed, and they walked silently on and on. In their aimless course they reached the new house on the water side of Beacon, and she made him stop, and stood looking up at it. The scaffolding which had so long defaced the front was gone, and in the light of the gas-lamp before it all the architectural beauty of the façade was suggested, and much of the finely felt detail was revealed. Seymour had pretty nearly satisfied himself in that rich façade; certainly Lapham had not stinted him of the means.

"Well," said the girl, "I shall never live in it," and she began to walk on.

Lapham's sore heart went down, as he lumbered heavily after her. "Oh, yes, you will, Irene. You'll have lots of good times there yet."

"No," she answered, and said nothing more about it. They had not talked of their trouble at all, and they did not speak of it now. Lapham understood that she was trying to walk herself weary, and he was glad to hold his peace and let her have her way. She halted him once more before the red and yellow lights of an apothecary's window.

"Isn't there something they give you to make you sleep?" she asked vaguely. "I've got to sleep to-night!"

Lapham trembled. "I guess you don't want anything, Irene."

"Yes, I do! Get me something!" she retorted willfully. "If you don't, I shall die. I *must* sleep."

They went in, and Lapham asked for something to make a nervous person sleep. Irene stood poring over the show-case full of brushes and trinkets, while the apothecary put up the bromide, which he guessed would be about the best thing. She did not show any emotion; her face was like a stone, while her father's expressed the anguish of his sympathy. He looked as if he had not slept for

a week; his fat eyelids drooped over his glassy eyes, and his cheeks and throat hung flaccid. He started as the apothecary's cat stole smoothly up and rubbed itself against his leg; and it was to him that the man said, "You want to take a table-spoonful of that as long as you're awake. I guess it won't take a great many to fetch you."

"All right," said Lapham, and paid and went out. "I don't know but I *shall* want some of it," he said, with a joyless laugh.

Irene came closer up to him and took his arm. He laid his heavy paw on her gloved fingers. After a while she said, "I want you should let me go up to Lapham to-morrow."

"To Lapham? Why, to-morrow's Sunday, Irene! You can't go to-morrow."

"Well, Monday, then. I can live through one day here."

"Well," said the father passively. He made no pretense of asking her why she wished to go, nor any attempt to dissuade her.

"Give me that bottle," she said, when he opened the door at home for her, and she ran up to her own room.

The next morning Irene came to breakfast with her mother; the Colonel and Penelope did not appear, and Mrs. Lapham looked sleep-broken and careworn.

The girl glanced at her. "Don't you fret about me, mamma," she said. "I shall get along." She seemed herself as steady and strong as rock.

"I don't like to see you keeping up so, Irene," replied her mother. "It'll be all the worse for you when you do break. Better give way a little at the start."

"I sha'n't break, and I've given way all I'm going to. I'm going to Lapham to-morrow,—I want you should go with me, mamma,—and I guess I can keep up one day here. All about it is, I don't want you should say anything, or *look* anything. And, whatever I do, I don't want you should try to stop me. And, the first thing, I'm going to take her breakfast up to her. Don't!" she cried, intercepting the protest on her mother's lips. "I shall not let it hurt Pen, if I can help it. She's never done a thing nor thought a thing to wrong me. I had to fly out at her last night; but that's all over now, and I know just what I've got to bear."

She had her way unmolested. She carried Penelope's breakfast to her, and omitted no care or attention that could make the sacrifice complete, with an heroic pretense that she was performing no unusual service. They did not speak, beyond her saying, in a clear, dry note, "Here's your breakfast, Pen," and her sister's answering, hoarsely and tremulously, "Oh, thank you, Irene." And, though

two or three times they turned their faces toward each other while Irene remained in the room, mechanically putting its confusion to rights, their eyes did not meet. Then Irene descended upon the other rooms, which she set in order, and some of which she fiercely swept and dusted. She made the beds; and she sent the two servants away to church as soon as they had eaten their breakfast, telling them that she would wash their dishes. Throughout the morning her father and mother heard her about the work of getting dinner, with certain silences which represented the moments when she stopped and stood stock-still, and then, readjusting her burden, forced herself forward under it again.

They sat alone in the family-room, out of which their two girls seemed to have died. Lapham could not read his Sunday papers, and she had no heart to go to church, as she would have done earlier in life when in trouble. Just then she was obscurely feeling that the church was somehow to blame for that counsel of Mr. Sewell's on which they had acted.

"I should like to know," she said, having brought the matter up, "whether he would have thought it was such a light matter if it had been his own children. Do you suppose he'd have been so ready to act on his own advice if it *had* been?"

"He told us the right thing to do, Persis,—the only thing. We couldn't let it go on," urged her husband gently.

"Well, it makes me despise Pen! Irene's showing twice the character that she is, this very minute."

The mother said this so that the father might defend her daughter to her. He did not fail. "Irene's got the easiest part, the way I look at it. And you'll see that Pen'll know how to behave when the time comes."

"What do you want she should do?"

"I haven't got so far as that yet. What are we going to do about Irene?"

"What do you want Pen should do," repeated Mrs. Lapham, "when it comes to it?"

"Well, I don't want she should take him, for *one* thing," said Lapham.

This seemed to satisfy Mrs. Lapham as to her husband, and she said, in defense of Corey, "Why, I don't see what *he's* done. It's all been our doing."

"Never mind that now. What about Irene?"

"She says she's going to Lapham tomorrow. She feels that she's got to get away somewhere. It's natural she should."

"Yes. And I presume it will be about the best thing for her. Shall you go with her?"

"Yes."

"Well." He comfortlessly took up a newspaper again, and she rose with a sigh, and went to her room to pack some things for the morrow's journey.

After dinner, when Irene had cleared away the last trace of it in kitchen and dining-room with unsparing punctilio, she came downstairs, dressed to go out, and bade her father come to walk with her again. It was a repetition of the aimlessness of the last night's wanderings. They came back, and she got tea for them, and after that they heard her stirring about in her own room, as if she were busy about many things; but they did not dare to look in upon her, even after all the noises had ceased, and they knew she had gone to bed.

"Yes; it's a thing she's got to fight out by herself," said Mrs. Lapham.

"I guess she'll get along," said Lapham. "But I don't want you should misjudge Pen either. She's all right too. She ain't to blame."

"Yes, I know. But I can't work round to it all at once. I sha'n't misjudge her, but you can't expect me to get over it right away."

"Mamma," said Irene, when she was hurrying their departure the next morning, "what did she tell him when he asked her?"

"Tell him?" echoed the mother; and after a while she added, "She didn't tell him anything."

"Did she say anything about me?"

"She said he mustn't come here any more."

Irene turned and went into her sister's room. "Good-bye, Pen," she said, kissing her with an effect of not seeing or touching her. "I want you should tell him all about it. If he's half a man, he won't give up till he knows why you won't have him; and he has a right to know."

"It wouldn't make any difference. I couldn't have him after——"

"That's for you to say. But if you don't tell him about me, I will."

"Rene!"

"Yes! You needn't say I cared for him. But you can say that you all thought he—cared for—me."

"Oh, Irene——"

"Don't!" Irene escaped from the arms that tried to cast themselves about her. "You are all right, Pen. You haven't done anything. You've helped me all you could. But I can't—yet."

She went out of the room and summoned Mrs. Lapham with a sharp "Now, mamma!" and went on putting the last things into her trunks.

The Colonel went to the station with them, and put them on the train. He got them a

little compartment to themselves in the Pullman car; and as he stood leaning with his lifted hands against the sides of the doorway, he tried to say something consoling and hopeful: "I guess you'll have an easy ride, Irene. I don't believe it'll be dusty, any, after the rain last night."

"Don't you stay till the train starts, papa," returned the girl, in rigid rejection of his futilities. "Get off now."

"Well, if you want I should," he said, glad to be able to please her in anything. He remained on the platform till the cars started. He saw Irene bustling about in the compartment, making her mother comfortable for the journey; but Mrs. Lapham did not lift her head. The train moved off, and he went heavily back to his business.

From time to time during the day, when he caught a glimpse of him, Corey tried to make out from his face whether he knew what had taken place between him and Penelope. When Rogers came in about time of closing, and shut himself up with Lapham in his room, the young man remained till the two came out together and parted in their salutationless fashion.

Lapham showed no surprise at seeing Corey still there, and merely answered, "Well!" when the young man said that he wished to speak with him, and led the way back to his room.

Corey shut the door behind them. "I only wish to speak to you in case you know of the matter already; for otherwise I'm bound by a promise."

"I guess I know what you mean. It's about Penelope."

"Yes, it's about Miss Lapham. I am greatly attached to her—you'll excuse my saying it; I couldn't excuse myself if I were not."

"Perfectly excusable," said Lapham. "It's all right."

"Oh, I'm glad to hear you say that!" cried the young fellow joyfully. "I want you to believe that this isn't a new thing or an unconsidered thing with me—though it seemed so unexpected to her."

Lapham fetched a deep sigh. "It's all right as far as I'm concerned—or her mother. We've both liked you first-rate."

"Yes?"

"But there seems to be something in Penelope's mind—I don't know——" The Colonel consciously dropped his eyes.

"She referred to something—I couldn't make out what—but I hoped—I hoped—that with your leave I might overcome it—the barrier—whatever it was. Miss Lapham—Penelope—gave me the hope—that I was—wasn't—indifferent to her——"

"Yes, I guess that's so," said Lapham. He suddenly lifted his head, and confronted the young fellow's honest face with his own face, so different in its honesty. "Sure you never made up to any one else at the same time?"

"Never! Who could imagine such a thing? If that's all, I can easily——"

"I don't say that's all, nor that that's it. I don't want you should go upon that idea. I just thought, may be—you hadn't thought of it."

"No, I certainly hadn't thought of it! Such a thing would have been so impossible to me that I *couldn't* have thought of it; and it's so shocking to me now that I don't know what to say to it."

"Well, don't take it too much to heart," said Lapham, alarmed at the feeling he had excited; "I don't say she thought so. I was trying to guess—trying to——"

"If there is *anything* I can say or do to convince you——"

"Oh, it ain't necessary to say anything. I'm all right."

"But Miss Lapham! I may see her again? I may try to convince her that——"

He stopped in distress, and Lapham afterwards told his wife that he kept seeing the face of Irene as it looked when he parted with her in the car; and whenever he was going to say yes, he could not open his lips. At the same time he could not help feeling that Penelope had a right to what was her own, and Sewell's words came back to him. Besides, they had already put Irene to the worst suffering. Lapham compromised, as he imagined.

"You can come round to-night and see me, if you want to," he said; and he bore grimly the gratitude that the young man poured out upon him.

Penelope came down to supper and took her mother's place at the head of the table.

Lapham sat silent in her presence as long as he could bear it. Then he asked, "How do you feel to-night, Pen?"

"Oh, like a thief," said the girl. "A thief that hasn't been arrested yet."

Lapham waited awhile before he said, "Well, now, your mother and I want you should hold up on that awhile."

"It isn't for you to say. It's something I *can't* hold up on."

"Yes, I guess you can. If I know what's happened, then what's happened is a thing that nobody is to blame for. And we want you should make the best of it, and not the worst. Heigh? It ain't going to help Irene any for you to hurt yourself—or anybody else; and I don't want you should take up with any such crazy notion. As far as heard

from, you haven't stolen anything, and whatever you've got belongs to you."

"Has he been speaking to you, father?"

"Your mother's been speaking to me."

"Has *he* been speaking to you?"

"That's neither here nor there."

"Then he's broken his word, and I will never speak to him again!"

"If he was any such fool as to promise that he wouldn't talk to me on a subject"

—Lapham drew a deep breath, and then made the plunge—"that I brought up—"

"Did you bring it up?"

"The same as brought up—the quicker he broke his word the better; and I want you should act upon that idea. Recollect that it's my business, and your mother's business, as well as yours, and we're going to have our say. He hain't done anything wrong, Pen, nor anything that he's going to be punished for. Understand that. He's got to have a reason, if you're not going to have him. I don't say you've got to have him; I want you should feel perfectly free about that; but I *do* say you've got to give him a reason."

"Is he coming here?"

"I don't know as you'd call it *coming*—"

"Yes, you do, father!" said the girl, in forlorn amusement at his shuffling.

"He's coming here to see *me*—"

"When's he coming?"

"I don't know but he's coming to-night."

"And you want I should see him?"

"I don't know but you'd better."

"All right. I'll see him."

Lapham drew a long, deep breath of suspicion inspired by this acquiescence. "What you going to do?" he asked presently.

"I don't know yet," answered the girl sadly.

"It depends a good deal upon what *he* does."

"Well," said Lapham, with the hungriness of unsatisfied anxiety in his tone. When Corey's card was brought into the family-room where he and Penelope were sitting, he went into the parlor to find him. "I guess Penelope wants to see you," he said; and, indicating the family-room, he added, "She's in there," and did not go back himself.

Corey made his way to the girl's presence with open trepidation, which was not allayed by her silence and languor. She sat in the chair where she had sat the other night, but she was not playing with a fan now.

He came toward her, and then stood faltering. A faint smile quivered over her face at the spectacle of his subjection. "Sit down, Mr. Corey," she said. "There's no reason why we shouldn't talk it over quietly; for I know you will think I'm right."

"I'm sure of that," he answered hopefully.

"When I saw that your father knew of it

to-day, I asked him to let me see you again. I'm afraid that I broke my promise to you—technically—"

"It had to be broken."

He took more courage at her words. "But I've only come to do whatever you say, and not to be an—annoyance to you—"

"Yes, you have to know; but I couldn't tell you before. Now they all think I should."

A tremor of anxiety passed over the young man's face, on which she kept her eyes steadily fixed.

"We supposed it—it was—Irene—"

He remained blank a moment, and then he said with a smile of relief, of deprecation, of protest, of amazement, of compassion:

"Oh! Never! Never for an instant! How could you think such a thing? It was impossible! I never thought of her. But I see—I see! I can explain—no, there's nothing to explain! I have never knowingly done or said a thing from first to last to make you think that. I see how terrible it is!" he said; but he still smiled, as if he could not take it seriously. "I admired her beauty—who could help doing that?—and I thought her very good and sensible. Why, last winter in Texas, I told Stanton about our meeting in Canada, and we agreed—I only tell you to show you how far I always was from what you thought—that he must come North and try to see her, and—and—of course, it all sounds very silly!—and he sent her a newspaper with an account of his ranch in it—"

"She thought it came from you."

"Oh, good heavens! He didn't tell me till after he'd done it. But he did it for a part of our foolish joke. And when I met your sister again, I only admired her as before. I can see, now, how I must have seemed to be seeking her out; but it was to talk of you with her—I never talked of anything else if I could help it, except when I changed the subject because I was ashamed to be always talking of you. I see how distressing it is for all of you. But tell me that you believe me!"

"Yes, I must. It's all been our mistake—"

"It has indeed! But there's no mistake about my loving *you*, Penelope," he said; and the old-fashioned name, at which she had often mocked, was sweet to her from his lips.

"That only makes it worse!" she answered.

"Oh, no!" he gently protested. "It makes it better. It makes it right. How is it worse? How is it wrong?"

"Can't you see? You must understand all now! Don't you see that if she believed so too, and if she—"

"Did she—did your sister—think that too?" gasped Corey.

"She used to talk with me about you; and when you say you care for me now, it makes me feel like the vilest hypocrite in the world. That day you gave her the list of books, and she came down to Nantasket, and went on about you, I helped her to flatter herself—oh! I don't see how she can forgive me. But she knows I can never forgive myself! That's the reason she can do it. I can see now," she went on, "how I must have been trying to get you from her. I can't endure it! The only way is for me never to see you or speak to you again!" She laughed forlornly. "That would be pretty hard on you, if you cared."

"I do care—all the world!"

"Well, then, it would if you were going to keep on caring. You won't long, if you stop coming now."

"Is this all, then? Is it the end?"

"It's—whatever it is. I can't get over the thought of her. Once I thought I could, but now I see that I can't. It seems to grow worse. Sometimes I feel as if it would drive me crazy."

He sat looking at her with lack-luster eyes. The light suddenly came back into them. "Do you think I could love you if you had been false to her? I know you have been true to her, and truer still to yourself. I never tried to see her, except with the hope of seeing you too. I supposed she must know that I was in love with you. From the first time I saw you there that afternoon, you filled my fancy. Do you think I was flirting with the child, or—no, you *don't* think that! We have not done wrong. We have not harmed any one knowingly. We have a right to each other——"

"No! no! you must never speak to me of this again. If you do, I shall know that you despise me."

"But how will that help her? I don't love her."

"Don't say that to me! I have said that to myself too much."

"If you forbid me to love you, it won't make me love her," he persisted.

She was about to speak, but she caught her breath without doing so, and merely stared at him.

"I must do what you say," he continued. "But what good will it do her? You can't make her happy by making yourself unhappy."

"Do you ask me to profit by a wrong?"

"Not for the world. But there *is* no wrong!"

"There is something—I don't know what. There's a wall between us. I shall dash myself against it as long as I live; but that won't break it."

"Oh!" he groaned. "We have done no wrong. Why should we suffer from another's mistake as if it were our sin?"

"I don't know. But we must suffer."

"Well, then, I *will* not, for my part, and I will not let you. If you care for me——"

"You had no right to know it."

"You make it my privilege to keep you from doing wrong for the right's sake. I'm sorry, with all my heart and soul, for this error; but I can't blame myself, and I won't deny myself the happiness I haven't done anything to forfeit. I will never give you up. I will wait as long as you please for the time when you shall feel free from this mistake; but you shall be mine at last. Remember that. I might go away for months—a year, even; but that seems a cowardly and guilty thing, and I'm not afraid, and I'm not guilty, and I'm going to stay here and try to see you."

She shook her head. "It won't change anything. Don't you see that there's no hope for us?"

"When is she coming back?" he asked.

"I don't know. Mother wants father to come and take her out West for a while."

"She's up there in the country with your mother yet?"

"Yes."

He was silent; then he said, desperately:

"Penelope, she is very young; and perhaps—perhaps she might meet——"

"It would make no difference. It wouldn't change it for me."

"You are cruel—cruel to yourself, if you love me, and cruel to me. Don't you remember that night—before I spoke—you were talking of that book; and you said it was foolish and wicked to do as that girl did. Why is it different with you, except that you give me nothing, and can never give me anything when you take yourself away? If it were anybody else, I am sure you would say——"

"But it isn't anybody else, and that makes it impossible. Sometimes I think it might be if I would only say so to myself, and then all that I said to her about you comes up——"

"I will wait. It can't always come up. I won't urge you any longer now. But you will see it differently—more clearly. Good-bye—no! Good-night! I shall come again to-morrow. It will surely come right, and, whatever happens, you have done no wrong. Try to keep that in mind. I am so happy, in spite of all!"

He tried to take her hand, but she put it behind her. "No, no! I can't let you—yet!"

XX.

AFTER a week Mrs. Lapham returned, leaving Irene alone at the old homestead in Vermont. "She's comfortable there—as com-

fortable as she can be anywhere, I guess," she said to her husband, as they drove together from the station, where he had met her in obedience to her telegraphic summons. "She keeps herself busy helping about the house; and she goes round amongst the hands in their houses. There's sickness, and you know how helpful she is where there's sickness. She don't complain any. I don't know as I've heard a word out of her mouth since we left home; but I'm afraid it'll wear on her, Silas."

"You don't look over and above well yourself, Persis," said her husband kindly.

"Oh, don't talk about me. What I want to know is whether you can't get the time to run off with her somewhere? I wrote to you about Dubuque. She'll work herself down, I'm afraid; and then I don't know as she'll be over it. But if she could go off, and be amused—see new people——"

"I could *make* the time," said Lapham, "if I had to. But, as it happens, I've got to go out West on business,—I'll tell you about it,—and I'll take Irene along."

"Good!" said his wife. "That's about the best thing I've heard yet. Where you going?"

"Out Dubuque way."

"Anything the matter with Bill's folks?"

"No. It's business."

"How's Pen?"

"I guess she ain't much better than Irene."

"He been about any?"

"Yes. But I can't see as it helps matters much."

"Tchh!" Mrs. Lapham fell back against the carriage cushions. "I declare, to see her willing to take the man that we all thought wanted her sister! I can't make it seem right."

"It's right," said Lapham stoutly; "but I guess she ain't willing; I wish she was. But there don't seem to be any way out of the thing, anywhere. It's a perfect snarl. But I don't want you should be anyways ha'sh with Pen."

Mrs. Lapham answered nothing; but when she met Penelope she gave the girl's wan face a sharp look, and began to whimper on her neck.

Penelope's tears were all spent. "Well, mother," she said, "you come back almost as cheerful as you went away. I needn't ask if 'Rene's in good spirits. We all seem to be overflowing with them. I suppose this is one way of congratulating me. Mrs. Corey hasn't been round to do it yet."

"Are you—are you engaged to him, Pen?" gasped her mother.

"Judging by my feelings, I should say not. I feel as if it was a last will and testament. But you'd better ask him when he comes."

"I can't bear to look at him."

"I guess he's used to that. He don't seem to expect to be looked at. Well! we're all just where we started. I wonder how long it will keep up?"

Mrs. Lapham reported to her husband when he came home at night—he had left his business to go and meet her, and then, after a desolate dinner at the house, had returned to the office again—that Penelope was fully as bad as Irene. "And she don't know how to work it off. Irene keeps doing; but Pen just sits in her room and mopes. She don't even read. I went up this afternoon to scold her about the state the house was in—you can see that Irene's away by the perfect mess; but when I saw her through the crack of the door I hadn't the heart. She sat there with her hands in her lap, just staring. And, my goodness! she *jumped* so when she saw me; and then she fell back, and began to laugh, and said she, 'I thought it was my ghost, mother!' I felt as if I should give way."

Lapham listened jadedly, and answered far from the point. "I guess I've got to start out there pretty soon, Persis."

"How soon?"

"Well, to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Lapham sat silent. Then, "All right," she said. "I'll get you ready."

"I shall run up to Lapham for Irene, and then I'll push on through Canada. I can get there about as quick."

"Is it anything you can tell me about, Silas?"

"Yes," said Lapham. "But it's a long story, and I guess you've got your hands pretty full as it is. I've been throwing good money after bad,—the usual way,—and now I've got to see if I can save the pieces."

After a moment Mrs. Lapham asked, "Is it—Rogers?"

"It's Rogers."

"I didn't want you should get in any deeper with him."

"No. You didn't want I should press him either; and I had to do one or the other. And so I got in deeper."

"Silas," said his wife, "I'm afraid I made you!"

"It's all right, Persis, as far forth as that goes. I was glad to make it up with him—I jumped at the chance. I guess Rogers saw that he had a soft thing in me, and he's worked it for all it was worth. But it'll all come out right in the end."

Lapham said this as if he did not care to talk any more about it. He added, casually, "Pretty near everybody but the fellows that owe *me* seem to expect me to do a cash business, all of a sudden."

"Do you mean that you've got payments to make, and that people are not paying *you*?"

Lapham winced a little. "Something like that," he said, and he lighted a cigar. "But when I tell you it's all right, I mean it, Persis. I ain't going to let the grass grow under my feet, though,—especially while Rogers digs the ground away from the roots."

"What are you going to do?"

"If it has to come to that, I'm going to squeeze him." Lapham's countenance lighted up with greater joy than had yet visited it since the day they had driven out to Brookline. "Milton K. Rogers is a rascal, if you want to know; or else all the signs fail. But I guess he'll find he's got his come-uppance." Lapham shut his lips so that the short, reddish-gray beard stuck straight out on them.

"What's he done?"

"What's he done? Well, now, I'll tell you what he's done, Persis, since you think Rogers is such a saint, and that I used him so badly in getting him out of the business. He's been dabbling in every sort of fool thing you can lay your tongue to,—wild-cat stocks, patent-rights, land speculations, oil claims,—till he's run through about everything. But he did have a big milling property out on the line of the P. Y. & X.,—saw-mills and grist-mills and lands,—and for the last eight years he's been doing a land-office business with 'em—business that would have made anybody else rich. But you can't make Milton K. Rogers rich, any more than you can fat a hide-bound colt. It ain't *in* him. He'd run through Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, and Tom Scott rolled into one, in less than six months, give him a chance, and come out and want to borrow money of you. Well, he won't borrow any more money of *me*; and if he thinks I don't know as much about that milling property as he does, he's mistaken. I've taken his mills, but I guess I've got the inside track; Bill's kept me posted; and now I'm going out there to see how I can unload; and I sha'n't mind a great deal if Rogers is under the load when it's off, once."

"I don't understand you, Silas."

"Why, it's just this. The Great Lacustrine & Polar Railroad has leased the P. Y. & X. for ninety-nine years,—*bought* it, practically,—and it's going to build car-works right by those mills, and it may want them. And Milton K. Rogers knew it when he turned 'em in on me."

"Well, if the road wants them, don't that make the mills valuable? You can get what you ask for them!"

"Can I? The P. Y. & X. is the only road that runs within fifty miles of the mills, and you can't get a foot of lumber nor a pound of flour to market any other way. As long as he had a little local road like the P. Y. & X. to

deal with, Rogers could manage; but when it come to a big through line like the G. L. & P., he couldn't stand any chance at all. If such a road as that took a fancy to his mills, do you think it would pay what he asked? *No*, sir! He would take what the road offered, or else the road would tell him to carry his flour and lumber to market himself."

"And do you suppose he knew the G. L. & P. wanted the mills when he turned them in on you?" asked Mrs. Lapham, aghast, and falling helplessly into his alphabetical parlance.

The Colonel laughed scoffingly. "Well, when Milton K. Rogers don't know which side his bread's buttered on! I don't understand," he added thoughtfully, "how he's always letting it fall on the buttered side. But such a man as that is sure to have a screw loose in him somewhere."

Mrs. Lapham sat discomfited. All that she could say was, "Well, I want you should ask yourself whether Rogers would ever have gone wrong, or got into these ways of his, if it hadn't been for your forcing him out of the business when you did. I want you should think whether you're not responsible for everything he's done since."

"You go and get that bag of mine ready," said Lapham sullenly. "I guess I can take care of myself. And Milton K. Rogers too," he added.

THAT evening Corey spent the time after dinner in his own room, with restless excursions to the library, where his mother sat with his father and sisters, and showed no signs of leaving them. At last, in coming down, he encountered her on the stairs, going up. They both stopped consciously.

"I would like to speak with you, mother. I have been waiting to see you alone."

"Come to my room," she said.

"I have a feeling that you know what I want to say," he began there.

She looked up at him where he stood by the chimney-piece, and tried to put a cheerful note into her questioning "Yes?"

"Yes; and I have a feeling that you won't like it—that you won't approve of it. I wish you did—I wish you could!"

"I'm used to liking and approving everything you do, Tom. If I don't like this at once, I shall try to like it—you know that—for your sake, whatever it is."

"I'd better be short," he said, with a quick sigh. "It's about Miss Lapham." He hastened to add, "I hope it *isn't* surprising to you. I'd have told you before, if I could."

"No, it isn't surprising. I was afraid—I suspected something of the kind."

They were both silent in a painful silence.

"Well, mother?" he asked at last.

"If it's something you've quite made up your mind to——"

"It is!"

"And if you've already spoken to her——"

"I had to do that first, of course."

"There would be no use of my saying anything, even if I disliked it."

"You do dislike it!"

"No——no! I can't say that. Of course, I should have preferred it if you had chosen some nice girl among those that you had been brought up with——some friend or associate of your sisters, whose people we had known——"

"Yes, I understand that, and I can assure you that I haven't been indifferent to your feelings. I have tried to consider them from the first, and it kept me hesitating in a way that I'm ashamed to think of; for it wasn't quite right towards——others. But your feelings and my sisters' have been in my mind, and if I couldn't yield to what I supposed they must be, entirely——"

Even so good a son and brother as this, when it came to his love affair, appeared to think that he had yielded much in considering the feelings of his family at all.

His mother hastened to comfort him. "I know——I know. I've seen for some time that this might happen, Tom, and I have prepared myself for it. I have talked it over with your father, and we both agreed from the beginning that you were not to be hampered by our feeling. Still——it is a surprise. It must be."

"I know it. I can understand your feeling. But I'm sure that it's one that will last only while you don't know her well."

"Oh, I'm sure of that, Tom. I'm sure that we shall all be fond of her,——for your sake at first, even,——and I hope she'll like us."

"I am quite certain of that," said Corey, with that confidence which experience does not always confirm in such cases. "And your taking it as you do lifts a tremendous load off me."

But he sighed so heavily, and looked so troubled, that his mother said, "Well, now, you mustn't think of that any more. We wish what is for your happiness, my son, and we will gladly reconcile ourselves to anything that might have been disagreeable. I suppose we needn't speak of the family. We must both think alike about them. They have their——drawbacks, but they are thoroughly good people, and I satisfied myself the other night that they were not to be dreaded." She rose, and put her arm round his neck. "And I wish you joy, Tom! If she's half as good as you are, you will both be very happy." She

was going to kiss him, but something in his looks stopped her——an absence, a trouble, which broke out in his words.

"I must tell you, mother! There's been a complication——a mistake——that's a blight on me yet, and that it sometimes seems as if we couldn't escape from. I wonder if you can help us! They all thought I meant——the other sister."

"Oh, Tom! But how *could* they?"

"I don't know. It seemed so glaringly plain——I was ashamed of making it so outright from the beginning. But they did. Even she did, herself!"

"But where could they have thought your eyes were——your taste? It wouldn't be surprising if any one were taken with that wonderful beauty; and I'm sure she's good too. But I'm astonished at them! To think you could prefer that little, black, odd creature, with her joking and——"

"Mother!" cried the young man, turning a ghastly face of warning upon her.

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"Did you——did——did you think so, too,——that it was *Irene* I meant?"

"Why, of course!"

He stared at her hopelessly.

"Oh, my son!" she said, for all comment on the situation.

"Don't reproach me, mother! I couldn't stand it."

"No. I didn't mean to do that. But how——*how* could it happen?"

"I don't know. When she first told me that they had understood it so, I laughed——almost——it was so far from me. But now, when you seem to have had the same idea——Did you all think so?"

"Yes."

They remained looking at each other. Then Mrs. Corey began: "It did pass through my mind once——that day I went to call upon them——that it might not be as we thought; but I knew so little of——of——"

"Penelope," Corey mechanically supplied.

"Is that her name?——I forgot——that I only thought of you in relation to her long enough to reject the idea; and it was natural, after our seeing something of the other one last year, that I might suppose you had formed some——attachment——"

"Yes; that's what they thought too. But I never thought of her as anything but a pretty child. I was civil to her because you wished it; and when I met her here again, I only tried to see her so that I could talk with her about her sister."

"You needn't defend yourself to *me*, Tom," said his mother, proud to say it to him in his trouble. "It's a terrible business for them,

poor things," she added. "I don't know how they could get over it. But, of course, sensible people must see —"

"They haven't got over it. At least *she* hasn't. Since it's happened, there's been nothing that hasn't made me prouder and fonder of her! At first I *was* charmed with her—my fancy was taken; she delighted me—I don't know how; but she was simply the most fascinating person I ever saw. Now I never think of that. I only think how good she is—how patient she is with me, and how unsparing she is of herself. If she were concerned alone—if I were not concerned too—it would soon end. She's never had a thought for anything but her sister's feeling and mine from the beginning. I go there,—I know that I oughtn't, but I can't help it,—and she suffers it, and tries not to let me see that she is suffering it. There never was any one like her—so brave, so true, so noble. I won't give her up—I can't. But it breaks my heart when she accuses herself of what was all *my* doing. We spend our time trying to reason out of it, but we always come back to it at last, and I have to hear her morbidly blaming herself. Oh!"

Doubtless Mrs. Corey imagined some reliefs to this suffering, some qualifications of this sublimity in a girl she had disliked so distinctly; but she saw none in her son's behavior, and she gave him her further sympathy. She tried to praise Penelope, and said that it was not to be expected that she could reconcile herself at once to everything. "I shouldn't have liked it in her if she had. But time will bring it all right. And if she really cares for you —"

"I extorted that from her."

"Well, then, you must look at it in the best light you can. There is no blame anywhere, and the mortification and pain is something that must be lived down. That's all. And don't let what I said grieve you, Tom. You know I scarcely knew her, and I—I shall be sure to like any one you like, after all."

"Yes, I know," said the young man drearily. "Will you tell father?"

"If you wish."

"He must know. And I couldn't stand any more of this, just yet—any more mistake."

"I will tell him," said Mrs. Corey; and it was naturally the next thing for a woman who dwelt so much on decencies to propose: "We must go to call on her—your sisters and I. They have never seen her even; and she mustn't be allowed to think we're indifferent to her, especially under the circumstances."

"Oh, no! Don't go—not yet," cried

Corey, with an instinctive perception that nothing could be worse for him. "We must wait—we must be patient. I'm afraid it would be painful to her now."

He turned away without speaking further; and his mother's eyes followed him wistfully to the door. There were some questions that she would have liked to ask him; but she had to content herself with trying to answer them when her husband put them to her.

There was this comfort for her always in Bromfield Corey, that he never was much surprised at anything, however shocking or painful. His standpoint in regard to most matters was that of the sympathetic humorist who would be glad to have the victim of circumstance laugh with him, but was not too much vexed when the victim could not. He laughed now when his wife, with careful preparation, got the facts of his son's predicament fully under his eye.

"Really, Bromfield," she said, "I don't see how you *can* laugh. Do you see any way out of it?"

"It seems to me that the way has been found already. Tom has told his love to the right one, and the wrong one knows it. Time will do the rest."

"If I had so low an opinion of them all as that, it would make me very unhappy. It's shocking to think of it."

"It is, upon the theory of ladies and all young people," said her husband, with a shrug, feeling his way to the matches on the mantel, and then dropping them with a sigh, as if recollecting that he must not smoke there. "I've no doubt Tom feels himself an awful sinner. But apparently he's resigned to his sin; he isn't going to give her up."

"I'm glad to say, for the sake of human nature, that *she* isn't resigned—little as I like her," cried Mrs. Corey.

Her husband shrugged again. "Oh, there mustn't be any indecent haste. She will instinctively observe the proprieties. But come, now, Anna! you mustn't pretend to me here, in the sanctuary of home, that practically the human affections don't reconcile themselves to any situation that the human sentiments condemn. Suppose the wrong sister had died: would the right one have had any scruple in marrying Tom, after they had both 'waited a proper time,' as the phrase is?"

"Bromfield, you're shocking!"

"Not more shocking than reality. You may regard this as a second marriage." He looked at her with twinkling eyes, full of the triumph the spectator of his species feels in signal exhibitions of human nature. "Depend upon it, the right sister will be reconciled; the wrong one will be consoled; and all will go

merry as a marriage bell—a second marriage bell. Why, it's quite like a romance!" Here he laughed outright again.

"Well," sighed the wife, "I could almost wish the right one, as you call her, would reject Tom. I dislike her so much."

"Ah, now you're talking business, Anna," said her husband, with his hands spread behind the back he turned comfortably to the fire. "The whole Lapham tribe is distasteful to me. As I don't happen to have seen our daughter-in-law elect, I have still the hope—which you're disposed to forbid me—that she may not be quite so unacceptable as the others."

"Do you really feel so, Bromfield?" anxiously inquired his wife.

"Yes—I think I do"; and he sat down, and stretched out his long legs toward the fire.

"But it's very inconsistent of you to oppose the matter now, when you've shown so much indifference up to this time. You've told me, all along, that it was of no use to oppose it."

"So I have. I was convinced of that at the beginning, or my reason was. You know very well that I am equal to any trial, any sacrifice, day after to-morrow; but when it comes to-day it's another thing. As long as this crisis decently kept its distance, I could look at it with an impartial eye; but now that it seems at hand, I find that, while my reason is still acquiescent, my nerves are disposed to—excuse the phrase—kick. I ask myself, what have I done nothing for, all my life, and lived as a gentleman should, upon the earnings of somebody else, in the possession of every polite taste and feeling that adorns leisure, if I'm to come to this at last? And I find no satisfactory answer. I say to myself that I might as well have yielded to the pressure all round me, and gone to work, as Tom has."

Mrs. Corey looked at him forlornly, divining the core of real repugnance that existed in his self-satire.

"I assure you, my dear," he continued, "that the recollection of what I suffered from the Laphams at that dinner of yours is an anguish still. It wasn't their behavior,—they behaved well enough—or ill enough; but their conversation was terrible. Mrs. Lapham's range was strictly domestic; and when the Colonel got me in the library, he poured mineral paint all over me, till I could have been safely warranted not to crack or scale in any climate. I suppose we shall have to see a good deal of them. They will probably come here every Sunday night to tea. It's a perspective without a vanishing-point."

"It may not be so bad, after all," said his

wife; and she suggested for his consolation that he knew very little about the Laphams yet.

He assented to the fact. "I know very little about them, and about my other fellow-beings. I dare say that I should like the Laphams better if I knew them better. But in any case, I resign myself. And we must keep in view the fact that this is mainly Tom's affair, and if his affections have regulated it to his satisfaction, we must be content."

"Oh, yes," sighed Mrs. Corey. "And perhaps it won't turn out so badly. It's a great comfort to know that you feel just as I do about it."

"I do," said her husband, "and more too."

It was she and her daughters who would be chiefly annoyed by the Lapham connection; she knew that. But she had to begin to bear the burden by helping her husband to bear his light share of it. To see him so depressed dismayed her, and she might well have reproached him more sharply than she did for showing so much indifference, when she was so anxious, at first. But that would not have served any good end now. She even answered him patiently when he asked her, "What did you say to Tom when he told you it was the other one?"

"What could I say? I could do nothing, but try to take back what I had said against her."

"Yes, you had quite enough to do, I suppose. It's an awkward business. If it had been the pretty one, her beauty would have been our excuse. But the plain one—what do you suppose attracted him in her?"

Mrs. Corey sighed at the futility of the question. "Perhaps I did her injustice. I only saw her a few moments. Perhaps I got a false impression. I don't think she's lacking in sense, and that's a great thing. She'll be quick to see that we don't mean unkindness, and can't, by anything we say or do, when she's Tom's wife." She pronounced the distasteful word with courage, and went on: "The pretty one might not have been able to see that. She might have got it into her head that we were looking down on her; and those insipid people are terribly stubborn. We can come to some understanding with *this* one; I'm sure of that." She ended by declaring that it was now their duty to help Tom out of his terrible predicament.

"Oh, even the Lapham cloud has a silver lining," said Corey. "In fact, it seems really to have all turned out for the best, Anna; though it's rather curious to find you the champion of the Lapham side, at last. Confess, now, that the right girl has secretly been your choice all along, and that while you sym-

pathize with the wrong one, you rejoice in the tenacity with which the right one is clinging to her own!" He added with final seriousness, "It's just that she should, and, so far as I understand the case, I respect her for it."

"Oh, yes," sighed Mrs. Corey. "It's natural, and it's right." But she added, "I suppose they're glad of him on any terms."

"That is what I have been taught to believe," said her husband. "When shall we see our daughter-in-law elect? I find myself rather impatient to have that part of it over."

Mrs. Corey hesitated. "Tom thinks we had better not call, just yet."

"She has told him of your terrible behavior when you called before?"

"No, Bromfield! She couldn't be so vulgar as *that*?"

"But anything short of it?"

XXI.

LAPHAM was gone a fortnight. He was in a sullen humor when he came back, and kept himself shut close within his own den at the office the first day. He entered it in the morning without a word to his clerks as he passed through the outer room, and he made no sign throughout the forenoon, except to strike savagely on his desk-bell from time to time, and send out to Walker for some book of accounts or a letter-file. His boy confidentially reported to Walker that the old man seemed to have got a lot of papers round; and at lunch the book-keeper said to Corey, at the little table which they had taken in a corner together, in default of seats at the counter, "Well, sir, I guess there's a cold wave coming."

Corey looked up innocently, and said, "I haven't read the weather report."

"Yes, sir," Walker continued, "it's coming. Areas of rain along the whole coast, and increased pressure in the region of the private office. Storm-signals up at the old man's door now."

Corey perceived that he was speaking figuratively, and that his meteorology was entirely personal to Lapham. "What do you mean?" he asked, without vivid interest in the allegory, his mind being full of his own tragedy-comedy.

"Why, just this: I guess the old man's takin' in sail. And I guess he's got to. As I told you the first time we talked about him, there don't any one know one-quarter as much about the old man's business as the old man does himself; and I ain't betraying any confidence when I say that I guess that old partner of his has got pretty deep into his books. I guess he's over head and ears in 'em, and

the old man's gone in after him, and he's got a drownin' man's grip round his neck. There seems to be a kind of a lull — kind of a dead calm, I call it — in the paint market just now; and then again a ten-hundred-thousand-dollar man don't build a hundred-thousand-dollar house without feeling the drain, unless there's a regular boom. And just now there ain't any boom at all. Oh, I don't say but what the old man's got anchors to windward; guess he *has*; but if he's *goin'* to leave me his money, I wish he'd left it six weeks ago. Yes, sir, I guess there's a cold wave comin'; but you can't generally 'most always tell, as a usual thing, where the old man's concerned, and it's *only* a guess." Walker began to feed in his breaded chop with the same nervous excitement with which he abandoned himself to the slangy and figurative excesses of his talks. Corey had listened with a miserable curiosity and compassion up to a certain moment, when a broad light of hope flashed upon him. It came from Lapham's potential ruin; and the way out of the labyrinth that had hitherto seemed so hopeless was clear enough, if another's disaster would befriend him, and give him the opportunity to prove the unselfishness of his constancy. He thought of the sum of money that was his own, and that he might offer to lend, or practically give, if the time came; and with his crude hopes and purposes formlessly exulting in his heart, he kept on listening with an unchanged countenance.

Walker could not rest till he had developed the whole situation, so far as he knew it. "Look at the stock we've got on hand. There's going to be an awful shrinkage on that, now! And when everybody is shutting down, or running half time, the works up at Lapham are going full chip, just the same as ever. Well, it's his pride. I don't say but what it's a good sort of pride, but he likes to make his brags that the fire's never been out in the works since they started, and that no man's work or wages has ever been cut down yet at Lapham, it don't matter *what* the times are. Of course," explained Walker, "I shouldn't talk so to everybody; don't know as I should talk so to *anybody* but you, Mr. Corey."

"Of course," assented Corey.

"Little off your feed to-day," said Walker, glancing at Corey's plate.

"I got up with a headache."

"Well, sir, if you're like me you'll carry it round all day, then. I don't know a much meaner thing than a headache — unless it's earache, or toothache, or some other kind of ache. I'm pretty hard to suit, when it comes to diseases. Notice how yellow the old man

looked when he came in this morning? I don't like to see a man of his build look yellow—much."

About the middle of the afternoon the dust-colored face of Rogers, now familiar to Lapham's clerks, showed itself among them. "Has Colonel Lapham returned yet?" he asked, in his dry, wooden tones, of Lapham's boy.

"Yes, he's in his office," said the boy; and as Rogers advanced, he rose and added, "I don't know as you can see him to-day. His orders are not to let anybody in."

"Oh, indeed!" said Rogers; "I think he will see *me*!" and he pressed forward.

"Well, I'll have to ask," returned the boy; and hastily preceding Rogers, he put his head in at Lapham's door, and then withdrew it. "Please to sit down," he said; "he'll see you pretty soon;" and, with an air of some surprise, Rogers obeyed. His sere, dull-brown whiskers and the mustache closing over both lips were incongruously and illogically clerical in effect, and the effect was heightened for no reason by the parchment texture of his skin; the baldness extending to the crown of his head was like a baldness made up for the stage. What his face expressed chiefly was a bland and beneficent caution. Here, you must have said to yourself, is a man of just, sober, and prudent views, fixed purposes, and the good citizenship that avoids debt and hazard of every kind.

"What do you want?" asked Lapham, wheeling round in his swivel-chair as Rogers entered his room, and pushing the door shut with his foot, without rising.

Rogers took the chair that was not offered him, and sat with his hat-brim on his knees, and its crown pointed towards Lapham. "I want to know what you are going to do," he answered, with sufficient self-possession.

"I'll tell you, first, what I've *done*," said Lapham. "I've been to Dubuque, and I've found out all about that milling property you turned in on me. Did you know that the G. L. & P. had leased the P. Y. & X.?"

"I some suspected that it might."

"Did you know it when you turned the property in on me? Did you know that the G. L. & P. wanted to buy the mills?"

"I presumed the road would give a fair price for them," said Rogers, winking his eyes in outward expression of inwardly blinking the point.

"You lie," said Lapham, as quietly as if correcting him in a slight error; and Rogers took the word with equal *sang froid*. "You knew the road wouldn't give a fair price for the mills. You knew it would give what it chose, and that I couldn't help myself, when you let me take them. You're a thief, Milton

K. Rogers, and you stole money I lent you."

Rogers sat listening, as if respectfully considering the statements. "You knew how I felt about that old matter—or my wife did; and that I wanted to make it up to you, if you felt anyway badly used. And you took advantage of it. You've got money out of me, in the first place, on securities that wa'n't worth thirty-five cents on the dollar, and you've let me in for this thing, and that thing, and you've bled me every time. And all I've got to show for it is a milling property on a line of road that can squeeze me, whenever it wants to, as dry as it pleases. And you want to know what I'm going to do? I'm going to squeeze *you*. I'm going to sell these collaterals of yours,"—he touched a bundle of papers among others that littered his desk,—“and I'm going to let the mills go for what they'll fetch. I ain't going to fight the G. L. & P.”

Lapham wheeled about in his chair and turned his burly back on his visitor, who sat wholly unmoved.

"There are some parties," he began, with a dry tranquillity ignoring Lapham's words, as if they had been an outburst against some third person, who probably merited them, but in whom he was so little interested that he had been obliged to use patience in listening to his condemnation,—“there are some English parties who have been making inquiries in regard to those mills.”

"I guess you're lying, Rogers," said Lapham, without looking round.

"Well, all that I have to ask is that you will not act hastily."

"I see you don't think I'm in earnest!" cried Lapham, facing fiercely about. "You think I'm fooling, do you?" He struck his bell, and "William," he ordered the boy who answered it, and who stood waiting while he dashed off a note to the brokers and inclosed it with the bundle of securities in a large envelope, "take these down to Gallop & Pad-dock's, in State street, right away. Now go!" he said to Rogers, when the boy had closed the door after him; and he turned once more to his desk.

Rogers rose from his chair, and stood with his hat in his hand. He was not merely dispassionate in his attitude and expression, he was impartial. He wore the air of a man who was ready to return to business whenever the wayward mood of his interlocutor permitted.

"Then I understand," he said, "that you will take no action in regard to the mills till I have seen the parties I speak of."

Lapham faced about once more, and sat looking up into the visage of Rogers in silence. "I wonder what you're up to," he said at last; "I *should* like to know." But as

Rogers made no sign of gratifying his curiosity, and treated this last remark of Lapham's as of the irrelevance of all the rest, he said, frowning, "You bring me a party that will give me enough for those mills to clear me of you, and I'll talk to you. But don't you come here with any man of straw. And I'll give you just twenty-four hours to prove yourself a swindler again."

Once more Lapham turned his back, and Rogers, after looking thoughtfully into his hat a moment, cleared his throat, and quietly withdrew, maintaining to the last his unprejudiced demeanor.

Lapham was not again heard from, as Walker phrased it, during the afternoon, except when the last mail was taken in to him; then the sound of rending envelopes, mixed with that of what seemed suppressed swearing, penetrated to the outer office. Somewhat earlier than the usual hour for closing, he appeared there with his hat on and his overcoat buttoned about him. He said briefly to his boy, "William, I sha'n't be back again this afternoon," and then went to Miss Dewey and left a number of letters on her table to be copied, and went out. Nothing had been said, but a sense of trouble subtly diffused itself through those who saw him go out.

That evening, as he sat down with his wife alone at tea, he asked, "Ain't Pen coming to supper?"

"No, she ain't," said his wife. "I don't know as I like the way she's going on, any too well. I'm afraid, if she keeps on, she'll be down sick. She's got deeper feelings than Irene."

Lapham said nothing, but, having helped himself to the abundance of his table in his usual fashion, he sat and looked at his plate with an indifference that did not escape the notice of his wife. "What's the matter with you?" she asked.

"Nothing. I haven't got any appetite."

"What's the matter?" she persisted.

"Trouble's the matter; bad luck and lots of it's the matter," said Lapham. "I haven't ever hid anything from you, Persis, when you asked me, and it's too late to begin now. I'm in a fix. I'll tell you what kind of a fix, if you think it'll do you any good; but I guess you'll be satisfied to know that it's a fix."

"How much of a one?" she asked, with a look of grave, steady courage in her eyes.

"Well, I don't know as I can tell, just yet," said Lapham, avoiding this look. "Things have been dull all the fall, but I thought they'd brisk up, come winter. They haven't. There have been a lot of failures, and some of 'em owed me, and some of 'em had me on their paper; and——" Lapham stopped.

"And what?" prompted his wife.

He hesitated before he added, "And then — Rogers."

"I'm to blame for that," said Mrs. Lapham. "I forced you to it."

"No; I was as willing to go into it as what you were," answered Lapham. "I don't want to blame anybody."

Mrs. Lapham had a woman's passion for fixing responsibility; she could not help saying, as soon as acquitted, "I warned you against him, Silas. I told you not to let him get in any deeper with you."

"Oh, yes. I had to help him to try to get my money back. I might as well poured water into a sieve. And now——" Lapham stopped.

"Don't be afraid to speak out to me, Silas Lapham. If it comes to the worst, I want to know it—I've got to know it. What did I ever care for the money? I've had a happy home with you ever since we were married, and I guess I shall have as long as you live, whether we go on to the Back Bay, or go back to the old house at Lapham. I know who's to blame, and I blame myself. It was my forcing Rogers on to you." She came back to this, with her helpless longing, inbred in all Puritan souls, to have some one specifically suffer for the evil in the world, even if it must be herself.

"It hasn't come to the worst yet, Persis," said her husband. "But I shall have to hold up on the new house a little while, till I can see where I am."

"I shouldn't care if we had to sell it," cried his wife, in passionate self-condemnation. "I should be glad if we had to, as far as I'm concerned."

"I shouldn't," said Lapham.

"I know!" said his wife; and she remembered ruefully how his heart was set on it.

He sat musing. "Well, I guess it's going to come out all right in the end. Or, if it ain't," he sighed, "we can't help it. May be Pen needn't worry so much about Corey, after all," he continued, with a bitter irony new to him. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. And there's a chance," he ended, with a still bitter laugh, "that Rogers will come to time, after all."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Mrs. Lapham, with a gleam of hope in her eyes.

"What chance?"

"One in ten million," said Lapham; and her face fell again. "He says there are some English parties after him to buy these mills."

"Well?"

"Well, I gave him twenty-four hours to prove himself a liar."

"You don't believe there are any such parties?"

"Not in *this* world."

"But if there were?"

"Well, if there were, Persis—— But pshaw!"

"No, no!" she pleaded eagerly. "It don't seem as if he *could* be such a villain. What would be the use of his pretending? If he brought the parties to you——"

"Well," said Lapham scornfully, "I'd let them have the mills at the price Rogers turned 'em in on me at. I don't want to make anything on 'em. But guess I shall hear from the G. L. & P. first. And when they make their offer, I guess I'll have to accept it, whatever it is. I don't think they'll have a great many competitors."

Mrs. Lapham could not give up her hope. "If you could get your price from those English parties before they knew that the G. L. & P. wanted to buy the mills, would it let you out with Rogers?"

"Just about," said Lapham.

"Then I know he'll move heaven and earth to bring it about. I *know* you won't be allowed to suffer for doing him a kindness, Silas. He *can't* be so ungrateful! Why, why *should* he pretend to have any such parties in view when he hasn't? Don't you be down-hearted, Si. You'll see that he'll be round with them to-morrow."

Lapham laughed, but she urged so many reasons for her belief in Rogers that Lapham began to rekindle his own faith a little. He ended by asking for a hot cup of tea; and Mrs. Lapham sent the pot out and had a fresh one steeped for him. After that he made a hearty supper in the revulsion from his entire despair; and they fell asleep that night talking hopefully of his affairs, which he laid before her fully, as he used to do when he first started in business. That brought the old times back, and he said: "If this had happened then, I shouldn't have cared much. I was young then, and I wasn't afraid of anything. But I noticed that after I passed fifty I began to get scared easier. I don't believe I could pick up, now, from a regular knockdown."

"Pshaw! You scared, Silas Lapham?" cried his wife, proudly. "I should like to see the thing that ever scared you; or the knockdown that *you* couldn't pick up from!"

"Is that so, Persis?" he asked, with the joy her courage gave him.

In the middle of the night she called to him, in a voice which the darkness rendered still more deeply troubled: "Are you awake, Silas?"

"Yes; I'm awake."

"I've been thinking about those English parties, Si——"

"So've I."

"And I can't make it out but what you'd be just as bad as Rogers, every bit and grain, if you were to let them have the mills——"

"And not tell 'em what the chances were with the G. L. & P.? I thought of that, and you needn't be afraid."

She began to bewail herself, and to sob convulsively: "Oh, Silas! Oh, Silas!" Heaven knows in what measure the passion of her soul was mixed with pride in her husband's honesty, relief from an apprehended struggle, and pity for him.

"Hush, hush, Persis!" he besought her. "You'll wake Pen if you keep on that way. Don't cry any more! You mustn't."

"Oh, let me cry, Silas! It'll help me. I shall be all right in a minute. Don't you mind." She sobbed herself quiet. "It does seem too hard," she said, when she could speak again, "that you have to give up this chance when Providence had fairly raised it up for you."

"I guess it wa'n't Providence raised it up," said Lapham. "Any rate, it's got to go. Most likely Rogers was lyin', and there ain't any such parties; but if there were, they couldn't have the mills from me without the whole story. Don't you be troubled, Persis. I'm going to pull through all right."

"Oh, I ain't afraid. I don't suppose but what there's plenty would help you, if they knew you needed it, Si."

"They would if they knew I *didn't* need it," said Lapham sardonically.

"Did you tell Bill how you stood?"

"No, I couldn't bear to. I've been the rich one so long, that I couldn't bring myself to own up that I was in danger."

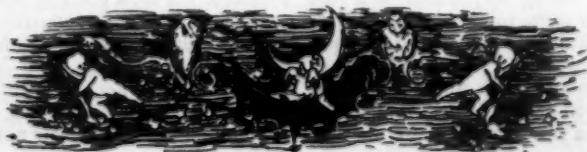
"Yes."

"Besides, it didn't look so ugly till to-day. But I guess we sha'n't let ugly looks scare us."

"No."

(To be continued.)

W. D. Howells.



THE BOSTONIANS.*

BY HENRY JAMES,

Author of "Portrait of a Lady," "Daisy Miller," "Lady Barberina," etc.

XVII.

THE next time Verena saw Olive, she said to her that she was ready to make the promise she had asked the other night; but, to her great surprise, this young woman answered her by a question intended to check such rashness. Miss Chancellor raised a warning finger; she had an air of dissuasion almost as solemn as her former pressure; her passionate impatience appeared to have given way to other considerations, to be replaced by the resignation that comes with deeper reflection. It was tinged in this case, indeed, by such bitterness as might be permitted to a young lady who cultivated the brightness of a great faith.

"Don't you want any promise at present?" Verena asked. "Why, Olive, how you change!"

"My dear child, you are so young—so strangely young. I am a thousand years old; I have lived through generations—through centuries. I know what I know by experience; you know it by imagination. That is consistent with your being the fresh, bright creature that you are. I am constantly forgetting the difference between us—that you are a mere child as yet, though a child destined for great things. I forgot it the other night, but I have remembered it since. You must pass through a certain phase, and it would be very wrong in me to pretend to suppress it. That is all clear to me now; I see it was my jealousy that spoke—my restless, hungry jealousy. I have far too much of that; I oughtn't to give any one the right to say that it's a woman's quality. I don't want your signature; I only want your confidence—only what springs from that. I hope with all my love that you won't marry; but, if you don't, it must not be because you have promised me. You know what I think—that there is something noble done when one makes a sacrifice for a great good. Priests—when they were real priests—never married, and what you and I dream of doing demands of us a kind of priesthood. It seems to me very poor, when friendship and faith and charity and the most interesting occupation in the world—when such a combination as this doesn't seem, by itself, enough to live for. No man that I have ever seen cares a straw in his heart for what

we are trying to accomplish. They hate it; they scorn it; they will try to stamp it out whenever they can. Oh, yes, I know there are men that pretend to care for it; but they are not really men, and I wouldn't be sure even of them! Any man that one would look at—with him, as a matter of course, it is war upon us to the knife. I don't mean to say there are not some male beings who are willing to patronize us a little; to pat us on the back and recommend a few moderate concessions; to say that there are two or three little points in which society has not been quite just to us. But any man who pretends to accept our programme *in toto*, as you and I understand it, of his own free will, before he is forced to—such a person simply schemes to betray us. There are gentlemen in plenty who would be glad to stop your mouth by kissing you! If you become dangerous some day to their selfishness, to their vested interests, to their immorality,—as I pray heaven every day, my dear friend, that you may!—it will be a grand thing for one of them if he can persuade you that he loves you. Then you will see what he'll do with you, and how far his love will take him! It would be a sad day for you and for me and for all of us if you were to believe something of that kind. You see I am very calm now; I have thought it all out."

Verena had listened with earnest eyes. "Why, Olive, you are quite a speaker yourself!" she exclaimed. "You would far surpass me if you would let yourself go."

Miss Chancellor shook her head with a melancholy that was not devoid of sweetness. "I can speak to *you*; but that is no proof. The very stones of the street—all the dumb things of nature—might find a voice to talk to you. I have no facility; I am awkward and embarrassed and dry." When this young lady, after a struggle with the winds and waves of emotion, emerged into the quiet stream of a certain high reasonableness, she presented her most graceful aspect; she had a tone of softness and sympathy, a gentle dignity, a serenity of wisdom, which sealed the appreciation of those who knew her well enough to like her, and which always impressed Verena as something almost august. Such moods, however, were not often revealed

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to the public at large; they belonged to Miss Chancellor's very private life. One of them had possession of her at present, and she went on to explain the inconsequence which had puzzled her friend with the same quiet clearness, the detachment from error, of a woman whose self-scrutiny has been as sharp as her deflection.

"Don't think me capricious if I say that I had rather trust you without a pledge. I owe you, I owe every one, an apology for my rudeness and fierceness at your mother's. It came over me—just seeing those young men—how exposed you are; and the idea made me (for the moment) frantic. I see your danger still, but I see other things too, and I have recovered my balance. You must be safe, Verena—you must be saved; but your safety must not come from your having tied your hands. It must come from the growth of your perception; from your seeing things, of yourself, sincerely and with conviction, in the light in which I see them; from your feeling that for your work your freedom is essential, and that there is no freedom for you and me save in religiously *not* doing what you will often be asked to do—and I never!" Miss Chancellor brought out these last words with a proud jerk which was not without its pathos. "Don't promise, don't promise!" she went on. "I would far rather you didn't. But don't fail me—don't fail me, or I shall die!"

Her manner of repairing her inconsistency was altogether feminine; she wished to extract a certainty at the same time that she wished to deprecate a pledge, and she would have been delighted to put Verena into the enjoyment of that freedom which was so important for her by preventing her exercising it in a particular direction. The girl was now completely under her influence; she had latent curiosities and distractions. Left to herself, she was not always thinking of the unhappiness of women; but the touch of Olive's tone worked a spell, and she found something to which at least a portion of her nature turned with eagerness in her companion's wider knowledge, her elevation of view. Miss Chancellor was historic and philosophic; or, at any rate, she appeared so to Verena, who felt that through such an association one might at last intellectually command all life. And there was a simpler impulse. Verena wished to please her because she had such a dread of displeasing her. Olive's displeasures, disappointments, disapprovals were tragic, truly memorable; she grew white under them, not shedding many tears, as a general thing, like inferior women (she cried when she was angry, not when she was hurt), but limping and panting, morally, as if she had received a wound that she would carry for life. On the other hand, her com-

mendations, her satisfactions were as soft as a west wind; and she had this sign, the rarest of all, of generosity, that she liked obligations of gratitude when they were not laid upon her by men. Then, indeed, she scarcely recognized them. She considered men in general as so much in the debt of the opposite sex that any individual woman had an unlimited credit with them; she could not possibly overdraw the general feminine account. The unexpected temperance of her speech on this subject of Verena's accessibility to matrimonial error seemed to the girl to have an antique beauty, a wisdom purged of worldly elements; it reminded her of qualities that she believed to have been proper to Electra or Antigone. This made her wish the more to do something that would gratify Olive; and, in spite of her friend's dissuasion, she declared that she should like to promise. "I will promise, at any rate, not to marry any of those gentlemen that were at the house," she said. "Those seemed to be the ones you were principally afraid of."

"You will promise not to marry any one you don't like," said Olive. "That would be a great comfort."

"But I do like Mr. Burrage and Mr. Gracie."

"And Mr. Matthias Pardon? What a name!"

"Well, he knows how to make himself agreeable. He can tell you everything you want to know."

"You mean everything you don't! Well, if you like every one, I haven't the least objection. It would only be preferences that I should find alarming. I am not the least afraid of your marrying a repulsive man; your danger would come from an attractive one."

"I'm glad to hear you admit that some *are* attractive!" Verena exclaimed, with the light laugh which her reverence for Miss Chancellor had not yet quenched. "It sometimes seems as if there weren't any you could like!"

"I can imagine a man I should like very much," Olive replied, after a moment. "But I don't like those I see. They seem to me poor creatures." And, indeed, her uppermost feeling in regard to them was a kind of cold scorn; she thought most of them palterers and bullies. The end of the colloquy was that Verena, having assented, with her usual docility, to her companion's optimistic contention that it was a "phase," this taste for evening calls from collegians and newspaper men, and would consequently pass away with the growth of her mind, remarked that the injustice of men might be an accident, or it might be a part of their nature; but, at any rate, she should have to change a good deal before she should want to marry.

About the middle of December, Miss Chancellor received a visit from Matthias Pardon,

who had come to ask her what she meant to do about Verena. She had never invited him to call upon her, and the appearance of a gentleman whose desire to see her was so irrepressible as to dispense with such a preliminary was not in her career an accident frequent enough to have taught her equanimity. She thought Mr. Pardon's visit a liberty; but, if she expected to convey this idea to him by withholding any suggestion that he should sit down, she was greatly mistaken, inasmuch as he cut the ground from under her feet by himself offering her a chair. His manner represented hospitality enough for both of them, and she was obliged to listen, on the edge of her sofa (she could at least seat herself where she liked), to his extraordinary inquiry. Of course she was not obliged to answer it, and indeed she scarcely understood it. He explained that it was prompted by the intense interest he felt in Miss Verena; but that scarcely made it more comprehensible, such a sentiment (on his part) being such a curious mixture. He had a sort of enamel of good humor, which showed that his indelicacy was his profession; and he asked for revelations of the *vie intime* of his victims with the bland confidence of a fashionable physician inquiring about symptoms. He wanted to know what Miss Chancellor meant to do, because, if she didn't mean to do anything, he had an idea—which he wouldn't conceal from her—of going into the enterprise himself. "You see, what I should like to know is this: do you consider that she belongs to you, or that she belongs to the people? If she belongs to you, why don't you bring her out?"

He had no purpose and no consciousness of being impertinent; he only wished to talk over the matter sociably with Miss Chancellor. He knew, of course, that there was a presumption she would not be sociable, but no presumption had yet deterred him from presenting a surface which he believed to be polished till it shone; there was always a larger one in favor of his power to penetrate and of the majesty of the "great dailies." Indeed, he took so many things for granted that Olive remained dumb while she regarded them; and he availed himself of what he considered as a fortunate opening to be really very frank. He reminded her that he had known Miss Verena a good deal longer than she; he had traveled out to Cambridge the winter before (when he could get an off night), with the thermometer at ten below zero. He had always thought her attractive, but it wasn't till this season that his eyes had been fully opened. Her talent had matured, and now he had no hesitation in calling her brilliant. Miss Chancellor could imagine whether, as

an old friend, he could watch such a beautiful unfolding with indifference. She would fascinate the people, just as she had fascinated her (Miss Chancellor), and, he might be permitted to add, himself. The fact was, she was a great card, and some one ought to play it. There never had been a more attractive female speaker before the American public; she would walk right past Mrs. Farrinder, and Mrs. Farrinder knew it. There was room for both, no doubt, they had such a different style; anyhow, what he wanted to show was that there was room for Miss Verena. She didn't want any more tuning-up, she wanted to break right out. Moreover, he felt that any gentleman who should lead her to success would win her esteem; he might even attract her more powerfully—who could tell? If Miss Chancellor wanted to attach her permanently, she ought to push her right forward. He gathered from what Miss Verena had told him that she wanted to make her study up the subject a while longer—follow some kind of course. Well, now, he could assure her that there was no preparation so good as just seeing a couple of thousand people down there before you who have paid their money to have you tell them something. Miss Verena was a natural genius, and he hoped very much she wasn't going to take the nature out of her. She could study up as she went along; she had got the great thing that you couldn't learn, a kind of divine afflatus, as the ancients used to say, and she had better just begin on that. He wouldn't deny what was the matter with *him*; he was quite under the spell, and his admiration made him want to see her where she belonged. He shouldn't care so much how she got there, but it would certainly add to his pleasure if he could show her up to her place. Therefore, would Miss Chancellor just tell him this: How long did she expect to hold her back; how long did she expect a humble admirer to wait? Of course he hadn't come there to cross-question her; there was one thing he trusted he always kept clear of: when he was indiscreet, he wanted to know it. He had come with a proposal of his own, and he hoped it would seem a sufficient warrant for his visit. Would Miss Chancellor be willing to divide a—the—well, he might call it the responsibilities? Couldn't they run Miss Verena together? In that case, every one would be satisfied. She could travel round with her as her companion, and he would see that the American people walked up. If Miss Chancellor would just let her go a little, he would look after the rest. He wanted no odds; he only wanted her for about an hour and a half three or four evenings a week.

Olive had time, in the course of this appeal, to make her faculties converge, to ask herself what she could say to this prodigious young man that would make him feel how base a thing she held his proposal that they should "work" Verena in partnership to be. Unfortunately, the most sarcastic inquiry that could occur to her as a response was also the most obvious one, so that he hesitated but a moment with his rejoinder after she had asked him how many thousands of dollars he expected to make.

"For Miss Verena? It depends upon the time. She'd run for ten years, at least. I can't figure it up till all the States have been heard from," he said, smiling.

"I don't mean for Miss Tarrant, I mean for you," Olive returned, with the impression that she was looking him straight in the eye.

"Oh, as many as you'll leave me!" Matthias Pardon answered, with a laugh that contained all, and more than all, the jocularly of the American press. "To speak seriously," he added, "I don't want to make money out of it."

"What do you want to make, then?"

"Well, I want to make history! I want to help the ladies."

"The ladies?" Olive murmured. "What do you know about ladies?" she was on the point of adding, when his promptness checked her.

"All over the world. I want to work for their emancipation. I regard it as the great modern question."

Miss Chancellor got up now; this was rather too strong. Whether, eventually, she was successful in what she attempted, the reader of her history will judge; but at this moment she had not that promise of success which resides in a willingness to make use of every aid that offers. Such is the penalty of being of a fastidious, exclusive, uncompromising nature; of seeing things not simply and sharply, but in perverse relations, in intertwined strands. It seemed to our young lady that nothing could be less attractive than to owe her emancipation to such a one as Matthias Pardon; and it is curious that those qualities which he had in common with Verena, and which in her seemed to Olive romantic and touching,—her having sprung from the "people," had an acquaintance with poverty, a hand-to-mouth development, and an experience of the seamy side of life,—availed in no degree to conciliate Miss Chancellor. I suppose it was because he was a man. She told him that she was much obliged to him for his offer, but that he evidently didn't understand Verena and herself. No, not even Miss Tarrant, in spite of his long acquaintance with her. They had no desire to be notorious; they only wanted to be useful. They had no wish to make money; there would always

be plenty of money for Miss Tarrant. Certainly, she should come before the public, and the world would acclaim her and hang upon her words; but crude, precipitate action was what both of them least desired. The change in the dreadful position of women was not a question for to-day simply, or for to-morrow, but for many years to come; and there would be a great deal to think of, to map out. One thing they were determined upon—that men shouldn't taunt them with being superficial. When Verena should appear, it would be armed at all points, like Joan of Arc (this analogy had lodged itself in Olive's imagination); she should have facts and figures; she should meet men on their own ground. "What we mean to do, we mean to do well," Miss Chancellor said to her visitor, with considerable sternness; leaving him to make such an application to himself as his fancy might suggest.

This announcement had little comfort for him; he felt baffled and disheartened—indeed, quite sick. Was it not sickening to hear her talk of this dreary process of preparation?—as if any one cared about that; and would know whether Verena were prepared or not! Had Miss Chancellor no faith in her girlhood? didn't she know what a card that would be? This was the last inquiry Olive allowed him the opportunity of making. She remarked to him that they might talk forever without coming to an agreement—their points of view were so far apart. Besides, it was a woman's question; what they wanted was for women, and it should be by women. It had happened to the young Matthias more than once to be shown the way to the door, but the path of retreat had never yet seemed to him so unpleasant. He was naturally amiable, but it had not hitherto befallen him to be made to feel that he was not—and could not be—a factor in contemporary history: here was a rapacious woman who proposed to keep that favorable setting for herself. He let her know that she was right-down selfish, and that if she chose to sacrifice a beautiful nature to her antediluvian theories and love of power, a vigilant daily press—whose business it was to expose wrong-doing—would demand an account from her. She replied that, if the newspapers chose to insult her, that was their own affair; one outrage the more to the sex in her person was of little account. And after he had left her she seemed to see the glow of dawning success; the battle had begun, and something of the ecstasy of the martyr.

XVIII.

VERENA told her, a week after this, that Mr. Pardon wanted so much she should say

she would marry him; and she added, with evident pleasure at being able to give her so agreeable a piece of news, that she had declined to say anything of the sort. She thought that now, at least, Olive must believe in her; for the proposal was more attractive than Miss Chancellor seemed able to understand. "He does place things in a very seductive light," Verena said; "he says that if I become his wife I shall be carried straight along by a force of excitement, of which at present I have no idea. I shall wake up famous, if I marry him; I have only got to give out my feelings, and he will take care of the rest. He says every hour of my youth is precious to me, and that we should have a lovely time traveling round the country. I think you ought to allow that all that is rather dazzling—for I am not naturally concentrated, like you!"

"He promises you success. What do you call success?" Olive inquired, looking at her friend with a kind of salutary coldness—a suspension of sympathy—with which Verena was now familiar (though she liked it no better than at first), and which made approbation more gracious when approbation came.

Verena reflected a moment, and then answered, smiling, but with confidence: "Producing a pressure that shall be irresistible. Causing certain laws to be repealed by Congress and by the State legislatures, and others to be enacted." She repeated the words as if they had been part of a catechism committed to memory, while Olive saw that this mechanical tone was in the nature of a joke that she could not deny herself; they had had that definition so often before, and Miss Chancellor had had occasion so often to remind her what success *really* was. Of course it was easy to prove to her now that Mr. Pardon's glittering bait was a very different thing; was a mere trap and lure, a bribe to vanity and impatience, a device for making her give herself away—let alone fill his pockets while she did so. Olive was conscious enough of the girl's want of continuity; she had seen before how she could be passionately serious at times, and then perversely, even if innocently, trivial—as just now, when she seemed to wish to convert one of their most sacred formulas into a pleasantry. She had already quite recognized, however, that it was not of importance that Verena should be just like herself; she was all of one piece, and Verena was of many pieces, which had, where they fitted together, little capricious chinks, through which mocking inner lights seemed sometimes to gleam. It was a part of Verena's being unlike her that she should feel Mr. Pardon's promise of eternal excitement to be a brilliant thing, should indeed consider Mr. Pardon with any tolerance

at all. But Olive tried afresh to allow for such aberrations, as a phase of youth and suburban culture; the more so that, even when she tried most, Verena reproached her—so far as Verena's incurable softness could reproach—with not allowing enough. Olive didn't appear to understand that, while Matthias Pardon drew that picture and tried to hold her hand (this image was unfortunate), she had given one long, fixed, wistful look, through the door he opened, at the bright tumult of the world, and then had turned away, solely for her friend's sake, to an austerer probation and a purer effort; solely for her friend's, that is, and that of the whole enslaved sisterhood. The fact remained, at any rate, that Verena had made a sacrifice; and this thought, after a while, gave Olive a greater sense of security. It seemed almost to seal the future; for Olive knew that the young interviewer would not easily be shaken off, and yet she was sure that Verena would never yield to him.

It was true that at present Mr. Burrage came a great deal to the little house at Cambridge; Verena told her about that, told her so much that it was almost as good as if she had told her all. He came without Mr. Gracie now; he could find his way alone, and he seemed to wish that there should be no one else. He had made himself so pleasant to her mother that she almost always went out of the room; that was the highest proof Mrs. Tarrant could give of her appreciation of a "gentleman caller." They knew everything about him by this time; that his father was dead, his mother very fashionable and prominent, and he himself in possession of a handsome patrimony. They thought ever so much of him in New York. He collected beautiful things, pictures and antiques and objects that he sent for to Europe on purpose, many of which were arranged in his rooms at Cambridge. He had intaglios and Spanish altar-cloths and drawings by the old masters. He was different from most others; he seemed to want so much to enjoy life, and to think you easily could if you would only let yourself go. Of course—judging by what *he* had—he appeared to think you required a great many things to keep you up. And then Verena told Olive—she could see it was after a little delay—that he wanted her to come round to his place and see his treasures. He wanted to show them to her, he was so sure she would admire them. Verena was sure also, but she wouldn't go alone, and she wanted Olive to go with her. They would have tea, and there would be other ladies, and Olive would tell her what she thought of a life that was so crowded with beauty. Miss Chancellor made her reflections on all this, and the

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first of them was that it was happy for her that she had determined for the present to accept these accidents, for otherwise might she not now have had a deeper alarm? She wished to heaven that conceited young men with time on their hands would leave Verena alone; but evidently they wouldn't, and her best safety was in seeing as many as should turn up. If the type should become frequent, she would very soon judge it. If Olive had not been so grim, she would have had a smile to spare for the frankness with which the girl herself adopted this theory. She was eager to explain that Mr. Burrage didn't seem at all to want what poor Mr. Pardon had wanted; he made her talk about her views far more than that gentleman, but gave no sign of offering himself either as a husband or as a lecture-agent. The furthest he had gone as yet was to tell her that he liked her for the same reason that he liked old enamels and old embroideries; and when she said that she didn't see how she resembled such things, he had replied that it was because she was so peculiar and so delicate. She might be peculiar, but she had protested against the idea that she was delicate; it was the last thing that she wanted to be thought; and Olive could see from this how far she was from falling in with everything he said. When Miss Chancellor asked if she respected Mr. Burrage (and how solemn Olive could make that word she by this time knew), she answered, with her sweet, vain laugh, but apparently with perfect good faith, that it didn't matter whether she did or not, for what was the whole thing but simply a phase—the very one they had talked about? The sooner she got through it the better, was it not?—and she seemed to think that her transit would be materially quickened by a visit to Mr. Burrage's rooms. As I say, Verena was pleased to regard the phase as quite inevitable, and she had said more than once to Olive that, if their struggle was to be with men, the more they knew about them the better. Miss Chancellor asked her why her mother should not go with her to see the curiosities, since she mentioned that their possessor had not neglected to invite Mrs. Tarrant; and Verena said that this, of course, would be very simple—only her mother wouldn't be able to tell her so well as Olive whether she ought to respect Mr. Burrage. This decision, as to whether Mr. Burrage should be respected, assumed in the life of these two remarkable young women, pitched in so high a moral key, the proportions of a momentous event. Olive shrank at first from facing it—not, indeed, the decision,—for we know that her own mind had long since been made up in regard to the quantity of esteem

due to almost any member of the other sex,—but the incident itself, which, if Mr. Burrage should exasperate her further, might expose her to the danger of appearing to Verena to be unfair to him. It was her belief that he was playing a deeper game than the young Matthias, and she was very willing to watch him; but she thought it prudent not to attempt to cut short the phase (she adopted that classification) prematurely—an imputation she should incur if, without more delay, she were to “shut down,” as Verena said, on the young connoisseur.

It was settled, therefore, that Mrs. Tarrant should, with her daughter, accept Mr. Burrage's invitation; and in a few days these ladies paid a visit to his apartments. Verena subsequently, of course, had much to say about it, but she dilated even more upon her mother's impressions than upon her own. Mrs. Tarrant had carried away a supply which would last her all winter; there had been some New York ladies present who were “on” at that moment, and with whom her intercourse was rich in emotions. She had told them all that she should be happy to see them in her home, but they had not yet picked their way along the little planks of the front yard. Mr. Burrage, at all events, had been quite lovely, and had talked about his collections, which were wonderful, in the most interesting manner. Verena inclined to think he was to be respected. He admitted that he was not really studying law at all; he had only come to Cambridge for the form; but she didn't see why it wasn't enough when you made yourself as pleasant as that. She went so far as to ask Olive whether taste and art were not something, and her friend could see that she was certainly very much involved in the phase. Miss Chancellor, of course, had her answer ready. Taste and art were good when they enlarged the mind, not when they narrowed it. Verena assented to this, and said it remained to be seen what effect they had had upon Mr. Burrage,—a remark which led Olive to fear that at such a rate much would remain, especially when Verena told her, later, that another visit to the young man's rooms was projected, and that this time she must come, he having expressed the greatest desire for the honor, and her own wish being greater still that they should look at some of his beautiful things together.

A day or two after this, Mr. Henry Burrage left a card at Miss Chancellor's door, with a note, in which he expressed the hope that she would take tea with him on a certain day on which he expected the company of his mother. Olive responded to this invitation in conjunction with Verena; but in doing

so she was in the position, singular for her, of not quite understanding what she was about. It seemed to her strange that Verena should urge her to take such a step when she was free to go without her, and it proved two things: first, that she was much interested in Mr. Henry Burrage, and second, that her nature was extraordinarily beautiful. Could anything, in effect, be less underhand than such an indifference to what she supposed to be the best opportunities for carrying on a flirtation? Verena wanted to know the truth, and it was clear that by this time she believed Olive Chancellor to have it, for the most part, in her keeping. Her insistence, therefore, proved, above all, that she cared more for her friend's opinion of Henry Burrage than for her own,—a reminder, certainly, of the responsibility that Olive had incurred in undertaking to form this generous young mind, and of the exalted place that she now occupied in it. Such revelations ought to have been satisfactory; if they failed to be completely so, it was only on account of the elder girl's regret that the subject as to which her judgment was wanted should be a young man destitute of the worst vices. Henry Burrage had contributed to throw Miss Chancellor into a "state," as these young ladies called it, the night she met him at Mrs. Tarrant's; but it had none the less been conveyed to Olive by the voices of the air that he was a gentleman and a good fellow.

This was painfully obvious when the visit to his rooms took place; he was so good-humored, so amusing, so friendly and considerate, so attentive to Miss Chancellor, he did the honors of his bachelor nest with so easy a grace, that Olive, part of the time, sat dumbly shaking her conscience, like a watch that wouldn't go, to make it tell her some better reason why she shouldn't like him. She saw that there would be no difficulty in disliking his mother; but that, unfortunately, would not serve her purpose nearly so well. Mrs. Burrage had come to spend a few days near her son; she was staying at a hotel in Boston. It presented itself to Olive that after this entertainment it would be an act of courtesy to call upon her; but here, at least, was the comfort that she could cover herself with the general absolution extended to the Boston temperament and leave her alone. It was slightly provoking, indeed, that Mrs. Burrage should have so much the air of a New Yorker who didn't particularly notice whether a Bostonian called or not; but there is ever an imperfection, I suppose, in even the sweetest revenge. She was a woman of society, large and voluminous, fair (in coloring) and regularly ugly, looking as if she

ought to be slow and rather heavy, but disappointing this expectation by a quick, amused utterance, a short, bright, summary laugh, with which she appeared to dispose of the joke (whatever it was) forever, and an air of recognizing on the instant everything she saw and heard. She was evidently accustomed to talk, and even to listen, if not kept waiting too long for details and parentheses; she was not continuous, but frequent, as it were, and you would see that she hated explanations, though it was not to be supposed that she had anything to fear from them. Her favors were general, not particular; she was civil enough to every one, but not in any case endearing, and perfectly genial without being confiding, as people were in Boston when (in moments of exaltation) they wished to mark that they were not suspicious. There was something in her whole manner which seemed to say to Olive that she belonged to a larger world than hers; and our young lady was vexed at not hearing that she had lived for a good many years in Europe, as this would have made it easy to classify her as one of the corrupt. She learned, almost with a sense of injury, that neither the mother nor the son had been longer beyond the seas than she herself; and if they were to be judged as triflers, they must be dealt with individually. Was it an aid to such a judgment to see that Mrs. Burrage was very much pleased with Boston, with Harvard College, with her son's interior, with her cup of tea (it was old Sèvres), which was not half so bad as she had expected, with the company he had asked to meet her (there were three or four gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. Gracie), and, last, not least, with Verena Tarrant, whom she addressed as a celebrity, kindly, cleverly, but without maternal tenderness or anything to mark the difference in their age? She spoke to her as if they were equals in that respect, as if Verena's genius and fame would make up the disparity, and the girl had no need of encouragement and patronage. She made no direct allusion, however, to her particular views, and asked her no question about her "gift,"—an omission which Verena thought strange, and, with the most amiable candor, spoke of to Olive afterwards. Mrs. Burrage seemed to imply that every one present had some distinction and some talent, that they were all good company together. There was nothing in her manner to indicate that she was afraid of Verena on her son's account; she didn't resemble a person who would like him to marry the daughter of a mesmeric healer, and yet she appeared to think it charming that he should have such a young woman there to give gusto to her hour at Cambridge. Poor

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Olive was, in the nature of things, entangled in contradictions; she had a horror of the idea of Verena's marrying Mr. Burrage, and yet she was angry when his mother demeaned herself as if the little girl with red hair, whose freshness she enjoyed, could not be a serious danger. She saw all this through the blur of her shyness, the conscious, anxious silence to which she was so much of the time condemned. It may therefore be imagined how sharp her vision would have been could she only have taken the situation more simply; for she was intelligent enough not to have needed to be morbid, even for purposes of self-defense.

I must add, however, that there was a moment when she came near being happy—or, at any rate, reflected that it was a pity she could not be so. Mrs. Burrage asked her son to play "some little thing," and he sat down to his piano and revealed a talent that might well have gratified that lady's pride. Olive was extremely susceptible to music, and it was impossible to her not to be soothed and beguiled by the young man's charming art. One "little thing" succeeded another; his selections were all very happy. His guests sat scattered in the red firelight, listening, silent, in comfortable attitudes; there was a faint fragrance from the burning logs, which mingled with the perfume of Schubert and Mendelssohn; the covered lamps made a glow here and there, and the cabinets and brackets produced brown shadows, out of which some precious object gleamed—some ivory carving or cinque-cento cup. It was given to Olive, under these circumstances, for half an hour, to surrender herself, to enjoy the music, to admit that Mr. Burrage played with exquisite taste, to feel as if the situation were a kind of truce. Her nerves were calmed, her problems—for the time—subsided. Civilization, undersuch an influence, in such a setting, appeared to have done its work; harmony ruled the scene; human life ceased to be a battle. She went so far as to ask herself why one should have a quarrel with it; the relations of men and women, in that picturesque grouping, had not the air of being internecine. In short, she had an interval of unexpected rest, during which she kept her eyes mainly on Verena, who sat near Mrs. Burrage, letting herself go, evidently, more completely than Olive. To her, too, music was a delight, and her listening face turned itself to different parts of the room, unconsciously, while her eyes vaguely rested on the objects that emerged into the firelight. At moments Mrs. Burrage bent her countenance upon her and smiled, at random, kindly; and then Verena smiled back,

while her expression seemed to say that, oh, yes, she was giving up everything, all principles, all projects. Even before it was time to go, Olive felt that they were both (Verena and she) quite demoralized, and she only summoned energy to take her companion away when she heard Mrs. Burrage propose to her to come and spend a fortnight in New York. Then Olive exclaimed to herself, "Is it a plot? Why in the world can't they let her alone?" and prepared to throw a fold of her mantle, as she had done before, over her young friend. Verena answered, somewhat impetuously, that she should be delighted to visit Mrs. Burrage; then checked her impetuosity, after a glance from Olive, by adding that perhaps this lady wouldn't ask her if she knew what strong ground she took on the emancipation of women. Mrs. Burrage looked at her son and laughed; she said she was perfectly aware of Verena's views, and that it was impossible to be more in sympathy with them than she herself. She took the greatest interest in the emancipation of women; she thought there was so much to be done. These were the only remarks that passed in reference to the great subject; and nothing more was said to Verena, either by Henry Burrage or by his friend Gracie, about her addressing the Harvard students. Verena had told her father that Olive had put her veto upon that, and Tarrant had said to the young men that it seemed as if Miss Chancellor was going to put the thing through in her own way. We know that he thought this way very circuitous; but Miss Chancellor had made him feel that she was in earnest, and that idea frightened the resistance out of him—it had such terrible associations. The people he had ever seen who were most in earnest were a committee of gentlemen who had investigated the phenomena of the "materialization" of spirits some ten years before, and had bent the fierce light of the scientific method upon him. To Olive it appeared that Mr. Burrage and Mr. Gracie had ceased to be jocular; but that did not make them any less cynical. Henry Burrage said to Verena, as she was going, that he hoped she would think seriously of his mother's invitation; and she replied that she didn't know whether she should have much time in the future to give to people who already approved of her views; she expected to have her hands full with the others, who didn't.

"Does your scheme of work exclude all distraction, all recreation, then?" the young man inquired; and his look expressed real suspense.

Verena referred the matter, as usual, with her air of bright, ungrudging deference, to her

companion. "Does it, should you say—our scheme of work?"

"I am afraid the distraction we have had this afternoon must last us for a long time," Olive said, without harshness, but with considerable majesty.

"Well, now, *is* he to be respected?" Verena demanded, as the two young women took their way through the early darkness, pacing quietly side by side, in their winter robes, like women consecrated to some holy office.

Olive turned it over a moment. "Yes, very much—as a pianist!"

Verena went into town with her in the horse-car,—she was staying in Charles street for a few days,—and that evening she startled Olive by breaking out into a reflection very similar to the whimsical falterings of which she herself had been conscious while they sat in Mr. Burrage's pretty rooms, but against which she had now violently reacted.

"It would be very nice to do that always—just to take men as they are, and not to have to think about their badness. It would be very nice not to have so many questions, but to think they were all comfortably answered, so that one could sit there on an old Spanish leather chair, with the curtains drawn and keeping out the cold, the darkness, all the big, terrible, cruel world—sit there and listen forever to Schubert and Mendelssohn. They didn't care anything about female suffrage! And I didn't feel the want of a vote to-day at all, did you?" Verena inquired, ending, as she always ended in these few speculations, with an appeal to Olive.

This young lady thought it necessary to give her a very firm answer. "I always feel it—everywhere—night and day. I feel it *here*," and Olive laid her hand solemnly on her heart. "I feel it as a deep, unforgettable wrong; I feel it as one feels a stain that is on one's honor."

Verena gave a clear laugh, and after that a soft sigh, and then said, "Do you know, Olive, I sometimes wonder whether, if it wasn't for you, I should feel it so very much!"

"My own friend," Olive replied, "you have never yet said anything to me which expressed so clearly the closeness and sanctity of our union."

"You do keep me up," Verena went on. "You are my conscience."

"I should like to be able to say that you are my form—my envelope. But you are too beautiful for that!" So Olive returned her friend's compliment; and later she said that, of course, it would be far easier to give up everything and draw the curtains to and pass one's life in an artificial atmosphere, with rose-colored lamps. It would be far easier to aban-

don the struggle, to leave all the unhappy women of the world to their immemorial misery, to lay down one's burden, close one's eyes to the whole dark picture, and, in short, simply expire. To this Verena objected that it would not be easy for her to expire at all; that such an idea was darker than anything the world contained; that she had not done with life yet, and that she didn't mean to allow her responsibilities to crush her. And then the two young women concluded, as they had concluded before, by finding themselves completely, inspiringly in agreement, full of the purpose to live indeed, and with high success; to become great, in order not to be obscure, and powerful, in order not to be useless. Olive had often declared before that her conception of life was as something sublime or as nothing at all. The world was full of evil, but she was glad to have been born before it had been swept away, while it was still there to face, to give one a task and a reward. When the great reforms should be consummated, when the day of justice should have dawned, would not life perhaps be rather poor and pale? She had never pretended to deny that the hope of fame, of the very highest distinction, was one of her strongest incitements; and she held that the most effective way of protesting against the state of bondage of women was for an individual member of the sex to become illustrious. A person who might have overheard some of the talk of this possibly infatuated pair would have been touched by their extreme familiarity with the idea of earthly glory. Verena had not invented it, but she had taken it eagerly from her friend, and she returned it with interest. To Olive it appeared that just this partnership of their two minds—each of them, by itself, lacking an important group of facts—made an organic whole, which, for the work in hand, could not fail to be brilliantly effective. Verena was often far more irresponsible than she liked to see her; but the happy thing in her composition was that, after a short contact with the divine idea,—Olive was always trying to flash it at her, like a jewel in an uncovered case,—she kindled, flamed up, took the words from her friend's less persuasive lips, resolved herself into a magical voice, became again the pure young sibyl. Then Olive perceived how fatally, without Verena's tender notes, her crusade would lack sweetness, what the Catholics call unction; and, on the other hand, how weak Verena would be on the statistical and logical side if she herself should not bring up the rear. Together, in short, they would be complete, they would have everything, and together they would triumph.

Henry James.

JOHN BROWN AT HARPER'S FERRY.*

THE FIGHT AT THE ENGINE-HOUSE, AS SEEN BY ONE OF HIS PRISONERS.

AS to John Brown and his appearance at Harper's Ferry, probably there is no one now living who can tell more of that affair than myself, as I then lived at Harper's Ferry, and was a prisoner of Brown's until rescued by General Robert E. Lee, then colonel in the United States Army. Prior to Brown's sudden appearance at the Ferry, there had been seen by the neighbors small squads of men with picks and spades moving about the mountain-sides, making small excavations here and there, pretending to be looking for gold, of which they declared the mountains were full.

They went repeatedly to the small property-owners, trying to buy land, until all the neighborhood was much excited, and they had succeeded in diverting the minds of the people from their real object.

These men had rented a house near the Ferry, where they were seen in small parties, but never in such large numbers as to excite suspicion.

Some of them often came to the Ferry, but they excited no suspicion, as strangers were always there viewing the scenery and Government works. Brown himself was said to have been seen there often, but I do not recollect meeting him, and feel sure his appearance would have made an impression on me. When his plans were matured, by the aid of one Cook, who was a citizen of the town, he determined to make his invasion to release the negroes of Virginia from servitude.

His descent upon the town was in this wise: On Sunday night, Oct. 16, 1859, about twelve or one o'clock, the gate-keeper of the bridge over the Potomac leading into Maryland was startled by the steady tramp of many men approaching the gate, having with them wagons, who, upon reaching the gate, ordered it to be opened to them. This the gate-keeper refused to do, saying they were strangers. They, however, while parleying with him, seized him and, presenting a pistol at his head, compelled him to be silent. They then wrenched off the locks and came over, he thinks about sixty strong, though he was evidently frightened and could not speak with accuracy.

Upon getting over, the first building taken possession of was the depot of the Balti-

more and Ohio Railroad, then in charge of a very trusty negro, who slept in the building. Upon Brown's men demanding admittance, he refused to let them come in, saying he was in charge, and his instructions were to let no one in at night. He was then shot down, a negro faithful to his trust being the first victim of those whose mission it was to free the African race from bondage.

Brown's party next proceeded to the hotel, rapped up the landlord, put him under arrest, and placed guards at the doors, so that no one could go out or come in. All this was in perfect quiet at dead of night. They went next to place guards at the arsenal and armories, and fix their pickets at all the streets, so that no one could come or go who was not at once picked up and placed with an armed guard over him and compelled to be silent.

Next they divided their force, sending Cook with some men to seize Colonel Washington and other slaveholders. These gentlemen Brown's party waked from sleep and compelled to go with them as prisoners, at the same time taking all the slaves they could find, carriages, horses, etc.

With the prisoners and property they had collected, they returned to Harper's Ferry before daylight, and thence across the bridge into Maryland and Pennsylvania. The gentlemen arrested were left as prisoners with John Brown. This seems to have been the programme for the night; now as to my introduction to John Brown, and what occurred afterwards.

About daylight one of my servants came to my room door and told me "there was war in the street." I, of course, got up at once, dressed, and went out, my dwelling being immediately on the street. Upon looking round I saw nothing exciting. The only person in view was a man from the country, who was riding rapidly, and I supposed he had lost some of his negroes, who had been stopped at the gate of the bridge and made fight.

I walked towards my office, then just within the armory inclosure, and not more than a hundred yards from my dwelling. As I proceeded I saw a man come out of an alley near me, then another, and another,

* See "The John Brown Raid," illustrated, in *THE CENTURY* for July, 1883. By Alexander R. Boteler and Frank B. Sanborn.—Mr. Daingerfield was Acting Paymaster at the time. He was afterwards in charge of Confederate Armory at Goldsboro, N. C., with rank of Captain.

all coming towards me. When they came up to me I inquired what all this meant; they said, nothing, only they had taken possession of the Government works.

I told them they talked like crazy men. They answered, "Not so crazy as you think, as you will soon see." Up to this time I had not seen any arms; presently, however, the men threw back the short cloaks they wore, and displayed Sharpe's rifles, pistols, and knives. Seeing these, and fearing something serious was going on, I told the men I believed I would return to my quarters. They at once cocked their guns, and told me I was a prisoner. This surprised me, of course, but I could do nothing, being entirely unarmed. I talked with them some little time longer, and again essayed to return to my house; but one of the men stepped before me, presented his gun, and told me if I moved I would be shot down. I then asked them what they intended to do with me. They said I was in no personal danger; they only wanted to carry me to their captain, John Smith. I asked where Captain Smith was. They answered, "At the guard-house, inside of the armory inclosure." I told them I would go there, as that was the point for which I first started. My office was at this place, and I felt uneasy lest the vault might have been broken open.

Upon reaching the gate I saw what, indeed, looked like war—negroes armed with pikes, and sentinels with muskets all around. When I reached the gate I was turned over to "Captain Smith."

He called me by name, and asked if I knew Colonel Washington and others, mentioning familiar names. I said I did, and he then said, "Sir, you will find them there," motioning me towards the engine-room.

We were not kept closely confined, but were allowed to converse with him. I asked him what his object was; he replied, "To free the negroes of Virginia." He added that he was prepared to do it, and by twelve o'clock would have fifteen hundred men with him, ready armed.

Up to this time the citizens had hardly begun to move about, and knew nothing of the raid.

When they learned what was going on, some came out armed with old shot-guns, and were themselves shot by concealed men. All the stores, as well as the arsenal, were in the hands of Brown's men, and it was impossible to get either arms or ammunition, there being hardly any private arms owned by citizens. At last, however, a few weapons were obtained, and a body of citizens crossed the river and advanced from the Maryland side. They made a vigorous attack, and in a few

minutes caused all the invaders who were not killed to retreat to Brown inside of the armory gate. Then he entered the engine-house, carrying his prisoners along, or rather part of them, as he made selections among them.

After getting into the engine-house with his men, he made this speech: "Gentlemen, perhaps you wonder why I have selected you from the others. It is because I believe you to be the most influential, and I have only to say now that you will have to share precisely the same fate that your friends extend to my men." He began at once to bar the doors and windows, and to cut port-holes through the brick wall.

Then commenced a terrible firing from without, from every point from which the windows could be seen, and in a few minutes every window was shattered, and hundreds of balls came through the doors. These shots were answered from within whenever the attacking party could be seen. This was kept up most of the day, and, strange to say, no prisoner was hurt, though thousands of balls were imbedded in the walls, and holes shot in the doors almost large enough for a man to creep through.

At night the firing ceased, for we were in total darkness, and nothing could be seen in the engine-house.

During the day and night I talked much with John Brown, and found him as brave as a man could be, and sensible upon all subjects except slavery. Upon that question he was a religious fanatic, and believed it was his duty to free the slaves, even if in doing so he lost his own life.

During a sharp fight one of Brown's sons was killed. He fell; then trying to raise himself, he said, "It is all over with me," and died instantly.

Brown did not leave his post at the port-hole, but when the fighting ceased he walked to his son's body, straightened out his limbs, took off his trappings, then, turning to me, said, "This is the third son I have lost in this cause." Another son had been shot in the morning and was then dying, having been brought in from the street. While Brown was a murderer, yet I was constrained to think that he was not a vicious man, but was crazed upon the subject of slavery. Often during the affair in the engine-house, when his men would want to fire upon some one who might be seen passing, Brown would stop them, saying, "Don't shoot; that man is unarmed." The firing was kept up by our men all day and until late at night, and during this time several of his men were killed; but, as I said before, none of the prisoners were hurt, though in great danger.

During the day and night many propositions *pro* and *con* were made, looking to Brown's surrender and the release of the prisoners, but without result.

When Colonel Lee came with the Government troops, at one o'clock at night, he at once sent a flag of truce by his aide, J. E. B. Stuart, to notify Brown of his arrival, and in the name of the United States to demand his surrender, advising him to throw himself upon the clemency of the Government.

Brown declined to accept Colonel Lee's terms, and determined to await the attack.

When Stuart was admitted, and a light brought, he exclaimed, "Why, aren't you old Ossawatimie Brown, of Kansas, whom I once had there as my prisoner?" "Yes," was the answer, "but you did not keep me." This was the first intimation we had as to Brown's true name. He had been engaged in the Kansas border war, and had come from there to Harper's Ferry. When Colonel Lee advised Brown to trust to the clemency of the Government, he responded that he knew what that meant,—a rope for his men and himself,—adding, "I prefer to die just here."

Stuart told him he would return at early morning for his final reply, and left him.

When he had gone, Brown at once proceeded to barricade the doors, windows, etc., endeavoring to make the place as strong as possible.

During all this time no one of Brown's men showed the slightest fear, but calmly awaited the attack, selecting the best situations to fire from upon the attacking party, and arranging their guns and pistols so that a fresh one could be taken up as soon as one was discharged. During the night I had a long talk with Brown, and told him that he and his men were committing treason against the State and the United States. Two of his men, hearing the conversation, said to their leader, "Are we committing treason against our country by being here?" Brown answered, "Certainly." Both said, "If that is so, we don't want to fight any more. We thought we came to liberate the slaves, and did not know that was committing treason."

Both of these men were killed in the attack on the engine-house when Brown was taken.

When Lieutenant Stuart came in the morning for the final reply to the demand to surrender, I got up and went to Brown's side to hear his answer.

Stuart asked, "Are you ready to surrender, and trust to the mercy of the Government?"

Brown answered promptly, "No! I prefer to die here."

His manner did not betray the least fear.

Stuart stepped aside and made the signal for the attack, which was instantly begun with sledge-hammers to break down the door.

Finding it would not yield, the soldiers seized a long ladder for a battering-ram, and commenced beating the door with that, the party within firing incessantly. I had assisted in the barricading, fixing the fastenings so that I could remove them upon the first effort to get in. But I was not at the door when the battering began, and could not get to the fastenings until the ladder was used. I then quickly removed the fastenings, and after two or three strokes of the ladder the engine rolled partially back, making a small aperture, through which Lieutenant Green of the marines forced himself, jumped on top of the engine, and stood a second in the midst of a shower of balls, looking for John Brown. When he saw Brown he sprang about twelve feet at him, and gave an under-thrust of his sword, striking him about midway the body and raising him completely from the ground. Brown fell forward with his head between his knees, and Green struck him several times over the head, and, as I then supposed, split his skull at every stroke.

I was not two feet from Brown at that time. Of course I got out of the building as soon as possible, and did not know till some time later that Brown was not killed. It seems that in making the thrust Green's sword struck Brown's belt and did not penetrate the body. The sword was bent double. The reason that Brown was not killed when struck on the head was that Green was holding his sword in the middle, striking with the hilt and making only scalp wounds.

When Governor Wise came and was examining Brown, I heard the questions and answers; and no lawyer could have used more careful reserve, while at the same time he showed no disrespect. Governor Wise was astonished at the answers he received from Brown.

After some controversy between the United States and the State of Virginia as to which had jurisdiction over the prisoners, Brown was carried to the Charlestown jail, and, after a fair trial, was hanged.

Of course I was a witness at the trial, and must say that I have never seen any man display more courage and fortitude than John Brown showed under the trying circumstances in which he was placed. I could not go to see him hanged. He had made me a prisoner, but had spared my life and that of other gentlemen in his power; and when his sons were shot down beside him, almost any other man similarly situated would at least have exacted life for life.

John E. P. Daingerfield.

HILARY'S HUSBAND.

HILARY stood leaning against a rugged old oak just outside the farm-house gate, watching her lover as he drove away from her forever. It was a lonely road; there were neither neighbors nor passers-by to peer curiously into her face, and Aaron never once looked round as he went; she need not have pressed back the tears so resolutely. But she stood perfectly calm and still, looking fixedly down the road after the retreating wheels, though feeling as if she were watching a hearse that bore away her heart to burial in some far-away graveyard beyond reach of tears.

When the last flutter of dust had laid itself in the road behind the gig, like a sorrow momentarily lulled to sleep, but ready to start into life at memory's first breath, the girl raised her clasped hands above her head, and closed her eyes tightly as if to shut out the vision of the long dull years to come, stretching themselves aimlessly into the distance, empty, loveless, and hard like the blank road before her. Then she turned and walked steadily into the house, and up the narrow stairs into her aunt's room, and sat down by the bed, folding her slender hands in her lap, and looking down at the invalid with tired gray eyes that seemed suddenly to have discovered the end of all things, and to know that henceforth they must always look back instead of forward.

The paralytic neither saw nor heard when Hilary came in. She lay as she had lain these many months,—past seeing, past hearing, past suffering, yet living still, though as utterly dead to her old life as had the *Requiescat in pace* already been written in letters of marble above her. For a long time Hilary sat by the bedside, absolutely motionless, save when she mechanically leaned forward to brush a fly from her aunt's brow, or smooth away a crease in the counterpane, or straighten some small crookedness that unconsciously arrested her eye. One's outward senses are never so peculiarly alive to trifles as when a great crisis of fate holds all the spirit spell-bound.

So now the various consecutive sounds of every-day farm-life struck sharply through to Hilary's brain, and she rose obediently from her seat at the first stroke of the bell ringing in the men from the fields to their evening meal. She lingered a moment before going down, to look curiously at herself in the glass. No; this change that had come was all in her life—not in herself. There were no wrinkles amid the faint horizontal lines

that crossed her forehead, no hollows in the smooth, pale cheeks, no faded threads in the blonde braids that covered her head in such profusion. She looked the same now as when she had run down so blithely to bid her lover welcome only an hour before. She pressed her thin, sweet lips together, and shook her head as if to fence off memory, and then slowly descended to the dining-room, where Farmer Perkins and his wife, with whom she and her aunt had boarded ever since she could remember, were already seated at the table, which was set for four, and had that air of elaboration about it which tables, like people, put on for an expected guest.

"Why, where's Aaron?" asked Mrs. Perkins, in evident disappointment. "I made sure he would stay, and opened a jar of my best strawberries, though young men are that ignorant, I believe he'd all as soon have had crab-apples."

"He couldn't wait," Hilary answered quietly, as she took her place and busied herself with her napkin. "He had a great deal to do."

Farmer Perkins raised his bushy brows without lifting his eyes from his plate. "Had he, then?" he said, with good-humored doubt. "I'd be glad of the day when Aaron Johns had a deal to do."

"Yes," answered Hilary, lifting her head with a desperate feeling that it was best to get through the worst at once. "He had so little time. He leaves to-night for the West—for Omaha."

"What!"

The exclamation came from Mrs. Perkins. Her husband merely suspended his operations with the waffles, and stared at Hilary sideways.

"Yes," she continued, in a perfectly quiet, unemotional voice. "He said he had failed long enough here, and he was sure to get a start there. It's a poor opening a young lawyer has in a little country town like this, he says."

"Right enough there," assented the farmer, resuming his knife and fork and appetite. "We ain't so dishonest about here yet, that many folks can earn a living swearing black is white for us. He'll do a sight better in that lying country where he's going. He's a smart enough fellow too, is Aaron. Give him a start, and he'll not come in with the hindmost."

"Well, I am took back," said Mrs. Perkins slowly, quite forgetting to spread her bread in her surprise, absently eating the butter in little lumps off the end of her knife, as if test-

ing it. "I can't seem to settle down to it. Who'd have thought he'd go off so sudden, for all the world like a rocket before the match is set to it! And when is he coming back to fetch you, Hilary?"

"He is not coming back."

"Not ever?"

"No."

The girl answered steadily enough, but her eyes fell.

"Hilary," said Mrs. Perkins solemnly, leaning forward to look at her, with both elbows on the table, "you don't mean you've been keeping company with Aaron Johns this twelvemonth back, for him to give you the go-by like that in the end?"

"There isn't any go-by about it," replied Hilary quickly, a hot crimson spot coming to each cheek. "We've broken with each other—that's all. He wanted me to go with him, and I wouldn't. How could I leave aunt, when she's only me in all the world to stay by her and close her eyes decently when she dies?"

"Come, come," said Mrs. Perkins sympathetically. "I don't know as your church is stricter than ours, though it's true Episcopalians have queer notions; but I do think there oughtn't *any* religion to expect a young girl to let go so likely a fellow as Aaron, and tie herself down to a half-dead body like yon poor, unknowing creature upstairs, that can't tell porridge from cider."

"I don't tie myself to her," Hilary answered. "God tied me to her when he left us two all alone in the world, and I can't undo a duty of God's making."

There was silence for a time, during which Mrs. Perkins gazed fixedly at the girl, occasionally giving some tempting dish an abrupt push in her direction, and once going to the pantry to cut off a slice of particularly successful election cake, which she silently put on Hilary's plate, as if wishing to offer such alleviations of destiny as were in her power.

"Don't you feel bad, Hilary?" she brusquely asked, at last.

It was a cruel question, and the poor girl winced. She looked up appealingly, all her features quivering, but controlled herself with a great effort. "There is no good making moan over what has to be," she replied simply.

"Very true, my dear," said Mrs. Perkins approvingly, considerably cheered by the answer. "That's the only proper way to take afflictions. That's just what I said myself when the black hen wouldn't set, and all the eggs went addled. And I dare say there'll be some other young man along all as good as Aaron, and a stay-at-home besides. There's Nathan Taylor, now. He's none so bad when you get used to his squint. Oh, you needn't

think you've had your last chance yet, Hilary. There's many a hook slips a fish that lands its second easy."

Hilary shivered ever so slightly. "There'll never be any one else for me, Mrs. Perkins. Don't let's talk about it. Are you going to look over those currants to-night? Shall I help you?"

"Well, yes, if you like," answered the good woman briskly. "Four hands is always better than two at a job, and there's nothing like picking over currants for diverting the mind. It's the most distracting thing I know of. I set myself right to it the night after my little Jim was buried, and it consoled me wonderful. It was really providential that he died in currant-time. I'll fetch 'em right in."

They all left the table together, and the farmer took up his straw hat from the chair where he had thrown it upon entering, then turned back awkwardly to lay a heavy hand on Hilary's shoulder.

"Hilary, my girl," he said kindly, "you're made of pretty decent stuff. You'll do."

By ten o'clock that night all apparent life had ceased in the little farm-house. Save in Hilary's room every light was out, and all but she were sunk in the dreamless sleep of the hard-working. But Hilary still sat by her aunt's bed, lost in thought and taking no note of time. At last she rose, with the look of one who has come to some solemn decision, and, going to a tall chest of drawers that stood square and ungainly in a corner of the room under the sloping roof, she took out a white muslin dress that had lain there undisturbed since her first and only ball, and which was still very fresh and unrumpled. She shook it carefully out of its creases and laid it by while she sought for various other dainty articles of apparel,—her one pair of silk stockings and kid slippers, a white ribbon sash, a bit of rare old lace,—and then, taking off her plain stuff dress, she proceeded to make a fresh toilette from head to foot, even rebraiding her heavy masses of hair and arranging them in a way that suited her better. She stood at last fully dressed in the soft white muslin,—very fair, very bride-like. But something was still wanting. Brides wear veils. Ah, she must borrow hers. That little Shetland shawl, soft as spun silk and cobwebby as lace, which had been her aunt's pride in bygone days,—what could better fit her need? With trembling hands she unfolded it from its many wrappers and threw it over her head, fastening it deftly here and there to her shining braids. It fell fleecy and light over her shoulders and floated far down over her dress. It was the finishing touch. Surely all was complete now. But no; did ever bride go to the altar without a flower

upon her? Hilary hesitated an instant, then gathering her white skirts closely around her, with her long veil flung over one bare white arm, down she went, noiselessly as the ghost she seemed, to the tiny hall below. She listened anxiously. Had the creaking wooden stairs betrayed her? There was not a sound indoors save the old clock ticking wearily in the corner, where it stood like a sentinel at his post waiting to be relieved. Another step and she reached the front door, slid back the bolt, lifted the latch, and passed out into the dark and dewy garden.

Her heart beat high as she stole softly down between the shrubberies. There was but moonlight enough to make the darkness visible, and to show her herself a misty white spot upon it, strange in the midst of strangeness, as if a cloud had fallen to earth and gathered a semblance of human shape in falling; the rustling of the leaves was as so many faint spirit-voices asking in frightened whispers who and what she was that had thus come among them; the tan felt cold and unaccustomed beneath her feet; the air was damp and heavy with too sweet odors; bats flew low across her pathway with ugly, flapping wings, and her ears tingled with a thousand little sounds that she seemed never to have heard before. It was a gruesome hour for a girl to be out alone, but she kept steadily on her way, down between the straight, stiff flower-beds. The lilacs were long since done blooming, and the lilies and the syringas too. She thought of these last with a sigh; they would have been quite like orange-blossoms. There were plenty of white balsams and white phlox and candy-tuft too, on either side; but she passed them swiftly by, never pausing till she came to the very end of the garden, where a white rose-bush, laden with half-open buds, seemed to have bloomed purposely for this hour. Hilary broke off the flowers with hasty hands,—a few for her breast and a few for her hair were all she needed,—and then, with an exultant thrill at her heart, she turned and retraced her steps through the fitful moonlight and the mysterious shadows, that seemed to turn when she did, and to chase her with gliding, dusky footsteps, as though loath to let so fair a vision go.

But the house was reached in safety, the door reclosed upon that strangely unfamiliar world of night outside, and Hilary stood once more in her room before the glass, smiling a sad little smile of triumph at herself. Yes, it was all complete now. There lacked nothing save only some one to say that she was fair. She glanced shyly at her own image, ashamed of her involuntary pleasure in its sweetness, and turning away went to the bed to bend down over the poor invalid, who was no far-

ther from her now sleeping than waking, and softly kissed her forehead.

"Aunt," she murmured beneath her breath, "I take you for my witness."

The clock in the hall below struck eleven; the lamp began to flicker and turn dim; Hilary saw she must not delay.

From some hidden nook that held her choicest treasures she took out a daguerreotype and placed it open upon the table. It was the likeness of a good-humored, sturdy young fellow of about three and twenty, with a beardless face and honest blue eyes, and big, awkward hands, brought into bold relief against the uncomfortably fitting Sunday coat. It was not altogether admirable as a work of art, but Hilary looked at it with loving eyes as she knelt by the table in her bridal draperies, and opening her prayer-book laid her right hand upon the picture and repeated aloud in a grave, hushed voice, firm with resolve and sweet with unutterable love: "I, Hilary, take thee, Aaron, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth."

The strange rite was not ended yet. Should she too not wear a marriage symbol upon her hand, like all women who have sworn this vow? Still on her knees, Hilary reached out for a spool of yellow silk in her basket, and, knotting a slender thread firmly about her wedding-finger, slipped over it a little ring which she had heretofore always worn on the other hand. Now she felt wedded indeed, and bending forward she pressed her lips against the unresponsive pictured face, blushing all over hotly in sweet shame.

And so the weird midnight ceremony came to an end, and Hilary rose, folded up her wedding garments one by one and laid them tenderly away forever with the white roses that had scarcely yet lost their dew, returned the picture to its hiding-place, blew out the light, crept silently to her couch, and lay there motionless as the sleeping figure in the bed beyond, but with wide, bright eyes that refused to close, though all was so dark and still.

From that night a new life began for Hilary—a life unshared by any, unknown to any, and of which the only outward sign was that tiny silken thread upon her finger, which she replaced as often as it loosened or showed dim, and which, safely hidden as it was beneath the little trumpery garnet ring, provoked no manner of comment. Or if occasionally it caught a curious eye, her simple answer—"It is only to remember something

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by"—was a quite sufficient explanation. But everything was changed to her from that night. She wore only the ribbons that he best liked her in; every new gown was chosen and fashioned wholly according to his taste. Every Christmas, every birthday, she worked him presents that none saw save the poor to whom she gave them in his stead. "Aaron's handkerchiefs must be nearly worn out by now," she would say soberly to herself. "I must hem him some more." Or—"Aaron's shirts can surely hold no longer; I must make him another set. His wife must not neglect him." And the needy creatures who received her gifts little knew what pure and perfect love had aided in their making. Once a year upon her wedding anniversary, as she called it in her thoughts, she always made a little feast to mark out the day from its uneventful fellows. Was it not natural enough sometimes to call a few friends together? And no one thought of noticing that on those occasions she invariably wore a bunch of white roses at her breast.

And so the years went by. The poor old aunt quietly slipped away altogether out of the life upon which she had long had so slight a hold; the farmer and his wife became old and infirm, and upon Hilary, who had grown to be more daughter than guest in the house, now devolved much of the real management of the homestead. But who, seeing the quiet, middle-aged woman moving methodically and prosaically about her work, slurring no homely part of it, neglecting no wearisome detail, would have guessed that she hid such a bright fresh romance in her heart, and was glad of it and comforted by it through all the lonely days, and through all the tedious commonplace of the monotonous routine?

Aaron Johns had been heard of but once since he drove angrily away through the sunshine and the dust, never turning to look back at the girl who could so lightly let him go; and that once was when Farmer Perkins brought home word from town that Aaron had gone on from Omaha to Denver, and settled there, and had married a wife and was doing well. Hilary listened with no deepening of color, no quickening of her even pulses, but with a curious sense that Aaron had committed a crime, and that she was responsible for his sin. But even that feeling wore off soon, and Aaron remained her dream-husband still, her secret counsel in emergencies, her daily director and helper and comforter, while she tried to think of him as keeping pace with time, and to imagine him every year with hair a little more gray, and eyes a little less blue, and cheeks a little more sunken and furrowed. "I should know him anywhere if I saw him," she

often said to herself. "Of course he would not recognize me now; but my love has kept step with his changes, and he could not have grown away from it."

And so the years slipped softly by, until one day Farmer Perkins returned from town bringing a wonderful bit of news with him.

"Hilary," he said, as he sat down, resting the palms of both hands on his knees, and looking solemnly at her over his spectacles, "Aaron Johns is back. He's picked up a tidy bit of money and buried his wife out there, and now he's come on a visit to see how the old place looks. I told him he'd find you here the same as ever, only that the old aunt was dead. He wanted to know special if she was alive still. I always said he was a smart fellow, was Aaron. I knew he'd get on."

"You don't mean Aaron's back!" Mrs. Perkins exclaimed, all in a flutter of excitement at once. "Now I shouldn't wonder if he'd really come for Hilary at last, and here she's been a waiting ready to his hand all these years!"

Hilary said nothing, but got up and took one of the old man's withered hands and stroked it gently for an instant, and then quietly left the room. Could it be true? Was it possible the dream was to become a reality?

She went about all day as if stunned, and when at last word was brought her that Aaron was there and asking for her, she went to meet him like one walking in a dream. "He will never know me," she repeated to herself. "I have changed, and so of course has he; yet I feel that I should know him anywhere."

And then she heard a voice saying heartily, "Why, she's positively not altered through all these twenty years! Hilary, I should have known you the world over!" And raising her eyes she saw a stranger standing looking at her, a large, stout man, with a bald head, and bushy, red-brown whiskers, and not a wrinkle anywhere on all his round, good-humored face. Was this Aaron? Was it possible that this was he? Not a look, not a tone, not a gesture seemed familiar; even the blue eyes recalled no memory; even his smile seemed strange.

It came upon her like a shock and took away her breath. She could only give him her hand in silence.

"Yes, the very, very same!" he cried delightedly. "Nothing is changed. No one is changed. The same place, the same house, the same people. It is as if the whole town had been sleeping an enchanted sleep. There are no improvements, no innovations, no alterations anywhere,—not so much as a sign-board torn down. Everybody seems just to have become his own grandfather. I could swear I saw some of the very hats in the street to-day that I saw twenty years ago. It's de-

lightful. You can't think how it rests a man, after he has lived so long in the midst of perpetual newness and stir and change, to step back to some spot where time is at a standstill, and where there is really nothing new under the sun. Should you have known me, Hilary? Forgive me; I could not call you by anything but the old name."

"She hasn't any other hereabouts," said the farmer, patting her shoulder affectionately. "Our Hilary is Hilary to all the townfolk still, just as she was in her young days."

"She has never outgrown her young days," said Aaron, looking with pleased eyes at the slim figure and gentle, lovable face. "Time has stood more still with her than with anything else. But I'm afraid you have forgotten me, Hilary."

She flushed deeply all over her delicate pale face, and her eyes dropped.

"No," she answered, "I have not. But—but you do not seem the same."

And try as she would, through all the days that followed, she could not think him back into his own place. He was a new Aaron altogether, not the old Aaron whom she had so loved, and to whom she had been so faithful through the years. She could not get used to him. His presence was a continuous shock to her, as if his real and his imaginary self were always at war with each other. This Aaron was too stout, too noisy, too careless, and in too exuberant good spirits. His clothes fitted him too well, and she missed the blue necktie, and the limp collar, and the big flapping silver chain. And he carried silk handkerchiefs now, and wore shirts beyond anything her simple skill could fashion. He was very nice, very pleasant; she found no fault with him as he was: it was only that he was not the Aaron of her dreams.

And when one evening, as he was bidding her good-bye, he came nearer and said, gently, "Hilary, will you go West with me this time when I go back?" she trembled violently, and caught away her hand, looking up at him with eyes full of perplexity.

"Oh, Aaron, give me time, give me time," she faltered. "I do not know,—I cannot say,—let me think."

She sat up late in her own room that night, as she had sat there once so many years before, thinking it all over with a disquiet heart. There was no helpless form stretched on the bed beside her now. There was absolutely no one to keep her back—nothing to keep her from him. She had been true to him all these years; she had shut out all other love from her heart because of that lost love of his;

and now he had brought it back to her to be hers, and hers always, if she would. How could she do else than reach out to him the hand that she had given him so many years ago? She looked down at it, fingering the little gold thread nervously. Must she part with that? Could any shining wedding-ring ever be dearer to her than that had been? It would be like unsaying an old vow, like casting off an old allegiance, to take this thread away. She went to her desk and took the little daggerreotype from its hiding-place. A faint odor of rose-leaves clung to it, like a tangible emanation from all the gentle and sweet associations with which it had enriched her life. A tranquillizing sense of peace stole over her as she looked down at the dear familiar face that had smiled changelessly back at her for so long. Oh, *this* was the real Aaron,—*this* was the Aaron to whom she had given her heart,—*this* was the Aaron who had been with her till he had grown into every fiber of her being. How could she be faithless to him now, giving herself away to that other and different Aaron who had so boldly come in to claim her?

"Oh, no, no!" she cried aloud, clasping the picture to her heart with a sudden paroxysm of foolish tears; "I cannot—I cannot! Aaron, my dear picture-love, you have been my all when I had no one else, and I will not give you up. This new Aaron is not the same, and if I took him in your place, it would be like divorcing myself from you to marry him; and I should miss you, oh, I should miss you till I died!"

And so, merely for sake of a dream which she could not banish, Hilary sent her lover away once more, and stood at the end of her story as at the beginning, watching him as he drove disconsolately down the road, knowing that she should never see him again. But he turned this time to wave his hand to her in friendly farewell, feeling vaguely, perhaps, that she was right after all, and that the Hilary he loved would cease to be the same transplanted to foreign soil. And when he had disappeared and the dust had settled quietly down behind him, Hilary turned with a smile on her lips to reënter the house. Farmer Perkins stood upon the threshold, watching her somewhat anxiously. She went up to him and laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Aaron is going back to Denver to-morrow," she said, still smiling. "And—I shall stay behind again."

"Hilary, my girl," said the old man earnestly, "I've always said it, you're made of pretty decent stuff, and"—he took off his spectacles and wiped them carefully—"and I think you'll do, Hilary,—you'll do."

Grace Denio Litchfield.

HOW SHALL WE HELP THE NEGRO?

BY THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF KENTUCKY.

I propose to enter the arena of statistics. I am not quite ready to admit the statement of one writer, that "comparison based on the census of 1870 is utterly worthless as regards the negroes," while yet I do agree that in certain portions of the South it was materially at fault. And although, therefore, the figures of Professor Gilliam, showing that eighty years hence the Southern blacks will nearly double the Southern whites, may not be perfectly accurate, yet, as he further says, "it is morally certain that by that date, and perhaps sooner, the negroes throughout the South will have a great numerical superiority."

Nor do I propose to enter the lists either as champion or as assailant of the negro's progress, physical, intellectual, or moral. There can be no question that Mr. Greener, the first colored graduate of Harvard University, says truly that the negro is self-supporting, that he adds to the wealth of the country, and that he is accumulating property. As certainly, too, we must admit that the intellectual progress claimed for his race by Mr. Greener is indicated by the existence of "upward of a hundred journals owned and edited by negroes," and by the "number and influence of educated negroes who are now scattered broadcast throughout the South." But on the other hand we note his own declaration that "intemperance, a low standard of morality, an emotional rather than a reflective system of religious ethics, a partial divorce of creed and conduct, and a tendency (by no means confined to negroes) of superficial learning, and of the less desirable elements of character, fitness, or brain, to force their way to the front, are evils which every honest negro must deplore, while sadly admitting their existence."

I recall, as I write, a conversation in New Orleans, in 1880, when I chanced to be placed next to a distinguished Federal official at a dinner-table, whereat the wealth and the intelligence of the Crescent City were gathered to do honor to the Chief Justice of the United States. A rather malapropos remark of mine elicited from my companion the confession that he had come to Louisiana as a philanthropist in the days of reconstruction; that he had been nourished in the faith of human freedom; that his aged father in New Hampshire had prayed with his family morning and evening, since his earliest recollection, that the negro

might be freed. And then he added that the greatest disappointment of his life was to be compelled by experience to acknowledge that the negro is incapable of development, and that he is utterly incapable of the proper performance of the citizen's duty, either at the polls or in the jury-box. Beyond controversy and by the testimony of the educated negro leaders, and of their partisan friends of the white race, there are still remaining, in spite of all their boasted progress, an ignorance which is simply abysmal, and a moral incapacity before which the lover of humanity, and still more the patriot American, stands appalled. So that I am constrained to fear, and to believe, that Professor Gilliam speaks truth when he adds, as conclusion of the sentence of which I have already quoted a part, that, with numerical superiority, eighty years hence the negroes throughout the South will have made a "disproportionate gain in wealth and education, and a gain lower still in the domain of morals."

And thirdly, I would say that in seeking for an answer to the dreadful question which keeps repeating itself, "What are you going to do about it?" I shall not for a moment consider the possibility of any emigration of these people which would so much as diminish the cotton crop by a single bale. To my mind it is perfectly absurd to talk of deporting the negroes of the South to Africa, or to any other country; and it is just as much so to think of setting apart for them a reservation of territory in our own country to which they shall be confined. The fact that by a sacred provision of our Constitution these people are citizens of the United States, and so citizens of each and every State, is sufficient barrier to protect them from forcible migration or emigration; and the further facts that for twenty years they have enjoyed the sweet privileges of American citizenship, that under its protection they have made material progress, that members of their race have sat in the high places as rulers of the nation, and that the school and the ballot-box open a like glorious prospect before the eyes of all,—all these things declare that voluntary migration can never take place. No. "The negro has come to America to stay," says Mr. Armstrong, in the "North American Review" for July, 1884, and his opinion is corroborated by the opinions of all the educated negroes given in the symposium whereof he was one.

What then? Here they are, and here they will stay; here we are, and here we mean to stay. Why not? Shall Brobdingnag empty itself of all its giant inhabitants in hurrying dread because Gulliver is come? Or rather, shall Gulliver be alarmed because of the multitude of tiny Lilliputians who crowd the fair land he has found, and madly expatriate himself lest he be destroyed by the pygmies whom he himself has brought there? True, he must recognize, if he be wise, the terrible danger presented by their very number. Doubtless he will feel before long, the touch of their restraining hands, if he foolishly lie down to sleep in their midst, and, it may be, will awake to discover that he is conquered. But surely, because of coward fear of such result, he cannot run away and abandon his home. Let us then dismiss both these suggested solutions of our problem as entirely impossible. The negro cannot be banished from the Southern States, and the white man will not abandon them. The negro cannot be colonized against his will, nor yet be shut up within any prescribed territory; even did the black man consent thus to dwell apart, when by blood-sealed covenant he is entitled to home and citizenship in each and every State, the enterprising white man would refuse to respect the sanctity of the reservation.

The problem still confronts us. We may not omit to mention still another solution, suggested by no less authority than the great Canon Rawlinson, the historian of the monarchies of the ancient world,—namely, that the races mingle without restraint, that we make marriages with these people of Canaan, and expect from the union a mixed race mightier and more developed than either factor (such is his promise).

Perhaps it is hardly possible for an American, and least of all an American born to the traditions of the slave-holder, calmly to discuss this proposition to forget the mother who bore him, and to pollute the pure stream of our Caucasian blood by such admixture. But the hope which the English historian has found in the moldy parchments of the far-away East is utterly belied by the results of modern race-fusion, which without an exception are adverse to miscegenation. "In no instance," says Professor Gardiner, "does the mixed people show the mental vigor of the Caucasian parent stock, and in most instances the mental and moral condition of the half-caste is lower even than that of the inferior parent stock." More than this, as is well pointed out by the same writer, Canon Rawlinson, in discussing this question, has fallen into the blunder which in general waits for an Englishman coming to consider

anything American. He always thinks of our country as a small island, and would find no fun in Mark Twain's reply to the interviewer "that he was born in New Jersey or Kansas, or just around there." Consequently the great professor thinks of the 6,500,000 negroes as a mere handful dispersed throughout the 43,000,000 whites, and easily absorbed and assimilated. He is ignorant of, or he ignores, the fact that the negro must inevitably remain in the Southern States, where even at present the races are about numerically equal, and hence that "a general amalgamation would produce a mulatto stock in which the negro physique and physiognomy would predominate. Whites would be absorbed by negroes, not negroes by whites, and the brain capacity of the mixed race would be little superior to that of the pure negro. Fifty years hence, when negroes will surpass whites as three to one, the mongrel race will represent capacity decidedly inferior to the negro of pure blood." Certainly the white man of the Southern States cannot even consider this remedy for his present ills, this prophylactic against future woes. And let us remember that the negro looks with just as little good-will upon the project to break down the wall of race-partition, and make of the twain but one race. Mr. Frederick Douglass seems not to have gained but rather to have lost influence with his people by his recent matrimonial alliance with a white woman; and our own observation fully confirms the statement of Mr. Harris in the "North American Review," that "whenever the occasion arises the negro is quick to draw the color-line, and in some sections of the South, notably in the older cities, there are well-defined social feuds between the blacks and the mulattoes."

What may come in the far-distant future, when by long contact with the superior race the negro shall have been developed to a higher stage, none can tell. For my own part, believing as I do that "God hath made of one blood all the nations of men," I look for the day when race-peculiarities shall be terminated, when the unity of the race shall be manifested. I can find no reason to believe that the great races into which humanity is divided shall remain forever distinct, with their race-marks of color and of form. Centuries hence the red man, the yellow, the white, and the black may all have ceased to exist as such, and in America be found the race combining the bloods of them all; but it must be centuries hence. Instinct and reason, history and philosophy, science and revelation, all alike cry out against the degradation of the race by the free commingling of the tribe which is highest with that

which is lowest in the scale of development. The process of selection which nature indicates as the method of most rapid progress indignantly refuses to be thus set at naught. Our temporary ills of to-day may not be remedied by the permanent wrong of the whole family in heaven and earth.

Still the problem remains, how shall these alien races dwell in safety side by side, each free and unhampered in the enjoyment of life and liberty and in the pursuit of its happiness? They are the descendants of one father, the redeemed children of one God, the citizens of one nation, neighbors with common interests, and yet are separated by the results of centuries of development, physical, mental, and moral,—separated by inherited traditions, by the spirit of caste, by the recollection of wrongs done and suffered, though it may be in general as innocent in the perpetrator as in the sufferer. How shall the rights of all be duly guarded? How shall the lower race be lifted up to higher stages of human development, for only so can the rights of the superior race be made secure for the present and for the future, and this is the chief right of them who are now cast down?

I answer, by the personal endeavors of individuals of the higher race; by their personal contact with these, their ignorant and untaught neighbors, exhibiting before their wondering eyes in daily life the principles of truth and justice, purity and charity, honesty and courage. Perhaps this may seem to be but the veriest platitude, the gush of sentiment, the twaddle of a maudlin religion, but in all truth and soberness I mean exactly what I say. Let me try to explain more fully.

These people need help, that they may be lifted up. I mean, then, that in my judgment that help must be personal and not official, the hand of a friend rather than the club of an officer, the patient counsel of a neighbor rather than the decree of a court, the enactment of a Congress, or the proclamation of a President. The solemn sanctions of the organic law are thrown round about this liberty, and the robe of citizenship, full, perfect, and complete, with never seam nor rent, has been put upon it. The courts have declared its inviolable character, and this decree affirms the negro, the liberated slave, a citizen. But does the declaration make him such? I mean does it, can it impart the intelligent life, the moral consciousness which shall vivify the dead mass and make it a helpful member of the body politic? We have had declarations from every department of the Government that the negro is a citizen; but they are as powerless to effect their purpose as were the oft-repeated acts of the Confed-

erate Congress to make the paper dollar worth more than two cents; as nugatory and vain as the old-time legislation of Virginia that there should be a town at such and such a designated cross-road. The negro is a citizen, and he has the rights under the Constitution and the laws that any white man has; and yet he needs help, though it may be the black and white demagogues would dislike him to think so,—he needs help, personal, individual, patient, loving help, that he may be fitted to exercise his covenanted rights, and to do the duties which these rights impose.

Let us turn for a moment to another sphere of life wherein he now plays an independent part. I mean the Christian Church, using the term in its widest popular signification, as including all organized bodies of Christian disciples. When the war was ended, nowhere was the newly acquired freedom more quickly active than in the organization of religious societies among the negroes. The white pastors who for so many years had ministered unto them were cast out without ceremony; the guidance of the experienced and trusty Christian white men was repudiated, and in each congregation the government was given exclusively to black men; and while we may hesitate to believe that "the Lord gave the word," yet certainly, as the psalmist says, great was the company of the preachers, "those that published." In very many places, because of the rapid influx of the liberated slaves into the towns, new and large meeting-houses were erected and new congregations organized. Utterly ignorant men, gifted with a fatal fluency of speech, unable often to read the Bible in English, much less in its original tongues, became the blind guides of blind followers; and the result is that in some places within my personal knowledge a revival meeting has been going on every night since the surrender of Johnston's army. The orgies of their so-called worship are such as to cause any Christian man to blush for the caricature of our holy religion therein portrayed. As the years passed by, the congregations were associated under the particular polity to which they happened to belong, preacher and people being in general alike ignorant of the features and the claims of all. Conferences meet, general associations are held, bishops, presiding elders, professors, and doctors in divinity assemble, and there is much oratory; and alas! it is too often made plain that the teachers are themselves ignorant of the very first principles of the gospel of Christ. Not that I mean to say that these men cannot all talk glibly in slang theological phrase about the eternal verities,—for they can. And still less would I be understood as say-

ing that there are not among these, my colored brothers, men whom I rejoice to call brothers, and from whom I rejoice to learn, not the science of the books, but the glorious guarantee of my Christian hope in their vital apprehension of the Father's love. And others there are now fully equal in learning to the average white minister, but these are few and far separated. But I believe that in general it were as wise to take the infant-class of a well-taught Sunday-school, with one of the older boys as its preacher, and set it up as an independent church, as so to constitute a body of the average negroes in the Southern States.

I hold that those Christian bodies have acted most unwisely who have set off the negroes belonging to their communions as independent churches, and so have taken from them the enlightening instruction, the helpful guidance, the pastoral care of the white men. I know that it was hard to resist the opportunity of the negroes, eager thus to display their capacity as leaders, organizers, and preachers, backed as they were by the thoughtless mob behind them. I know, too, that it was taking a burden from shoulders already heavily laden, thus to shift the responsibility of giving religious instruction to this great multitude. But I know equally well that the result has been evil, that the religious development of the negro race in our Southern States has been hindered by the separation. Just a year and a half ago there was held in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, a meeting of colored ministers, and the report of their proceedings, published in a newspaper conducted by negroes, affords a most melancholy evidence of the fact that, separated from their white brethren, these, the leaders, had degenerated, and had ceased to realize, if they had ever fully done so, that the end and object of religion is morality, the uplifting of men into the likeness of God: for this report portrays ministers of the gospel charging one another with the grossest violations of the moral law! "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" If the teachers of religion, the exponents of the moral law, be thus liable to mutual recrimination, what must be the condition of the great mass of their followers! Declared Christians as declared citizens, they need help—personal, individual, tender, persistent—to enable them to become such in any true sense. The mistake of the United States Government has been repeated by some of the Christian denominations. Perhaps it was inevitable, but at all events it has taken away one of the chief agencies which the white man could employ to educate the black man to a

true conception of citizenship; and alas! as the years go by, it must be more and more difficult for us to gain control of it again. Is it not worthy of consideration by the Southern men who are the ministers and leaders of the denominations with which these people are most largely associated, at least in name, whether they cannot make the bond a closer one, and so be enabled, at least indirectly, to shape the policy of their weaker brethren? Responsibility must be heavy in proportion to opportunity, and that responsibility cannot be put away by a mere yielding to the clamor of an ignorant populace, demanding that it may rest upon them and their children.

To return to the more general discussion of our question, I ask, by whom should this personal interest in the negro be felt and shown? And the answer is, of course, patent, that the duty rests upon all Americans alike. We need not reopen the old sore of the original importation of Africans into our country, and allege, as we might, that the guilt of it, if there be guilt, rests upon the ancestors of our New England cousins, rather than upon the fathers of us Southern people. Further, it goes without saying that the Federal Government which added this great number to our roll of citizens should, in common fairness, do all that it may do to help them to the attainment of civic capacity, and to help us so to help them. And if it be questioned whether the constitutional power to do this thing exist, it would seem to be sufficient answer in equity that it must be a part of the power by which emancipation was effected. But in a word, because the citizen of one State is a citizen of every other, and because, if one member of our body politic suffer, all the others by the very law of our being must suffer also, it follows that from every American white man this help may be rightfully expected. But to the men of the South, my own dear kinsmen after the flesh, I would speak, and say that of necessity the burden of this labor must fall upon us. Hard it may seem to some of us that, despoiled of our property for which our money was paid, and whose protection was guaranteed to our fathers, placed under the very feet of our former slaves by the conquering power of the Federal Government and the chicanery and fraud of unscrupulous white men, we should now be called upon to give our personal care, our time, our sympathy, and our meager resources to the development of these semi-barbarians up to true manhood and intelligent citizenship. But be it hard, 'tis true. The burden rests upon us, and we cannot put it away. The love of our whole country demands it; that special regard we cannot but feel for

the well-being and advancement of our own people and our own sunny home demands it; recognition of the truth of human brotherhood—that revelation of Jesus Christ and that last result of sociological study—demands it.

And how and where shall we begin? I answer, "every man in the deep of his own heart," by building there, firm and stable, the conviction that the negro is a man and a citizen; that the conditions of our life are all changed; that old things are passed away, and that the new things which are come to us demand, with an authority which may not be gainsaid, the effort of mind and heart and hand for the uplifting of the negro, lest, if he be left lying in his degradation, he pull us down to his defilement. Nay, we must build higher than this, even the conviction that it is the will of God that the nobler shall be evolved from the ignoble, that the race shall progress toward his likeness; and from the summit of this lofty conception we can look out and see the work to be done, and there we can breathe the pure air of heaven, and get inspiration for its performance, though it cost self-denial and self-sacrifice. Here we must begin in ridding our hearts of the feeling of caste, which has made them its citadel for generations.

But let it be clearly understood that I have not the least reference to the social status of the freedman when I so speak. That mysterious thing which we call "society" will ever take care of itself, and my taking away the pariah badge which caste has affixed to the negro is by no means the presentation to him of a card of invitation to the soirée in my parlor. No man has an inherent right to be admitted into a circle which is in general defined by equality of distance from some fixed point of refinement, culture, leisure, or wealth. Undoubtedly it seems to be too true that the door of admission in our American life is generally to be unlocked by the golden key, whatever be the hand that holds it. And yet, after all, this seeming welcome to the almighty dollar is in reality accorded to the qualifications which wealth can supply, even culture, leisure, and refinement, and the community of interests with those possessing like advantages. But certainly no man or woman has any indefeasible right to social recognition, and its refusal is not a denial of equity. The time may come, and will, when the prejudices now apparently invincible shall have been conquered by the changed characteristics of the race now under the social ban. Society, then as now organized upon the basis of community of interests, congeniality of tastes, and equality of position, will exclude the multitude who cannot speak its shibboleth; but there will be no color-line of separa-

tion. If the aspirate be duly sounded, the thickness of the lips that frame the word shall be no hindrance to the social welcome. When shall this be? Ah, when? In the far-distant future it may be; and equally it may be that our great-grandchildren shall behold such a social revolution as will open wide the drawing-rooms of Washington to the black men who have been honored guests in the palaces of England and of France. But whether it shall ever be or not is no point in the discussion I am making; for immediate social recognition is not an equitable demand, nor yet a necessary factor in the development of the negro race, which is his right and our only safety.

But poverty and ignorance are no barrier in the way of the elevation of any white man in America, nor yet the obscurity or even degradation of his origin. Though in infancy he may have lain "among the pots," yes, and the pigs of an Irish hovel, yet in this favored land of equal rights no arbitrary distinction shall stand in the way of his education into a cultivated refinement that shall be as "the wings of a dove covered with silver," nor prevent that his trained powers shall cover "her feathers with yellow gold." Why shall a different condition hedge about the black man because, forsooth, the hovel he was born in was in Carolina rather than Galway, and the pigs, his playmates, had a private pen?

But further, the helping hand of intelligent wealth never fails to be outstretched to smooth the path of the indigent white boy whose honesty and capacity and diligence give promise of a successful career. Our annals are full of splendid instances of the success attending such personal effort to further the progress of the struggling child of poverty, and even of shame. Why shall not these annals record in the future the names of black boys thus developed, by the personal care of members of the higher race, into a manhood as noble and as beneficent? Is it that there is lacking the capacity for development? Such opinion will hardly be expressed by any intelligent observer in our day. The scholars and orators, the mechanics and accountants, of pure negro blood, moral and upright, trusty and trusted, who have been made here in America, flatly contradict any such assumption. True, they are few in number; true, that in general the members of this race have as yet acquired but the little learning which is so dangerous; true, that left to themselves, under leaders of their own race, they have in almost every case made grievous failure, have made loud boasting of an uplifting which was just high enough to display their grotesque ugliness. Surely these results were to be expected in the circumstances attending their

effort for self-advancement. Yet, one man of high character and real education is enough to prove capacity. America can furnish many such, and of the great number which England offers, I cite one that is a crucial, splendid instance, and which alone must satisfy. An English cruiser overhauls a slave-ship homeward bound with its cargo of living treasure. The hatches are burst open, and the bondmen come forth from the nameless horrors of the middle passage just begun. Among them is a boy of typical African feature and form, who, for some cause, attracts the notice of a man who loves his fellow-men; and when the liberated are carried back to roam again as free savages their native wilds, he is taken to England, that culture may develop the god-like nature in which he was created, that by contact with individuals of the higher kingdom this denizen of the lower may be lifted up. To-day that boy is the Bishop of the Niger, governing and guiding the missionary work of the Church of England in all the vast region of West Africa.

Capacity is not lacking, but help is needed, the help, I repeat, which the intelligence of the superior race must give by careful selection and personal contact with the selected. Does not our mother nature teach us that this is the only process offering prospect of success, such being her method of procedure in her constant working under the Creator's law? "The plant," says Mr. Drummond, "stretches down to the dead world beneath it, touches its minerals and gases with its mystery of life, and brings them up ennobled and transformed to the living sphere." "The kingdom of heaven," said Jesus of Nazareth, "is like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." The teaching of nature and of the Lord of nature alike declare that the leavened mass, the alive, must touch that which is dead to impart of its life; the higher must stoop to touch the lower, and its contact must be long continued, individual, personal, real, if the lower is to be carried up to the superior sphere. And the Christian philosopher, the greatest expounder of the religion of Jesus Christ, sums it all up into one command, when he charges those who would help forward the coming of the kingdom of the Christ, wherein shall be universal brotherhood among Christian men: "Be not high-minded, but condescend to men of low estate."

The separation of the negro race from the white means for the negro continued and increasing degradation and decay. His hope, his salvation, must come from association with that people among whom he dwells, but from whose natural guidance and care he has

been separated largely by the machinations of unscrupulous demagogues. These care not a straw for his elevation, but would mount on his shoulders to place and power. They find their opportunity in the natural, indeed inevitable, estrangement of the liberated slave from his former master; and they are more than content to keep the negro in thriftless ignorance, that he may continue their subservient follower. Certainly it was natural that these new-created citizens should join themselves to the leaders whose hands had broken the shackles of their slavery. Instinct prompted such alliance, and the fawning words of the cringing flatterer found ready acceptance and belief, when he told of the old master's desire again to fasten the chain which he, the orator, had broken with the tools in his carpet-bag. 'Twas pitiable to see the sorrow of many of these people when the announcement was made that a Democrat had been elected President, for they had been taught to believe that such an event meant their restoration to the condition of servitude. And it was cruel to witness, as I did, the sportive mockery of unthinking white men, who tortured the negroes by the assertion of ownership, and in some cases went through the mockery of selling them at auction. But is not now the opportunity of Southern white men to reestablish the bond of friendship with their former slaves, and to prove to them that our interests are identical? The issue of the last presidential election has opened even the blindest eyes to see that the freedom of their race is in no sense dependent upon the continued supremacy of the Republican party, but is assured by the organic law which no political party can change. The time is come that we may make them know that our desire is to help them along the road to prosperity and happiness, even as we ask them to help us. The time is come for honest, manly effort to teach them that in our union is the only hope of both races; that separated from us, their neighbors and friends, they must retrograde toward the barbarism whence they are sprung, and, that then, alas! we might be compelled to wage relentless war against them for our own preservation. The white men of the South must help the negro politically, if they would be helped by him, and first of all must give him assurance of honest purpose, by the removal of the ban which prejudice has established, and treat as a freeman him whom the Constitution and the laws declare free.

I am sure that particular cases of his present hardship will readily occur to all; notably one to which Mr. Cable called such vigorous attention in *THE CENTURY* for January of the current year. I could but think of it with a blush

as I journeyed a little while ago on a south-bound railway train, and saw a tidy, modest, and intelligent black woman restricted to a car which, when she entered it, was about as full of oaths and obscenity as of the foul vapor compounded of the fumes of tobacco and of whisky. At the same station came aboard the train two white women, evidently less intelligent, less refined in manner, and by no means so cleanly dressed; and they were admitted to the privileges of the so-called ladies' car, which, under the usual interpretation, means merely "white people's car." Is this just? Is this equitable? Must not any possible elevation of the negro race by our efforts have a beginning in the removal of such flagrant wrongs as this?

Again, I notice, as perhaps falling more constantly under my own observation, the cruel prejudice which stands like an angry sentinel at our church-doors to warn away these people whom we yet declare to be children of the one Father. Certainly it is no injustice to anybody that a number of Christians shall join together for the erection of a church and the provision of services; and in the architecture they shall select, the form of worship they shall employ, the doctrines they shall have proclaimed, they may please their own fancy or conscience, and no man has a right to complain. More than this, there is no more wrong in the appropriation of particular seats to particular persons who choose to pay therefor a price greater or less. Still further, the American Christian's pew is his castle, if he please to make it such, and no stranger may with impunity invade it. The religious club may, like other associations of that species, grant admission to the privileges of its club-house only by card, and nobody has a right to complain. But when the religious club sets up a claim to be the visible kingdom of God on earth, whose mission and ground of being are the making known the glad tidings to the poor and the outcast, what absurdity of contradiction is such exclusive selfishness! The congregations of Christian people in our country seem with one accord to recognize their duty as their highest pleasure, and welcome most gladly all who come to join their prayers and praises and to hear their teacher. Ushers will confront you with smiling welcome at the door of any church in the land, and conduct you to a seat, though you be introduced by no member. Your manhood is your right to enter — *if only your face is white*. Is this just? Is this equitable? Above all, is this Christian? It is but a foolish dread which justifies such distinction on the ground that, once admitted, the negro would take possession and rule the church. Social sympathies, we know very well, have perhaps most to do with the gathering

of any congregation of regular worshippers; sympathies which, as we have seen, arise from equality of material condition, community of tastes, participation in the same daily life. Why do we not fear to welcome as occasional visitor the white man or woman of low degree? Why does not like danger in their case restrain our Christian hospitality? Is the negro more pushing and self-assertive than the rude white man? Nay, rather is he not by his very pride of race, and his natural resentment of the white man's contumely, unwilling even to join with him in doing homage to the one King? This is but a pretext to excuse the conduct which, in our heart of hearts, we know to proceed from the old root of bitterness — the feeling of caste which demands that the liberated slave shall be forever a menial.

I charge the Christian white men of the South to mark that the effect of this separation, on which we have insisted, has helped to drive these people into a corresponding exclusiveness, and is constantly diminishing the influence of our Christian thinkers upon their belief and their practice. And twenty years of the separate life of these churches of the black man have made plain the inevitable tendency. They have colleges and newspapers, missionary societies and mammoth meeting-houses; they have baptized multitudes, and they maintain an unbroken revival; and yet confessedly the end of the commandment, the morality, the godlikeness which all religion is given to attain, is farther away than at the beginning. Their religion is a superstition, their sacraments are fetiches, their worship is a wild frenzy, and their morality a shame. I have myself heard the stewards of a city congregation reviling a country visitor because she always selected the Communion Sunday as the occasion of her visit, "that she might drink their good wine"; and the soft impeachment was not denied.

True, there are white people equally ignorant of the first principles of Christianity, and whose moral character is equally destitute of religious influence; but would it be wise or safe or Christian to let them organize separate communions, to give them up to their blind guides? This is all I plead for, that separation from us is for the negro destruction, and perhaps for us as well. Therefore we must help them, teach them, guide them, lift them up; and that we may do so, we must treat them as men.

Difficulties frown upon us as we enter this path. Our friends will look at us with eyes askant, and it may be will speak bitter words whose sting will wound; but this we can bear, for their conduct will not much damage our work, and we can believe that by and by they will see the truth and love it. But harder to

overcome, and of direful influence upon the very beginning of their labor who labor for peace, are the black demagogues who have learned from their white partners that the ignorance of their brethren must be the mother of devotion to their selfish interests; that their unreasoning hostility to their white neighbors is the cement which fastens securely their dependence upon them. Preachers and politicians, each being as much the one as the other, will resent and resist our effort to open the blind eyes that they may see their glorious freedom in the Church and in the State. Pride of race will be summoned to resist the alien; grateful recollection will turn away to the white men who came a score of years ago kindly to become their governors and congressmen and senators. The ignorant ranter who has held thousands spell-bound while he pictured the torment of the flaming lake, and called his hearers away to the sensuous delights of a Mohammedan paradise, will not freely consent to the introduction of preachers having intelligence, learning, and rational piety. But the truth will prevail at the last, if only it can find an entrance. We must

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carry it to them ourselves, despite all opposition. We must put away from us the devil's delusion that by declaring them citizens we have made them really such; that in giving them the alphabet of the Christian faith we have fitted them to dwell apart and alone.

I noticed in the brave and manly plea of Mr. Cable, already mentioned, these words, quoted from a newspaper published by black men:

"We ask not Congress, nor the Legislature, nor any other power, to remedy these evils, but we ask the people among whom we live. Those who can remedy them if they will. Those who have a high sense of honor and a deep moral feeling. Those who have one vestige of human sympathy left. . . . Those are the ones we ask to protect us in our weakness and ill-treatments. . . . As soon as the colored man is treated by the white man *as a man*, that harmony and pleasant feeling which should characterize all races which dwell together, shall be the bond of peace between them."

White men of the South, what answer shall we, the intelligent, the cultured, the powerful, the inheritors of noble traditions and of splendid ideas,—what answer, I ask in the name of God, of freedom and of humanity, shall we make to these men?

T. U. Dudley.

STONEWALL JACKSON IN THE SHENANDOAH.

INCLUDING HIS RELATIONS TO THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.



A CONFEDERATE OF 1862.

THE movement to capture Harper's Ferry and the fire-arms manufactured and stored there was organized at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond on the night of April 16, 1861. Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise was at the head of this purely impromptu affair. The Virginia Secession Convention, then sitting, was by a large majority "Union" in its sentiments till Sumter was fired on and captured, and Mr. Lincoln called for 75,000 men to enforce the laws in certain Southern States. Virginia was then, as it were, forced to "take sides," and she did not hesitate. I had been one of the candidates for a seat in that Convention from Augusta County but was overwhelmingly

defeated by the "Union" candidates, because I favored secession as the only "peace measure" Virginia could then adopt, our aim being to put ourselves in an independent position to negotiate between the United States and the seceded Gulf and Cotton States for a new Union, to be formed on a compromise of the slavery question by a convention to be held for that purpose.

Late on April 15 I received a telegram from "Nat" Tyler, the editor of the "Richmond Enquirer," summoning me to Richmond, where I arrived the next day. Before reaching the Exchange Hotel I met ex-Governor Wise on the street. He asked me to find as many officers of the armed and equipped volunteers of the inland towns and counties as I could, and request them to be at the hotel by seven in the evening to confer about a military movement which he deemed important. Not many such officers were in town, but I found Captains Turner Ashby and Richard Ashby of Fauquier County, Oliver R. Funsten of Clarke County, all commanders of volunteer companies of cavalry; also Captain John A. Harman of Staunton—my home—and Alfred Barbour, the latter

ex-civil superintendent of the Government works at Harper's Ferry.

These persons, with myself, promptly joined ex-Governor Wise, and a plan for the capture of Harper's Ferry was at once discussed and settled upon. The movement, it was agreed, should commence the next day, the 17th, as soon as the Convention voted to secede,—provided we could get railway transportation and the concurrence of Governor Letcher. Colonel Edmund Fontaine, president of the Virginia Central Railroad, and John S. Barbour, president of the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap railroads, were sent for, and joined us at the hotel near midnight. They agreed to put the necessary trains in readiness next day to obey any request of Governor Letcher for the movement of troops.

A committee, of which I was chairman, waited on Governor Letcher after midnight, arousing him from his bed, and laid the scheme before him. He stated that he would take no step till officially informed that the ordinance of secession was passed by the Convention. He was then asked if contingent upon the event he would next day order the movement by telegraph. He consented. We then informed him what companies would be under arms ready to move at a moment's notice. All the persons I have named above are now dead, except John S. Barbour (who is in Congress), "Nat" Tyler, and myself.

On returning to the hotel and reporting Governor Letcher's promise, it was decided to telegraph the captains of companies along the railroads mentioned to be ready next day for orders from the Governor. In that way I ordered the Staunton Artillery, which I commanded, to assemble at their armory by 4 P. M. on the 17th, to receive orders from the Governor to aid in the capture of the Portsmouth Navy Yard. This destination had been indicated in all our dispatches to deceive the Government at Washington, in case there should be a "leak" in the telegraph offices. Early in the evening a message had been received by ex-Governor Wise from his son-in-law Doctor Garnett of Washington, to the effect that a Massachusetts regiment, one thousand strong, had been ordered to Harper's Ferry. Without this reinforcement we knew the guard there consisted of only about thirty men, who could be captured or driven away, perhaps without firing a shot, if we could reach the place secretly with a considerable force.

The Ashbys, Funsten, Harman and I, remained up the entire night. The superintendent and commandant of the Virginia Armory at Richmond, Captain Charles Dimmock, a Northern man by birth and a West

Point graduate, was in full sympathy with us, and that night filled our requisitions for ammunition, and moved it to the railway station before sunrise. He also granted one hundred stand of arms for the Martinsburg Light Infantry, a new company just formed. All these I receipted for and saw placed on the train. Just before we moved out of the depot, ex-Superintendent Barbour made an unguarded remark in the car, which was overheard by a Northern traveler who immediately wrote a message to President Lincoln and paid a negro a dollar to take it to the telegraph office. This act was discovered by one of our party, who induced a friend to follow the negro and take the dispatch from him. This perhaps prevented troops being sent to head us off.

My telegram to the Staunton Artillery produced wild excitement, that spread rapidly through the county, and brought thousands of people to Staunton during the day. Augusta had been a strong Union county, and a doubt was raised by some whether I was acting under the orders of Governor Letcher. To satisfy them, my brother, George W. Imboden, sent a message to me at Gordonsville, inquiring under whose authority I had acted. On the arrival of the train at Gordonsville, Captain Harman received the message and replied to it in my name, that I was acting by order of the Governor. Harman had been of the committee, the night before, that waited on Governor Letcher, and he assumed that by that hour—noon—the Convention must have voted the State out of the Union, and that the Governor had kept his promise to send orders by wire. Before we reached Staunton, Harman handed me the dispatch and told me what he had done. I was annoyed by his action till the train drew up at Staunton, where thousands of people were assembled, and my artillery company and the West Augusta Guards (the finest infantry company in the Valley) were in line. Major-General Kenton Harper, a native of Pennsylvania, "a born soldier," and Brigadier-General William H. Harman, both holding commissions in the Virginia militia,—and both of whom had won their spurs in the regiment the State had sent to the Mexican war,—met me, as I alighted, with a telegram from Governor Letcher, ordering them into service, and referring them to me for information as to our destination and troops. Until I confidentially imparted to them all that had occurred the night before, they thought, as did all the people assembled, that we were bound for the Portsmouth Navy Yard. For prudential reasons we said nothing to dispel this illusion. The Governor in his dispatch informed General Harper that he

was to take chief command, and that full written instructions would reach him *en route*. He waited till after dark, and then set out for Winchester behind a good team. Brigadier-General Harman was ordered to take command of the trains and of all troops that might report *en route*. (See map, page 293.)

About sunset we took train; our departure was an exciting and affecting scene. On the east side of the Blue Ridge a slide caused some delay. At Charlottesville, in the night, the Monticello Guards, a fine company under Captain R. T. W. Duke (since the war a member of Congress), came aboard. At Culpeper, a rifle company — the name of whose commander that night I have forgotten — also joined us, and just as the sun rose on the 18th of April we reached Manassas Junction.

The Ashbys and Funsten had gone on the day before to collect their cavalry companies, and also the famous "Black Horse Cavalry," a superb body of men and horses under Captains John Scott and Welby Carter of Fauquier. By marching across the Blue Ridge, they were to rendezvous near Harper's Ferry. Ashby had sent men on the night of the 17th to cut the wires between Manassas and Alexandria, and to keep them cut for several days.

Our advent at Manassas astounded the quiet people of the village. General Harman at once "impressed" the Manassas Gap train to take the lead, and switched two or three other trains to that line in order to proceed to Strasburg. I was put in command of the foremost train, and had not gone five miles when I discovered that the engineer could not be trusted. He let his fire go down, and came to a dead standstill on a slight ascending grade. I ran forward and found the engineer under his engine. He alleged that something was wrong, and was using a monkey wrench to take bolts out of the reversing links. An engineer from the next train, which was close behind, came up, and looking at the steam-gauge swore the fire was out, and nothing else the matter. As soon as he saw the engineer of my train he denounced him as a Northern man. A cocked pistol induced him to fire up and go ahead. From there to Strasburg I rode in the engine-cab, and we made full forty miles an hour with the aid of good dry wood and a navy revolver.

At Strasburg we disembarked, and before ten o'clock the infantry companies took up the line of march for Winchester. I had to procure horses for my guns. The farmers were in their corn-fields. Some of them agreed to hire us horses as far as Winchester, eighteen miles, and others refused. The situation being urgent, we took the horses by force, under threats of being indicted by the first grand

jury to meet in the county. By noon we had sufficient teams and followed the infantry down the Valley turnpike, reaching Winchester just at nightfall. The people generally received us very coldly. The war-spirit that bore them up through four years of trial and privation had not yet been aroused.

General Harper was at Winchester, and had sent forward his infantry by rail to Charlestown, eight miles from Harper's Ferry. In a short time a train returned for my battery. The farmers got their horses and went home rejoicing, and we set out for the Ferry. The infantry moved out of Charlestown about midnight. We kept to our train as far as Halltown, only four miles from the Ferry. There we disembarked our guns to be run forward by hand to Bolivar Heights or Furnace Hill, from which we could shell the place if necessary.

A little before day-dawn a brilliant light arose from near the point of confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers. General Harper, who up to that moment had expected a conflict with the Massachusetts regiment supposed to be at Harper's Ferry, was making his dispositions for an attack at daybreak, when this light convinced him that the enemy had fired the arsenal and fled. He marched in and took possession, but too late to extinguish the flames. Nearly twenty thousand rifles and pistols were destroyed. The workshops had not been fired. The people of the town told us the catastrophe, for such it was to us, was owing to declarations made the day before by ex-Superintendent Alfred Barbour, who was popular with the workmen. He reached Harper's Ferry, *via* Washington, on the 18th about noon, when the mechanics in the works had knocked off for dinner. Collecting them in groups, he informed them that the place would be captured within twenty-four hours by Virginia troops. He urged them to protect the property, and join the Southern cause, promising, if war ensued, that the place would be held by the South, and they would be continued at work on high wages. His influence with the men was great, and most of them decided to accept his advice. But Lieutenant Roger Jones, who commanded the little guard of some thirty men, hearing what was going on, at once took measures to destroy the place if necessary. Trains of gunpowder were laid through the buildings to be fired. In the shops the men of Southern sympathies managed to wet the powder in many places during the night, rendering it harmless. Jones's troops, however, held the arsenal buildings and stores, and when advised of Harper's rapid approach from Charlestown, the gunpowder was fired, and he crossed into Maryland with his handful of men. So we secured

only the machinery, and the burnt gun and pistol barrels and locks, which, however, were sent to Richmond and Columbia, South Carolina, and were worked over into excellent arms.

Within a week about thirteen hundred rank and file of the Virginia volunteers had assembled there. As these companies were, in fact, a part of the State militia, they were legally under command of the three brigadiers and one major-general of militia who had authority over this, that, or the other organization. These generals surrounded themselves with a numerous staff, material for which was abundant in the rank and file of the volunteers; for instance, in my battery there were at least a dozen college graduates of and below the grade of corporal. Every fair afternoon the official display in Harper's Ferry of "fuss and feathers" would have done no discredit to the Champs Élysées.

One afternoon, six or eight days after our occupation, General Harper sent for me as the senior artillery officer (we then had three batteries, but all without horses) to say he had been told that a number of trains on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad would try to pass us in the night, transporting troops from the West to Washington, and that he had decided to prevent them at the risk of bringing on a battle. He ordered the posting of guns so as to command the road for half a mile or more, all to be accurately trained on the track by the light of day, and loaded ready to be discharged at any moment. Infantry companies were stationed to fire into the trains, if the artillery failed to stop them. Pickets were posted out two or three miles, with orders to fire signal-guns as soon as the first troop-laden train should pass. About one o'clock at night we heard the rumbling of an approaching train. The long roll was beat; the men assembled at their assigned positions and in silence awaited the sound of the signal-guns. A nervous cavalryman was the vedette. As the train passed him (it was the regular mail) he thought he saw soldiers in it and fired. *Pop! pop! pop!* came down the road from successive sentries. Primers were inserted and lanyards held taut, to be pulled when the engine turned a certain point four hundred yards distant from the battery. By great good luck Colonel William S. H. Baylor, commanding the Fifth Virginia regiment, was with some of his men stationed a little beyond the fatal point, and seeing no troops aboard the train signalled it to stop. It did so, not one hundred yards beyond where the artillery would have opened on it. When the first excitement was over, he demanded of the conductor what troops, if any, were on board, and was told there was "one old fellow in uniform asleep on the mail-bags in the first

car." Entering that car with a file of soldiers, he secured the third prisoner of war taken in Virginia. It proved to be Brig.-Gen. W. S. Harney of the United States Army, on his way from the West to Washington, to resign his commission and go to Europe rather than engage in a fratricidal war. He surrendered with a pleasant remark, and was taken to General Harper's headquarters, where he spent the night. On his assurance that he knew of no troops coming from the West, Harper ordered us all to quarters. Next morning General Harney was paroled to report in Richmond, and was escorted to a train about to leave for Winchester. He was a fine-looking old soldier, and as he walked down the street to the depot he saw all our forces, except the cavalry. He was accompanied socially by two or three of our generals and a swarm of staff-officers. He cast his eagle glance over the few hundred men in sight, and turning to General Harper, I heard him inquire, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Where is your army encamped, General?" Harper's face crimsoned as he replied, "Excuse me from giving information." Harney smiled, and politely said, "Pardon me for asking an improper question, but I had forgotten I was a prisoner." He went on to Richmond, was treated with marked courtesy, and in a day or two proceeded to Washington.

In a few days our forces began to increase by the arrival of fresh volunteer companies. Being only a captain, I was kept very busy in trying to get my battery into the best condition. We had no caissons and insufficient harness. For the latter I sent to Baltimore, purchasing on my private credit. In the same way I ordered from Richmond red flannel shirts and other clothing for all my men, our uniforms being too fine for camp life. The Governor subsequently ordered these bills to be paid by the State Treasurer. We found at the armory a large number of very strong horse-carts. In my battery were thirty or more excellent young mechanics. By using the wheels and axles of the carts they soon constructed good caissons, which served us till after the first battle of Bull Run.

We had no telegraph line to Richmond, and the time of communication by mail was two days. General Harper found it so difficult to obtain needed munitions and supplies, that about the last day of April he decided to send me to the Governor, who was my intimate friend, with a requisition for all we needed, and verbal instructions to make to him a full statement of our necessitous and defenseless condition, in case General Patterson, who was with a Federal force at Chambersburg, should move against us. When I arrived in Rich-

mond, General Robert E. Lee had been placed in command of all the Virginia forces by the Convention, and by ordinance every militia officer in the State above the rank of captain had been decapitated, and the Governor and his military council had been authorized to fill vacancies thus created. This was a disastrous blow to "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" at Harper's Ferry. Militia generals and the brilliant "staff" were stricken down, and their functions devolved, according to Governor Letcher's order of April 27, upon Thomas J. Jackson, colonel commandant, and James W. Massie, major and assistant adjutant-general, who arrived during the first week of May.

This was "Stonewall" Jackson's first appearance on the theater of the war. I spent one day and night in Richmond, and then returned to camp, arriving about 2 P. M. What a revolution three or four days had wrought! I could scarcely realize the change. The militia generals were all gone; the staff had vanished. The commanding colonel and his adjutant had arrived, and were occupying a small room in the little wayside hotel near the railroad bridge. Knowing them both, I immediately sought an interview and delivered a letter and some papers I had brought from General Lee. Jackson and his adjutant were at a little pine table figuring upon the rolls of the troops present. They were dressed in well-worn, dingy uniforms of professors in the Virginia Military Institute, where both had recently occupied chairs. Colonel Jackson had issued and sent to the camps a short, simple order assuming the command, but had had no intercourse with the troops. The deposed officers had nearly all left for home or for Richmond in a high state of indignation. After an interview of perhaps a half hour I proceeded to my camp on the hill, and found the men of the Fifth Virginia regiment, from my own county, in assembly, and greatly excited. They were deeply attached to their field-officers, and regarded the action of the Convention as an outrage on freemen and volunteers, and were discussing the propriety of passing denunciatory resolutions. On seeing me they called for a speech. As I did not belong to the regiment, I declined to say anything, but ordered the men of the Staunton Artillery to fall into line. Then I briefly told them that we were required to muster into service either for twelve months or during the war, at our option. I urged them to go in for the full period of the war, as such action would be most creditable to them, and a good example to others. They unanimously shouted, "For the war! For the war!" Before they were dismissed the ceremony of mustering in was

completed, and I proudly took the roll down to Colonel Jackson with the remark, "There, Colonel, is the roll of your first company mustered in for the war." He looked it over, and rising, shook my hand, saying, "Thank you, Captain—thank you; and please thank your men for me." He had heard there was some dissatisfaction in the camps, and asked me to act as mustering officer for the two other artillery companies present. Before sunset the rolls were returned. This prompt action of the batteries was emulated the next day by the other troops, and all were mustered in. Within a week Governor Letcher very wisely appointed Major-General Harper colonel of the Fifth Virginia, Brigadier-General Harman lieutenant-colonel, and the late Colonel Baylor major, and I venture to say no regiment in either army was ever better officered. The fame it won in the "Stonewall" brigade proves this.

The presence of a master mind was visible in the changed condition of the camp. Perfect order reigned. Instruction in all the details of military duties occupied Jackson's whole time. He urged all officers to call upon him for information about even the minutest details of duty, often remarking that it was no discredit to a civilian to be ignorant of military matters. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and yet as gentle and kind as a woman. He was the easiest man in our army to get along with pleasantly so long as one did his duty, but as inexorable as fate in exacting its performance; yet he would overlook serious faults if he saw they were the result of ignorance, and in a kindly way would instruct the offender. He was as courteous to the humblest private who sought an interview for any purpose, as to the highest officer in his command. He despised superciliousness and self-assertion, and nothing angered him so quickly as to see an officer wound the feelings of those under him by irony or sarcasm.

When Jackson found we were without artillery horses, he went into no red-tape correspondence with the circumlocution offices in Richmond, but ordered his quartermaster, Major John A. Harman, to proceed with men to the Quaker settlements in the rich county of Loudoun, famous for its good horses, and buy or impress as many as we needed. Harman executed his orders with such energy and dispatch that he won Jackson's confidence and remained his chief quartermaster till the day of Jackson's death.

About ten days after Jackson assumed command at the Ferry, everything being perfectly quiet, I rode up to his quarters and told him we had been so suddenly called into service that I had left important private

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business unprovided for, and had written for my wife to bring papers needing my signature; that I had received a note from Colonel Ware saying she was a guest at his house, some seventeen miles from our camp. I said to the Colonel that I knew of nothing to prevent my going to Colonel Ware's that night, and that I would return by nine or ten o'clock next morning. I made no formal application for leave of absence, and as he said nothing against my going, I mounted and rode off. I reached Ware's in time for supper. A heavy rain-storm set in. About two o'clock some one hallooed lustily at the front gate. Raising the window, I called out, "Who is there?" My brother's voice shouted back that he had an order from Colonel Jackson requiring me to report to him at daybreak. This order had been sent to my camp at nine P. M. without explanation, and my brother, not knowing that I had seen Colonel Jackson before I left camp, thought my absence might compromise me, and therefore rode through the storm to enable me to get back to camp before daylight. Of course, I returned with him, reaching Harper's Ferry at early dawn, wet to the skin, and very muddy. I went to headquarters and found Adjutant Massie up, but Colonel Jackson had not risen. I inquired at once, "What news from the enemy?" supposing, of course, that some trouble was impending. He replied, "Everything is quiet." I pulled out the order and asked, "What does this mean?" He answered, "It's plain: you are to report here at daybreak." "What for?" "I don't know, but have only my suspicions." "What are they?" "That it is to teach you that a soldier in the face of the enemy has no business away from his post." At this I became very angry, and declared I would have an explanation when Jackson arose.

Massie and I had been intimate from boyhood. He said, "Let me advise you. You don't know Jackson as I do. He is one of the best-hearted men in the world, and the truest. He has the most rigid ideas of duty. He thought last night that you went off in a rather free-and-easy manner. He likes you, and would not forbid your going, though he gave you no leave to go. You assumed it. He meant to rebuke you for it, and teach you a military lesson that you would not forget. He sent this order to your camp last night, as if he supposed you were there. I am glad it reached you, and that you are here. It will raise you and your brother in his estimation." He advised me to cool down, get breakfast, and come back. "I will tell him," he said, "that you have been here. He was up late last night, or he would be out of bed now."

I followed Massie's advice, and about eight o'clock called on Colonel Jackson, and asked if he had any orders for me. He said he had decided to take possession of the bridge across the Potomac at Point of Rocks, twelve miles below Harper's Ferry, and wished me to command the post. He asked how soon I could be ready to go. I replied, "In thirty minutes — just as soon as we can harness the horses and hitch up." He saw I was still angry, but never alluded to my recall from Ware's. He smiled at my prompt reply and said, "You needn't be in such a hurry — it will do to get off by eleven o'clock." The episode was soon the gossip of the camp, and, perhaps, had a salutary effect.

I fortified the Virginia end of the Point of Rocks bridge, as we expected a visit any night from General B. F. Butler, who was at the Relay House on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. It was my habit to keep awake all night to be ready for emergencies, and to sleep in the day-time, making daily reports, night and morning, to Jackson.

One Sunday afternoon, a little over a week after we occupied this post, I was aroused from my nap by one of my men, who said there were two men in blue uniforms (we had not yet adopted the gray) riding about our camp, and looking so closely at everything that he believed they were spies! I went out to see who they were. It was Jackson and one of his staff. As I approached them, he put his finger on his lips and shook his head as a signal for silence. In a low tone he said he preferred it should not be known he had come there. He approved of all I had done, and soon galloped away. I afterward suspected the visit was simply to familiarize himself with the line of the canal and railroad from Point of Rocks to Harper's Ferry preparatory to a sharp bit of strategy he practiced a few days later. One of the great and growing wants felt by the Confederacy from the very beginning of the war was that of rolling-stock for the railroads. We were particularly short of locomotives, and were without the shops to build them. Jackson, appreciating this, hit upon a plan to obtain a large supply from the Baltimore and Ohio road. Its line was double-tracked, at least from Point of Rocks to Martinsburg, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles.

By our occupation of Harper's Ferry we had not interfered with the running of trains except on the occasion of the arrest of General Harney. The coal traffic from Cumberland was immense, as the Washington Government was accumulating supplies of coal on the seaboard. These coal trains passed Harper's Ferry at all hours of the day and night,

and thus furnished Jackson a pretext for arranging a brilliant "scoop." When he sent me to Point of Rocks, he ordered Colonel Harper with the Fifth Virginia infantry to Martinsburg. He then complained to President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, that the night trains, eastward bound, disturbed the repose of his camp, and requested a change of schedule that would pass all east-bound trains by Harper's Ferry between eleven and one o'clock in the day-time. Mr. Garrett complied, and thereafter for several days we heard the constant roar of passing trains for an hour before and an hour after noon. But since the "empties" were sent up the road at night, Jackson again complained that the nuisance was as great as ever, and as the road had two tracks, he must insist that west-bound trains should pass Harper's Ferry during the same two hours as those east-bound. Mr. Garrett promptly complied, and we then had, for two hours every day, the liveliest railroad in America. As soon as the schedule was working at its best, Jackson sent me an order one night to take a force of men across to the Maryland side of the river next day at eleven o'clock, and let all west-bound trains pass till twelve o'clock, but permit none to go east, and at twelve o'clock to obstruct the road so that it would require several days to repair it. He ordered the reverse to be done at Martinsburg. Thus he caught all the trains that were going east or west between those points, and ran them up to Winchester, thirty-two miles on the branch road, where they were safe, and whence they were removed by horse-power to Strasburg and Staunton. I do not remember the number of trains captured, but the logs crippled the Baltimore and Ohio road seriously for some time, and the gain to our scantily stocked Virginia roads of the same gauge was invaluable.

While we held the Point of Rocks bridge, J. E. B. Stuart (afterwards so famous as a cavalry leader) was commissioned lieutenant-colonel and reported to Colonel Jackson for assignment to duty. Jackson ordered the consolidation of all the cavalry companies into a battalion to be commanded by Stuart, who appeared then more like a well-grown, manly youth than the matured man he really was. This order was very offensive to Captain Turner Ashby, at that time the idol of all the troopers in the field, as well he might be, for a more brave and chivalrous officer never rode at the head of well-mounted troopers. Ashby was older than Stuart, and he thought, and we all believed, he was entitled to first promotion. When not absent scouting, Ashby spent his nights with me at the bridge, our relations being confidential. He was unmarried and of a meditative tem-

perament, that sometimes made him gloomy. He often expressed the belief that he and his fondly loved brother "Dick" Ashby would fall early in the conflict. The evening upon which he received Colonel Jackson's order to report to Stuart he came to the bridge from his camp, two miles out on the Leesburg road, and asked me to go up on the bridge roof for a talk. He then told me of the order, and that he would reply to it next morning with his resignation. I expostulated with him, although he had all my sympathies. I urged him to call upon Colonel Jackson that night. It was only twelve miles by the tow-path of the canal, and on his black Arabian he could make it in less than an hour. I believed Jackson would respect his feelings and leave his company out of Stuart's battalion. I ventured to write a private letter to Jackson, appealing in the strongest terms for the saving of Ashby to the service.

About ten o'clock, under a bright moonlight, the guards let Ashby through the bridge, and in a hope he turned up the tow-path toward Harper's Ferry. In crossing one of the little bridges over a waste-sludge, something frightened the Arabian, and with a bound they landed in the canal. The water did not quite swim the horse, but the banks were so steep that he could not get out of it till he had ridden several hundred yards and found the bank less steep. Then on he went, and reached Jackson's headquarters before he had retired. Jackson not only relieved him from the obnoxious order, but agreed to divide the companies between him and Stuart, and to ask for his immediate promotion, forming thus the nuclei of two regiments of cavalry, to be filled as rapidly as new companies came to the front. Ashby got back to Point of Rocks about two in the morning, as happy a man as I ever saw, and completely enraptured with Jackson. From that night on their mutual affection and confidence were remarkable. He said his night ride and ducking in the canal so excited Jackson's amusement and admiration that he believed they did more than all else to secure the favorable result of his visit. But it is more likely that a trip Ashby had made a few days before to Chambersburg and the encampment of General Robert Patterson was the real reason for Jackson's favor. Ashby had rigged himself in a farmer's suit of homespun that he borrowed, and hiring a plow-horse, had personated a rustic horse-doctor. With his saddle-bags full of some remedy for spavin or ringbone, he had gone to Chambersburg, and had returned in the night with an immense amount of information. The career of Ashby was a romance from that time on till he fell, shot through the

heart, two days before the battle of Cross Keys, of which I shall speak later on.

In May, 1861, Colonel Jackson was superseeded in command at Harper's Ferry by Brigadier-General Joseph E. Johnston. When General Johnston arrived, several thousand men had been assembled there, representing nearly all the seceded States east of the Mississippi River. Johnston at once began the work of organization on a larger scale than Jackson had attempted. He brigaded the troops, and to the exclusively Virginia brigade assigned Colonel Jackson as its commander. The latter was almost immediately commissioned brigadier-general, and when early in June Johnston withdrew from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, he kept Jackson at the front along the Baltimore and Ohio road to observe General Patterson's preparations. Nothing of much importance occurred for several weeks, beyond a little affair near Martinsburg in which Jackson captured about forty men of a reconnoitering party sent out by Patterson. His vigilance was ceaseless, and General Johnston felt sure, at Winchester, of ample warning of any aggressive movement of the enemy. The first great distinction won by Jackson was at Bull Run on the 21st of July.* Soon after, he was promoted to major-general, and the Confederate Government having on the 21st of October, 1861, organized the Department of Northern Virginia, under command of General Joseph E. Johnston, it was divided into the Valley District, the Potomac District, and Aquia District, to be commanded respectively by Major-Generals Jackson, Beauregard, and Holmes. On October 28 General Johnston ordered Jackson to Winchester to assume command of his district, and on the 6th of November the War Department ordered his old "Stonewall" brigade, and six thousand troops under command of Brigadier-General W. W. Loring, to report to him. These, together with Ashby's cavalry, gave him a force of about ten thousand men all told.

His only movement of note in the winter of 1861-2 was an expedition at the end of December to Bath and Romney, to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and a dam or two near Hancock on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. The weather set in to be very inclement about New Year's, with snow, rain, sleet, high winds, and intense cold. Many in Jackson's command were opposed to the expedition, and as it resulted in nothing of much military importance, but was attended with great suffering on the part of his troops, nothing but the confidence he had won by his previous services saved him from personal ruin. He and his second in command, Gen-

eral Loring, had a serious disagreement. He ordered Loring to take up his quarters, in January, in the exposed and cheerless village of Romney on the south branch of the upper Potomac. Loring objected to this. Jackson was inexorable. Loring and his principal officers united in a petition to Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of War, to order them to Winchester, or at least away from Romney. This document was sent direct to the War office, and the Secretary, in utter disregard of "good order and discipline," granted the request, without consulting Jackson. As soon as information reached Jackson of what had been done, he indignantly resigned his commission. Governor Letcher was astounded, and at once wrote Jackson a sympathetic letter, and then expostulated with Mr. Davis and his Secretary with such vigor that an apology was sent to Jackson for their obnoxious course. The orders were revoked and modified, and Jackson was induced to retain his command. This little episode gave the Confederate civil authorities an inkling of "what manner of man" "Stonewall" Jackson was. Devoted as he was to the South, he had a due appreciation of his own character, and was justly tenacious of all his personal rights, especially when their infraction involved what he considered a fatal blow at the proper discipline of the army.

In that terrible winter's march and exposure, he endured all that any private was exposed to. One morning, near Bath, some of his men, having crawled out from under their snow-laden blankets, half-frozen, were cursing him as the cause of their sufferings. He lay close by under a tree, also snowed under, and heard all this; but without noticing it, presently crawled out too, and shaking the snow off, made some jocular remark to the nearest men, who had no idea he had ridden up in the night and lain down amongst them. The incident ran through the little army in a few hours, and reconciled his followers to all the hardships of the expedition, and fully reestablished his popularity.

As the winter wore on and spring was opening, a tremendous host of enemies was assembling to crush out all resistance to the Federal Government in Virginia. In March General McClellan withdrew from Johnston's front at Manassas, and collected his army of more than one hundred thousand men on the Peninsula. Johnston moved south to confront him. Jackson, whose entire army in the Shenandoah Valley did not exceed thirteen thousand effective men of all arms, retired up the Valley. McClellan had planned and organized a masterly movement to capture, hold, and occupy the Valley and the Piedmont region; and if

* See "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas" by General Imboden in the CENTURY for May, 1885.—ED.

his subordinates had been equal to the task, and there had been no interference from Washington, it is probable the Confederate army would have been driven out of Virginia and Richmond captured by midsummer, 1862.

Milroy, with near twelve thousand men, was on the Staunton and Parkersburg road at McDowell, less than forty miles from Staunton, about the 1st of May. Frémont, with a force reputed then at thirty thousand men, was at Franklin, only fifty miles north-west of Staunton, and in close supporting distance from Milroy. Banks, with over ten thousand men, was fortified at Strasburg, seventy miles north-east of Staunton, by the great Valley turnpike. And Shields was on the east side of the Blue Ridge, so as to be able to move either to Fredericksburg or to the Luray Valley, and thence to Staunton. This force, aggregating about sixty-four thousand men, was confronted by Jackson with barely thirteen thousand. General McDowell, at the same time, was at or near Fredericksburg, with a reputed force of forty thousand more Federals.

General Johnston could spare no assistance to Jackson, for McClellan was right in his front with superior numbers, and menacing the capital of the Confederacy with almost immediate and certain capture. Its only salvation depended upon Jackson's ability to hold back Milroy, Frémont, Banks, Shields, and McDowell long enough to let Johnston try doubtful conclusions with McClellan. If he failed in this, these five commanders of an aggregate force then reputed to be, and I believe in fact, over one hundred thousand, would converge and move down upon Richmond from the west as McClellan advanced from the east, and the city and its defenders would fall an easy prey to nearly, if not quite, a quarter of a million of the best armed and equipped men ever put into the field by any government.

"Stonewall" Jackson—silent as a sphinx, brave as a lion, and sustained by a religious fervor as ardent as that of Cromwell's army, which believed in the efficacy of prayer for success, but prudentially kept their powder dry—was near Port Republic early in May, contemplating his surroundings and maturing his plans. What these latter were no mortal man but himself knew.

Suddenly the appalling news spread through the Valley that Jackson had fled from his district to the east side of the Blue Ridge through Brown's and Swift Run gaps. Only Ashby remained behind with about one thousand cavalry, scattered and moving day and night in the vicinity of McDowell, Franklin, Strasburg, Front Royal, and Luray, and reporting to Jackson every movement of his Briarean

enemy. Despair was fast settling upon the minds of the people of the Valley. Jackson made no concealment of his flight. He indeed had gone, and the fact soon reached his enemies. Milroy advanced two regiments to the top of the Shenandoah Mountain, only twenty-two miles from Staunton, and was preparing to move his entire force to Staunton, to be followed by Frémont.

Jackson had gone to Charlottesville and other stations on the Virginia Central Railroad, and had collected enough railway trains to transport all of his little army. That it was to be taken to Richmond when the troops were all embarked no one doubted. It was Sunday, and many of his sturdy soldiers were Valley men. With sad and gloomy hearts they boarded the trains. When all were on, lo! they took a westward course, and a little after noon the first train rolled into Staunton, the men got off, and as quickly as possible a cordon of sentinels was thrown around the town, and no human being was permitted to pass out. The people were at the churches. Those from the neighborhood could not return to their homes because of the cordon of sentinels. News of Jackson's arrival spread like wild-fire, and crowds flocked to the station to see the soldiers, and learn what it all meant. No one knew, and no one could tell. The most prominent citizen of the place was the venerable Judge Lucas P. Thompson, whose rank in the State judiciary was inferior to none. He was a personal friend of General Jackson, and the people urged him to see the General, and find out and tell them what Jackson meant to do.

Jackson was found in a little room quietly writing some orders. He received his old friend the Judge very cordially, who remarked: "General, your appearance here is a complete surprise. We thought you had gone to Richmond." "Ah! indeed?" said Jackson. "Yes; and we can't understand it. Where are you going? or do you expect to meet the enemy here?" Jackson's eye twinkled with amusement, as he leaned over and spoke to the Judge in a low, confidential tone: "Judge, can you keep a secret—a secret that must not be told to any one?" "Oh, yes!" "So can I, Judge, and you must excuse me for not telling it to you." His Honor's face turned scarlet, and he soon left, answering his eager questioners with judicial gravity, "Jackson's movement is a secret."

As soon as the troops could be put in motion they took the road leading towards McDowell, the General having sent forward cavalry to Buffalo Gap and beyond to arrest all persons going that way. The next morning by a circuitous mountain-path he tried to send

a brigade of infantry to the rear of Milroy's two regiments on Shenandoah Mountain, but they were improperly guided and failed to reach their proposed position in time, and both regiments escaped when attacked in front. Jackson followed as rapidly as possible, and the following day, May 8, encountered Milroy's army on top of the mountain three miles east of McDowell. The conflict lasted many hours, and was severe and bloody. It was fought mainly with small arms, the ground forbidding much use of artillery. Milroy was routed, and fled precipitately towards Franklin, to unite with Frémont. The route lay along a narrow valley hedged by high mountains, perfectly protecting the flanks of the retreating army from Ashby's pursuing cavalry. Jackson ordered Ashby to pursue as vigorously as possible, and to guard completely all avenues of approach from the direction of McDowell or Staunton till relieved of this duty. Jackson buried the dead and rested his army one day, and then fell back to the Valley on the Warm Springs and Harrisonburg road. (See map, page 293.)

It was sometimes questioned whether Jackson was entitled to all the credit for the strategy that enabled him in thirty-three days, with thirteen thousand men, to defeat successively Milroy, Banks, Frémont, and Shields, with an aggregate force of sixty-four thousand men, and to clear the Valley of all hostile troops. I happen to know one fact that sheds a flood of light on this question, and have repeated it hundreds of times, though I do not know that it has ever been in print. It is this:

The morning after the battle of McDowell I called very early on Jackson at the residence of Colonel George W. Hull of that village, where he had his headquarters, to ask if I could be of any service to him, as I had to go to Staunton, forty miles distant, to look after some companies that were to join my command. He asked me to wait a few moments, as he wished to prepare a telegram to be sent to President Davis from Staunton, the nearest office to McDowell. He took a seat at a table and wrote nearly half a page of foolscap; he rose and stood before the fire-place pondering it some minutes; then he tore it into pieces and wrote again, but much less, and again destroyed what he had written, and paced the room several times. He suddenly stopped, seated himself, and dashed off two or three lines, folded the paper, and said, "Send that off as soon as you reach Staunton." As I bade him "good-bye," he remarked: "I may have other telegrams to-day or to-morrow, and will send them to you for transmission. I wish you to have two or three well-mounted couriers ready to bring me the replies promptly." I promised to do so and departed.

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I read the message he had given me. It was dated "McDowell," and read about thus: "Providence blessed our arms with victory over Milroy's forces yesterday." That was all. The second day thereafter a courier arrived with a message to be telegraphed to the Secretary of War. I read it, sent it off, and ordered a courier to be ready with his horse, while I waited at the telegraph office for the reply. The message was to this effect: "I think I ought to attack Banks, but under my orders I do not feel at liberty to do so." In less than an hour a reply came, but not from the Secretary of War. It was from General Joseph E. Johnston, to whom I supposed the Secretary had referred General Jackson's message. I have a distinct recollection of its substance, as follows: "If you think you can beat Banks, attack him. I only intended by my orders to caution you against attacking fortifications." Banks was understood to have strongly fortified himself at Strasburg and Cedar Creek. I started the courier with this reply, as I supposed to McDowell, but, lo! it met Jackson only twelve miles from Staunton, to which point on the Harrisonburg and Warm Springs turnpike he had marched the whole of his little army except Ashby's cavalry, about one thousand men. These latter, under that intrepid leader, Ashby, who was to fall within a month, he had sent from McDowell to menace Frémont, who was at Franklin in Pendleton County, where he remained in blissful ignorance that Jackson had left McDowell, till telegraphed some days later by Banks that Jackson had fallen upon him at Front Royal and driven him through Winchester and across the Potomac.

Two hours after receiving this telegram from General Johnston, Jackson was *en route* for Harrisonburg, where he came upon the great Valley turnpike. By forced marches he reached New Market in two days. Detachments of cavalry guarded every road beyond him, so that Banks remained in total ignorance of his approach. This Federal commander had the larger part of his force well fortified at and near Strasburg, but he kept a large detachment at Front Royal, about eight miles distant and facing the Luray or Page Valley.

From New Market Jackson disappeared so suddenly that the people of the Valley were again mystified. He crossed the Massanutten Mountain, and passing Luray, hurried towards Front Royal. He sometimes made thirty miles in twenty-four hours with his entire army, gaining for his infantry the sobriquet of "Jackson's foot cavalry." He struck Fort Royal very early in the morning of May 23. The surprise was complete, and disastrous to the enemy under Colonel John R. Kenly. After a short and fruit-

less resistance they fled towards Winchester, twenty miles distant, with Jackson at their heels.

News of this disaster reached Banks at Strasburg, by which he learned that Jackson was rapidly gaining his rear towards Newtown. The works Banks had constructed had not been made for defense in that direction. He abandoned them and set out with all haste for Winchester; but *en route*, near Newtown (May 24), Jackson struck his flank, inflicting heavy loss, and making enormous captures of property, consisting of wagons, teams, camp equipment, provisions, ammunition, and over seven thousand stand of arms, all new, and in perfect order; also, a large number of prisoners.

Jackson chased Banks's fleeing army beyond Winchester (May 25), and held his ground till he was satisfied they had crossed the Potomac. His problem now was to escape Frémont's clutches, knowing that that officer would be promptly advised by wire of what had befallen Banks. He could go back the way he came, by the Luray Valley, but that would expose Staunton (the most important depot in the valley) to capture by Frémont, and he had made his plans to save it.

I had been left at Staunton organizing my recruits. From New Market on his way to attack Banks, Jackson sent me an order to throw as many men as I could arm, and as quickly as possible, into Brock's Gap, west of Harrisonburg, and any other mountain-pass through which Frémont could reach the Valley at or south of Harrisonburg. I knew that within four miles of Franklin, on the main road leading to Harrisonburg, there was a narrow defile hemmed in on both sides by nearly perpendicular cliffs, over five hundred feet high. I sent about fifty men, well armed with long-range guns, to occupy these cliffs, and defend the passage to the last extremity. They got there in time.

As soon as Frémont learned of Banks's defeat, he put his array in motion to cut off Jackson's retreat up the Valley. Ashby was still in his front towards McDowell, with an unknown force; so Frémont did not attempt that route, but sent his cavalry to feel the way towards Brock's Gap, on the direct road to Harrisonburg. The men I had sent to the cliffs let the head of the column get well into the defile or gorge, when, from a position of perfect safety to themselves, they poured a deadly volley into the close column. Being so unexpected, and coming from a foe of unknown strength, the Federal column halted and hesitated to advance. Another volley and the "rebel yell" from the cliffs turned them back, never to appear again. Frémont took the road to Moorefield, and thence to Strasburg. It shows how close had been Jackson's calculation

of chances, to state that as his rear-guard marched up Fisher's Hill, two miles from Strasburg, Frémont's advance came in sight on the mountain-side on the road from Moorefield. Jackson continued his march up the Valley to Harrisonburg, hotly pursued by Frémont, but avoiding a conflict.

The news of Banks's defeat created consternation at Washington, and Shields was ordered to the Luray Valley in all haste to coöperate with Frémont. Jackson was advised of Shields's approach, and his aim was to prevent a junction of their forces till he reached a point where he could strike them in quick succession. He therefore sent cavalry detachments along the Shenandoah to burn the bridges as far as Port Republic, the river being at that time too full for fording. At Harrisonburg he took the road leading to Port Republic, and ordered me from Staunton, with a mixed battery and battalion of cavalry, to the bridge over North River near Mount Crawford, to prevent a cavalry force passing to his rear.

At Cross Keys, about four miles from Harrisonburg, he delivered battle to Frémont, on June 8, and after a long and bloody conflict, as night closed in he was master of the field. Leaving one brigade—Ewell's—on the ground, to resist Frémont if he should return next day, he that night marched the rest of his army to Port Republic, which lies in the forks of the river, and made his arrangements to attack Shields next morning on the Lewis farm, just below Port Republic.

On the day of the conflict at Cross Keys I held the bridge across North River at Mount Crawford with a battalion of cavalry, four howitzers, and a Parrott gun, to prevent a cavalry flank movement on Jackson's trains at Port Republic. About ten o'clock at night I received a note from Jackson, written in pencil on the blank margin of a newspaper, directing me to report with my command at Port Republic before daybreak. On the same slip, and as a postscript, he wrote, "Poor Ashby is dead. He fell gloriously . . . [June 6] I know you will join with me in mourning the loss of our friend, one of the noblest men and soldiers in the Confederate army." I carried that slip of paper till it was literally worn to tatters.

It was nearly dark when Jackson and his staff reached the bridge at Port Republic from Cross Keys. Shields had sent two guns and a few men under a green lieutenant to the bridge. They arrived about the same time as Jackson, and his troops soon coming up, the Federal lieutenant and his supports made great haste in the dark back to the Lewis farm.

I reached Port Republic an hour before day-

break of June 9, and sought the house occupied by Jackson; but not wishing to disturb him so early, I asked the sentinel what room was occupied by "Sandy" Pendleton, Jackson's adjutant-general.

"Upstairs, first room on the right," he replied.

Supposing he meant our right as we faced the house, up I went, softly opened the door, and discovered General Jackson lying on his face across the bed, fully dressed, with sword, sash, and boots all on. The low-burnt tallow candle on the table shed but a dim light, yet enough by which to see and recognize his person. I had entered the wrong room, and I endeavored to withdraw without waking him, but it was too late.

He turned over, sat up on the bed, and called out, "Who is that?"

I immediately stepped again inside the room and apologized for the intrusion. He checked me with "That is all right. It's time to be up. I am glad to see you. Were the men all up as you came through camp?"

"Yes, General, and cooking."

"That's right. We move at daybreak. Sit down while I wash. I want to talk to you."

I had long ago learned never to ask him questions about his plans, for he would never answer such to any one. I therefore waited for him to speak first. He referred very feelingly to Ashby's death, and spoke of it as an irreparable loss to him or any future commander in the Valley. When he paused I said, "General, you made a glorious winding-up of your four weeks' work yesterday."

He replied, "Yes, God blessed our army again yesterday, and I hope with his protection and blessing we shall do still better to-day."

Then seating himself, for the first time in all my intercourse with him, he outlined the day's proposed operations. I remember perfectly his conversation; we had then learned to look upon him as invincible, if not inspired.

He said: "Charley Winder [Brigadier-General commanding his old 'Stonewall' brigade] will cross the river at daybreak and attack Shields on the Lewis farm [two miles below]. I shall support him with all the other troops as fast as they can be put in line. General 'Dick' Taylor will move through the woods on the side of the mountain with his Louisiana brigade, and rush upon their left flank by the time the action becomes general. By ten o'clock we shall get them on the run, and I'll now tell you what I want with you. Send the

big new rifle-gun you have [a twelve-pounder Parrott] to Poague [commander of the Rock-bridge Artillery], and let your mounted men report to the cavalry. I want you in person to take your mountain howitzers to the field, in some safe position in rear of the line, keeping everything packed on the mules, ready at any moment to take to the mountain-side. Three miles below Lewis's there is a defile on the Luray road. Shields may rally and make a stand there. If he does, I can't reach him with the field batteries on account of the woods. You can carry your twelve-pounder howitzers on the mules up the mountain-side, and, at some good place, unpack and shell the enemy out of the defile, and the cavalry will do the rest."

This plan of battle was carried out to the letter. I took position in a ravine about two hundred yards in rear of Poague's battery in the center of the line. General Shields made a very stubborn fight, and by nine o'clock matters began to look very serious for us. Dick Taylor had not yet come down out of the woods on Shields's left flank.

Meanwhile, I was having a remarkable time with our mules in the ravine. Some of the shot aimed at Poague came bounding over our heads, and occasionally a shell would burst there. The mules became frantic. They kicked, plunged, and squealed. It was impossible to quiet them, and it took three or four men to hold one mule from breaking away. Each mule had about three hundred pounds' weight on him, so securely fastened that the load could not be dislodged by any of his capers. Several of them lay down and tried to wallow their loads off. The men held these down, and that suggested the idea of throwing them all on the ground and holding them there. The ravine sheltered us so that we were in no danger from the shot or shell which passed over us.

Just about the time our mule "circus" was at its height, news came up the line from the left that Winder's brigade near the river was giving way. Jackson rode down in that direction to see what it meant. As he passed on the brink of our ravine, his eye caught the scene, and, reining up a moment, he accosted me with "Colonel, you seem to have trouble down there." I made some reply which drew forth a hearty laugh, and he said, "Get your mules to the mountain as soon as you can, and be ready to move."

Then he dashed on. He found his old brigade had yielded slightly to overwhelming pressure. Galloping up, he was received with a cheer; and, calling out at the top of his voice, "The 'Stonewall' brigade never retreats; follow me!" led them back to their original line.

Taylor soon made his appearance, and the flank attack settled the work of the day. A wild retreat began. The pursuit was vigorous. No stand was made in the defile. We pursued them eight miles. I rode back with Jackson, and at sunset we were on the battlefield at the Lewis mansion.

Jackson accosted a medical officer, and said, "Have you brought off all the wounded?"

"Yes, all of ours, but not all of the enemy's."

"Why not?"

"Because we were shelled from across the river."

"Had you your hospital flag on the field?"

"Yes."

"And they shelled that?"

"Yes."

"Well, take your men to their quarters; I would rather let them all die than have one of my men shot intentionally under the yellow flag when trying to save their wounded. They are barbarians."

Frémont, hearing the noise of the battle, had hurried out from Harrisonburg to help Shields; but Jackson had burnt the bridge at Port Republic, after Ewell had held Frémont in check some time on the west side of the river and escaped, so that when Frémont came in sight of Shields's battle-field the latter had been whipped and the river could not be crossed. And, as this medical officer reported, Frémont then shelled the relief parties, thus compelling many of Shields's wounded to pass a dreadful night where they lay. No doubt many died who might have been saved.

The next day I returned to Staunton, and found General W. H. C. Whiting, my old commander after the fall of General Bee at Bull Run, arriving with a division of troops to reinforce Jackson. Taking him and his staff to my house as guests, General Whiting left soon after breakfast with a guide to call on Jackson at Swift Run Gap, near Port Republic, where he was resting his troops. The distance from Staunton was about twenty miles, but Whiting returned after midnight. He was in a towering passion, and declared that Jackson had treated him outrageously. I asked, "How is that possible, General, for he is very polite to every one?"

"Oh! hang him, he was polite enough. But he didn't say one word about his plans, though he knows I am next in rank to him, and second in command. I finally asked him for orders, telling him what troops I had. He simply told me to go back to Staunton, and he would send me orders to-morrow. I haven't the slightest idea what they will be. I believe he hasn't any more sense than my horse."

Seeing his frame of mind, and he being a

guest in my house, I said little. Just after breakfast next morning, a courier arrived with a terse order to embark his troops on the railroad trains and move to Gordonsville at once, where he would receive further orders. This brought on a new explosion of wrath. "Didn't I tell you he was a fool, and don't this prove it? Why, I just came through Gordonsville day before yesterday."

However, he obeyed the order; and when he reached Gordonsville he found Jackson there, and his little Valley army coming after him; a few days later McClellan was assailed when Jackson struck his right flank on the Chickahominy. Shortly after the seven days' battles around Richmond, I met Whiting again, and he then said: "I didn't know Jackson when I was at your house. I have found out now what his plans were, and they were worthy of a Napoleon. But I still think he ought to have told me his plans; for if he had died McClellan would have captured Richmond. I wouldn't have known what he was driving at, and might have made a mess of it. But I take back all I said about his being a fool."

From the date of Jackson's arrival at Staunton till the battle of Port Republic was 35 days. He marched from Staunton to McDowell, 40 miles, from McDowell to Front Royal, about 110, from Front Royal to Winchester, 20 miles, Winchester to Port Republic, 75 miles, a total of 245 miles, fighting in the meantime four desperate battles, and winning them all.

On the 17th of June, leaving only his cavalry, under Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson, and Chew's battery, and the little force I was enlisting in the Valley, now no longer threatened by the enemy, Jackson moved all his troops south-east, and on the 25th he was at Ashland, seventeen miles from Richmond. This withdrawal from the Valley was so skillfully managed that his absence from the scene of his late triumphs was unsuspected at Washington. On the contrary, something like a panic prevailed there, and the Government was afraid to permit McDowell to unite his forces with McClellan's lest it should uncover and expose the capital to Jackson's supposed movement on it.

Jackson's military operations were always unexpected and mysterious. In my personal intercourse with him in the early part of the war, before he had become famous, he often said there were two things never to be lost sight of by a military commander: "Always mystify, mislead and surprise the enemy, if possible; and when you strike and overcome him, never let up in the pursuit so long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued,



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MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS — MAY AND JUNE, 1862.

The crossed line and arrows indicate Jackson's movements in the Valley. On May 6 he was at Staunton; he defeated Milroy near McDowell on May 8; Banks at Front Royal, Newtown, and Winchester on May 23, 24, and 25; Fremont at Cross Keys on June 8; Shields at Port Republic on June 9.—Ed.

becomes panic-stricken, and can then be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, Never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible manœuvring you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time, and a small army may thus destroy a large one in detail, and repeated victory will make it invincible."

His wonderful celerity of movement was a simple matter. He never broke down his men by too-long-continued marching. He rested the whole column very often, but only for a few minutes at a time, and he liked to see the men lie down flat on the ground to rest, saying, "A man rests all over when he lies down."

Jno. D. Imboden.

THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.

INCLUDING A SKETCH OF JACKSON'S MARCH TO THE FIELD, BY MAJOR R. L. DABNEY;
THE BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE (OR BEAVER DAM CREEK, OR ELLERSON'S MILL*), JUNE 26;
THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL (OR THE CHICKAHOMINY), JUNE 27, 1862.



"W'AT WAR DEY FIGHTIN' 'BOUT?"

at the battle-field of Seven Pines, in command of a division of the Confederate army, I received an order from General Lee to report immediately at his quarters on the Mechanicsville road. On approaching the house which the general occupied, I saw an officer leaning over the yard-paling, dusty, travel-worn, and apparently very tired. He raised himself up as I dismounted, and I recognized General Jackson, who, I had till that moment supposed, was confronting Banks and Frémont far down the Valley of Virginia. He said that he had ridden fifty-two miles since one o'clock that morning, having taken relays of horses on the road. We went together into General Lee's office. General Jackson declined refreshments, courteously tendered by General Lee, but drank a glass of milk. Soon after, Generals Longstreet and A. P. Hill came in, and General Lee, closing the door, told us that he had determined to attack the Federal right wing, and had selected our four commands to execute the movement. He told us that he had sent Whiting's division to reinforce Jackson,

and that at his instance the Richmond papers had reported "that large reinforcements had been sent to Jackson with a view to clearing out the Valley of Virginia and exposing Washington." He believed that General McClellan received the Richmond papers regularly, and he (Lee) knew of the nervous apprehension concerning Washington.† He then said that he would retire to another room to attend to some office work, and would leave us to arrange the details among ourselves. The main point in his mind seemed to be that the crossings of the Chickahominy should be uncovered by Jackson's advance down the left bank, so that the other three divisions might not suffer in making a forced passage.

During the absence of General Lee, Longstreet said to Jackson: "As you have the longest march to make, and are likely to meet opposition, you had better fix the time for the attack to begin." Jackson replied: "Daylight of the 26th." Longstreet then said: "You will encounter Federal cavalry, and roads blocked by felled timber, if nothing more formidable: ought you not to give yourself more time?"‡ When General Lee returned, he ordered A. P. Hill to cross at Meadow Bridge, Longstreet at the Mechanicsville Bridge, and me to follow Longstreet. The conference broke up about nightfall.

It may be of interest to the student of history to know how Jackson managed to slip off so often and so easily. His plan was to press his infantry as near as possible to the enemy, without bringing on a general engagement; then to occupy these advanced points with dismounted cavalry pickets, and to start his "foot cavalry" in the other direction with all possible speed. His stealthy marches to the rear were made without consulting his highest officers, and even without their knowing his destination.§

* The usual spelling, Ellison's Mill, is incorrect. Mr. J. H. Ellerson, whose father owned the mill, is living in Richmond.—EDITOR.

† I do not know how far the Federals were deceived by the announcement of reinforcements sent to Jackson, but during the seven days' battles I read in a Northern paper a letter from Strasburg, Va., of the 25th of June, stating that they were expecting Stonewall Jackson there, and were so well fortified that they would give him a warm reception. General Jackson's corps was then at Ashland, within twelve miles of Richmond. He certainly had slipped off without observation.—D. H. H.

‡ Longstreet's caution was justified by the event. Jackson's flank movement was delayed a day by cavalry and felled timber, and the delay seemed to Lee to make it necessary to fight the disastrous battle at Beaver Dam Creek.—EDITOR.

§ This was a source of annoyance to Loring in '61, and later on to Ewell. When Jackson's corps was so strangely left at Winchester after the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam, and General Lee had gone to the Rappahannock (we were making a feint every day of holding the gaps in the Blue Ridge, with strict orders not to bring on an engagement), I said to Jackson one day: "I am the next in rank, and should you be killed or captured in your many scouts around, I would not know what the corps was left for, or what it was expected

Another peculiarity of Jackson's was to select for his chief-of-staff, not a military man, but a Presbyterian clergyman, a professor in a theological seminary, and to clothe him with the power of carrying out his mysterious orders when he was temporarily absent. In this Jackson acted as did the greatest of all English commanders, Oliver Cromwell, who always surrounded himself with men of prayer. Jackson's confidence was well bestowed, and he found in the Rev. R. L. Dabney, D. D., a faithful, zealous, and efficient staff-officer. To him, now a professor in the State University of Texas, I am indebted for the following account of the unexpected appearance of Jackson on the Federal right wing before Richmond:

"General Jackson's forced march from Mount Meridian, in the neighborhood of Port Republic battle-field, began in earnest on Wednesday, June 18th, the general and a few of the troops having left the evening before. About midday on Thursday, the 19th, we were at Mechum's River Station, about ten miles west of Charlottesville, with the head of the column. The general called me into a room in the hotel, locked the door, and told me that he was about to go in advance of his corps by rail to Richmond to see the commander-in-chief; that the corps was going to Richmond to join in a general attack upon McClellan, but that he would return to his command before we got there; that I was to march the corps towards Richmond, following the line of railroad, as near as the country roads would permit, by Charlottesville and Gordonsville, General Ewell's division to form the head of the column with which I was personally to proceed; that strict precautions of secrecy were to be observed—which he then dictated to me. He then got on an express train and left us. I dined that day with General Ewell, and I remember that he complained to me with some bitterness of General Jackson's reserve.

"Here, now, the general has gone off on the railroad without intrusting to me, his senior major-general, any order, or any hint whither we are going; but Harman, his quartermaster, enjoys his full confidence, I suppose, for I hear that he is telling the troops that we are going to Richmond to fight McClellan."

"You may be certain, General Ewell," I replied, "that you stand higher in General Jackson's confidence than any one else, as your rank and services entitle you. As for

to do," He then told me that he had suggested to General Lee, who had to move back to protect Richmond, that he could remain and remove our wounded and stores, and that his presence on McClellan's flank and rear would keep him from attacking Lee. In case of any casualty to himself, the removal was to go on till completed.—D. H. H



SKETCH OF STONEWALL JACKSON. (DRAWN FROM LIFE NEAR BALL'S BLUFF BY A. J. VOLCK, PROBABLY IN 1861.)

Major Harman, he has not heard a word more than others. If he thinks that we are going to Richmond, it is only his surmise, which I suppose every intelligent private is now making.

"The column reached Gordonsville, Saturday, June 21, about noon. To my surprise, on riding into town, I got an order to go to the general—at a private house, where he was lodging. On reaching Gordonsville, Thursday afternoon, he had been met by news which alarmed the outpost there: that a heavy Federal force was on the Rapidan, about sixteen miles away. He therefore had postponed going to Richmond until he could effectually clear up this rumor. The chief mode adopted was characteristic: it was to send out by night an intelligent private citizen, thoroughly acquainted with the Rapidan people and country, as his scout. This gentleman came back after thorough inquiry, with the news that the rumor was unfounded. About half an hour before sunset on Saturday, the general got into an express car with no one but me and the conductor, and came to Frederick's Hall Station in the county of Louisa, arriving about dawn on Sunday, the 22d. We spent the Sabbath there at the house of Mr. N. Harris, attending

camp-preaching in the afternoon. At this house were Major-General Whiting and General Hood, then commanding a Texas brigade. At one o'clock that night General Jackson arose, took an orderly whom I had selected for him as trustworthy and well acquainted with the road, and started for Richmond with impressed horses. He had me wake up General Whiting and make *him* sign a pass and an impressment order (which no one under

we came into collision with McClellan's outposts. We were much mystified at first to know why the general should put a battery in position, and cannonade the bushes furiously for ten minutes only to drive away a picket. We found out afterwards this was his signal to you,* and in a little while the distant sound of your guns at Ellerson's mill told us that the ball had opened."

It will be seen from the narrative of Major



CONFEDERATE SKIRMISH-LINE DRIVEN IN BY UNION LINE OF BATTLE.

(DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD AFTER THE PAINTING BY HIMSELF, OWNED BY R. A. WOOLDRIDGE, ESQ., BALTIMORE.)

[The original sketch for this picture was made from personal observation. It describes an incident of the "Peninsular Campaign"—i. e. of the retreat before McClellan's advance up the Peninsula, to which operations that name is confined at the South; at the North it is used to include also the subsequent movements down to McClellan's arrival on the James River.—EDITOR.]

the rank of major-general had a right to do). He had about fifty-two miles to ride to Richmond; to the Nine-mile bridge, near which General Lee was in person, I suppose the distance was as great, so that the ride occupied him, with the time lost in impressing relays of horses, about ten hours. He must have reached his rendezvous with General Lee and his three major-generals about noon on the 23d. If he rode into the city first, the meeting would have been a few hours later. He rejoined his corps at Beaver Dam Station on Tuesday (24th), and assembled the whole of it around Ashland Wednesday night, the 25th. About two hours by sun on the 26th

Dabney that General Jackson, who fought some of his most desperate battles on Sunday, would not start to Richmond till Sunday had passed. He had the pass and impressment order from General Whiting that he might not be known on the road; he wore no insignia of rank, and, as he would have been known in Richmond, he did not go to that city. It was three P. M. on the 23d when I saw him at General Lee's headquarters. Major Dabney is mistaken in saying that the signal-guns were intended for me. A. P. Hill was farther up the Chickahominy, and he was to cross first, and being nearer to Jackson, could hear his guns better than those

* This account is written to General Hill.—EDITOR.

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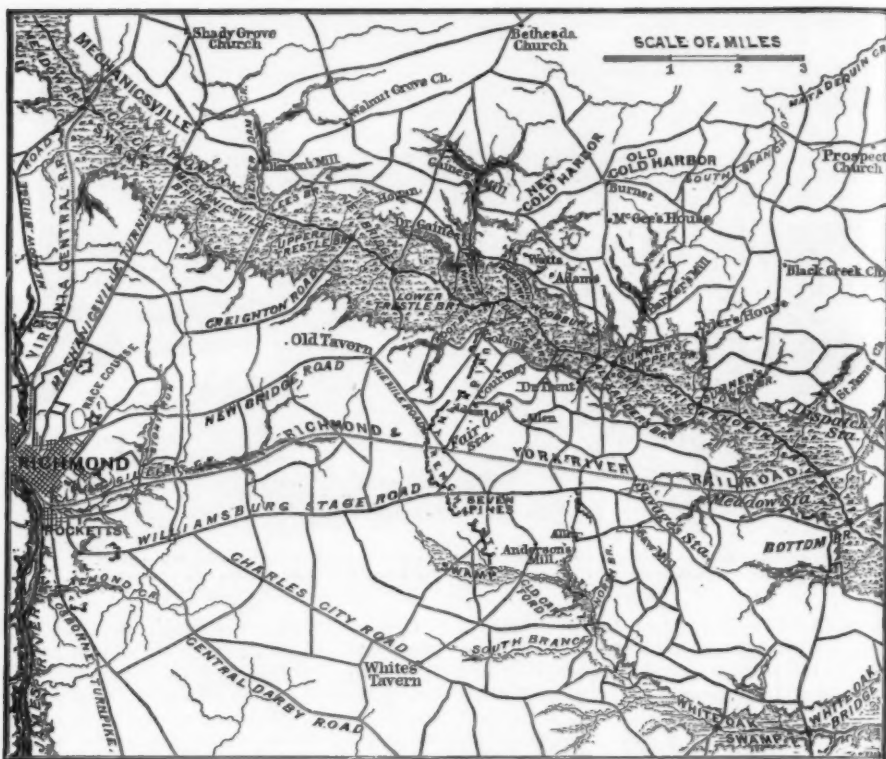
EXTERIOR LINE OF DEFENSES OF RICHMOND ON THE MECHANICSVILLE ROAD (LOOKING SOUTH-EAST).
(DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD FROM HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME OF MCCLELLAN'S ADVANCE.)

of us lower down the stream. On the 25th there was a brisk fight about King's school-house on the Williamsburg road, between Hooker's division and a portion of the brigades of Generals Wright and Robert Ransom. That night my division marched across to the neighborhood of Mechanicsville Bridge. To conceal the movement, our camp-fires were freshly lighted up by a detachment after the troops had left, and a company was sent some miles down the Charles City road to send up rockets, as though signaling an advance in that direction. General Lee's order issued on the 24th June says:

"At three o'clock Thursday morning, 26th instant, General Jackson will advance on the road leading to Pole Green Church, communicating his march to General Branch [seven miles above Meadow Bridge], who will immediately cross the Chickahominy, and take the road leading to Mechanicsville. As soon as the movements of these columns are discovered, General A. P. Hill with the rest of his division will cross the Chickahominy near Meadow Bridge. . . . The enemy being driven from Mechanicsville, and the passage across the bridge opened, General Longstreet with his division and that of General D. H. Hill will cross the Chickahominy at or near that point—General D. H. Hill moving to the support of General Jackson, and General Longstreet supporting General A. P. Hill—the four divisions keeping in communication with each other, and moving *en echelon* on separate roads, if practicable; the left division in advance, with skirmishers and sharp-shooters extending their front, will sweep down the Chickahominy, and endeavor to drive the enemy from his position above New Bridge, General Jackson bearing well to his left, turning Beaver Dam Creek, and taking the direction towards Cold Harbor, etc."

General Jackson was unable to reach the point expected on the morning of the 26th. General A. P. Hill says: "Three o'clock P. M. having arrived, and no intelligence from Jackson or Branch, I determined to cross at once, rather than hazard the failure of the whole plan by longer deferring it."

Heavy firing was heard at three P. M. at Meadow Bridge, and the Federal outposts were seen fleeing towards Mechanicsville, pursued by A. P. Hill. We could see a line of battle drawn up at that village ready to receive Hill. My division being nearest the bridge, Longstreet ordered me to cross first. Some delay was made in repairing the bridge, and A. P. Hill became hotly engaged before we could get to his relief. At this time President Davis and staff hurried past us, going "to the sound of the firing." Ripley's brigade was pushed forward to the support of three batteries of artillery of Jones's battalion, and the two under Hardaway and Bondurant. The five batteries soon silenced the Federal artillery, and the whole plateau about Mechanicsville was abandoned to the Confederates, the Federals retiring across Beaver Dam Creek, which was strongly fortified. Our engineers seem to have had little knowledge of the country, and none of the fortifications on the creek. The maps furnished the division commanders were worthless. At a request from General Pender, who had been roughly handled in attacking works on the creek, Brigadier-General Ripley, of my divis-



MAP OF THE UPPER CHICKAHOMINY AND NEIGHBORING COUNTRY.

[During the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill the Union army, except Porter's corps and the cavalry engaged in protecting McClellan's right flank and communications, was posted on the south side of the Chickahominy behind the line of intrenchments here shown. The divisions of Longstreet and the two Hills who had confronted McClellan on the different roads were withdrawn, in order to unite with Jackson's three divisions (coming from the Shenandoah) in the attack in force upon Porter's corps. Magruder's and Huger's divisions were left to engage the attention of the corps of Sumner, Keyes, Heintzelman, and Franklin. As will be seen, the attack of Lee's six divisions fell upon Porter's corps, which was reinforced during the battle by Slocum's three brigades of Franklin's corps.—EDITOR.]

ion, was directed to coöperate with him, and the attack was made about dark. The enemy had intrenchments of great strength and development on the other side of the creek, and had lined the banks with his magnificent artillery. The approach was over an open plain exposed to a murderous fire of all arms, and across an almost impassable stream. The result was, as might have been foreseen, a bloody and disastrous repulse. Nearly every field-officer in the brigade was killed or wounded. It was unfortunate for the Confederates that the crossing was begun before Jackson got in rear of Mechanicsville. The loss of that position would have necessitated the abandonment of the line of Beaver Dam Creek; as in fact it did, the next day. We were lavish of blood in those days, and it was thought to be a great thing to charge a battery of artillery or an earthwork lined with infantry. "It is magnificent, but it is not war," was the sarcastic remark of the

French general as he looked on at the British cavalry charge at Balaklava. The attacks on the Beaver Dam intrenchments, on the heights of Malvern Hill, at Gettysburg, etc., were all grand, but of exactly the kind of grandeur which the South could not afford.

A brisk cannonade was kept up on the morning of the 27th for an hour or more from the Federal artillery along the line of Beaver Dam, which was held by a thin line of skirmishers, the main force having retreated to Gaines's Mill and New Cold Harbor. A. P. Hill's division was ordered to pursue on to the mill, and my division to take the Bethesda Church road to join Jackson. The works on that road were turned by my division, and some sixty or seventy prisoners holding them were captured.

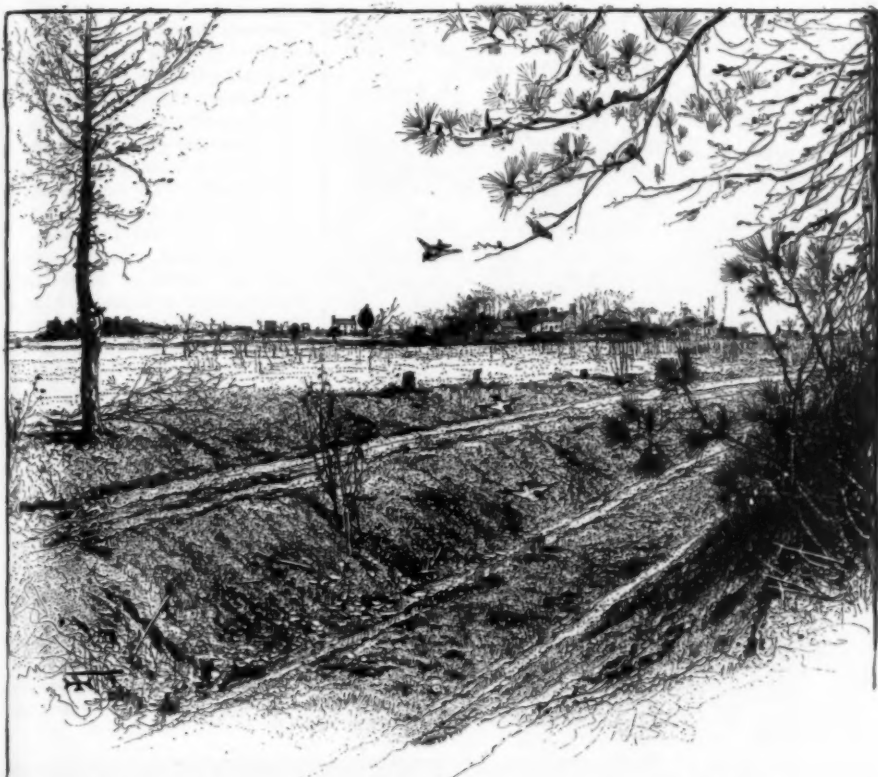
Major Dabney says:

"General Jackson continued his march on the morning of the 27th. When I overtook him he was dismounted in the turnpike road

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MECHANICSVILLE FROM THE NORTH-WEST—SCENE OF THE OPENING OF THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.
(DRAWN BY HARRY FENN AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON, RICHMOND, VA.)

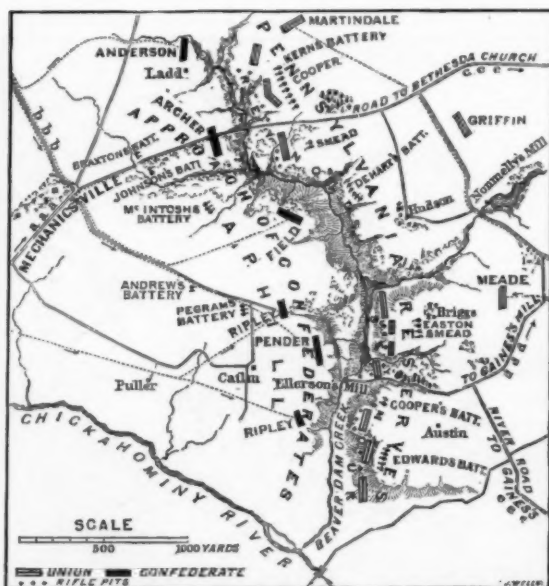
[The cross-roads (Mechanicsville proper) are indicated by the two houses at the extreme right. The woods in the left distance show the line of Beaver Dam Creek at the crossing of the upper road from the town. A. P. Hill advanced from Meadow Bridge and along the road in the foreground, his troops deploying at this point on both sides of the road about 4 P. M. The house at the left center (Hill's) marks the location of the Union battery which opened upon Hill's troops as they came along this road, from which the Confederate artillery (McIntosh's and Pegram's) replied as they advanced. Anderson's brigade was sent to the left to flank the Union guns, which, together with the single regiment left in the town by General Porter, withdrew before the enemy to the strong position beyond the creek.—EDITOR.]

with his cap off before a gentleman sitting on a cedar-stump, who was speaking to him in a suppressed voice. An old acquaintance whom I met told me that this gentleman was General Lee. The conference soon ended, and the march was resumed—deflecting strongly to the east."

General Lee's object in pressing down the Chickahominy was to unmask New Bridge, and thus to establish close communication between the forces defending Richmond and the six divisions attacking the Federal right. A. P. Hill, who marched close to the Chickahominy, succeeded in driving off the Federal troops defending the creek at Gaines's Mill, and advanced until he developed their full line of

battle at New Cold Harbor, half a mile beyond. After waiting till 2:30 P. M. to hear from Longstreet,* he advanced his division without support to the attack of the entrenched position of the Federals. He kept up a struggle for two hours, was repulsed and driven back, and in turn repulsed his pursuers. His report says: "From having been the attacking I now became the attacked; but stubbornly and gallantly was the ground held. My division was thus engaged full two hours before assistance was received. We failed to carry the enemy's lines, but we paved the way for the successful attacks afterwards, in which attacks it was necessary to employ the whole of our army on that side of the Chickahominy."

* General Lee in his official report says: "The arrival of Jackson on our left was momentarily expected, and it was supposed that his approach would cause the extension of the enemy's line in that direction. Under this impression, Longstreet was held back until this movement should commence."—EDITOR.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE, JUNE 26.

a. a. a., Approach of D. H. Hill and Longstreet from Richmond; b. a. b., Same, A. P. Hill; c. c. c., Route of D. H. Hill to Old Cold Harbor the day after the battle to join Jackson's attack on Union left; d. d. d., Route of A. P. Hill to New Cold Harbor, to attack Union center; e. e. e., Route of Longstreet to Dr. Gaines's, to attack Union left. Of the five Confederate brigades engaged in this battle, one (Ripley's) was attached to the division of D. H. Hill and came up as a reinforcement to Pender, who, with Field, Archer, and Anderson, were part of the division of A. P. Hill, his other two divisions, Gregg and Branch, being held in reserve. The losses in their hopeless attack fell chiefly upon Archer, who made the first advance about 5 p. m., and later upon Pender and Ripley. Pegram's battery was badly cut up, losing forty-seven men and many horses. On the Union side, Martindale, Griffin, and Meade came up after the battle had begun. When firing ceased, about 9 p. m., Porter's troops held their position; but Jackson's approach on their right flank compelled its evacuation early in the morning.—EDITOR.

Longstreet came into action after four o'clock. He thus describes the difficulties before him: "In front of me the enemy occupied the wooded slope of Turkey Hill, the crest of which is fifty or sixty feet higher than the plain over which my troops must pass to make an attack. The plain is about a quarter of a mile wide; the farther side was occupied by sharpshooters. Above these, and on the slope of the hill, was a line of infantry behind trees, felled so as to form a good breastwork. The crest of the hill, some forty feet above the last line, was strengthened by rifle-trenches and occupied by infantry and artillery. In addition to this the plain was enfiladed by batteries on the other side of the Chickahominy. I was, in fact, in the very position from which the enemy wished us to attack him."

All was done that mortals could do by the two gallant divisions struggling against such disadvantages, but nothing decisive could be effected until the full Confederate forces could

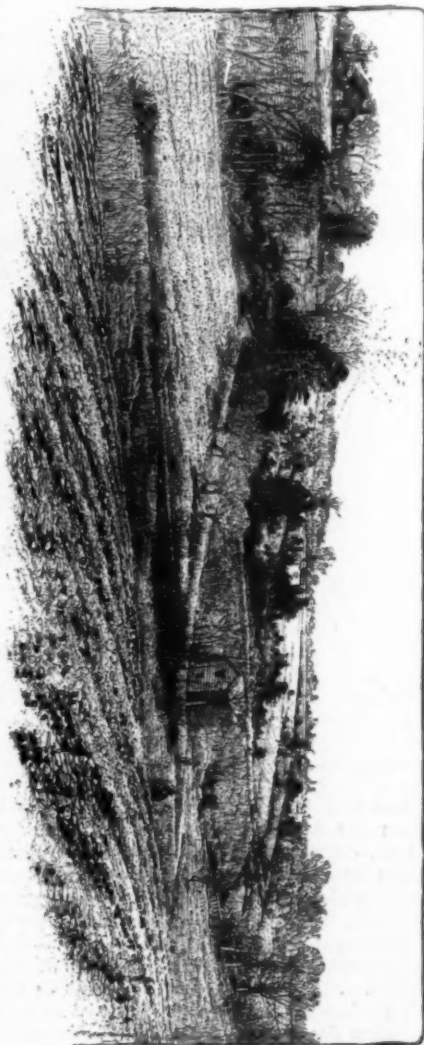


CHARGE OF CONFEDERATES UNDER RIPLEY AND PENDER AT BEAVER DAM CREEK, JUST ABOVE ELLERSON'S MILL.

be brought into action. In the meanwhile, Jackson moved forward on what we afterwards found to be the Grapevine Bridge road, my division in advance. A few squads of Federal stragglers were picked up, and some wagons and ambulances were captured. One sutler, in his desperate desire to save his fancy stock, tried to dash his wagon through Anderson's brigade. He paid no attention to the orders to halt, or to the presented bayonets. Fortunately for him, his horses d'd not have so much at stake as he had in canned fruits and vegetables, and were quite willing to surrender. Some poor ragged graybacks got toothsome delicacies then, from which they had been long debarred, and of which before nightfall they had no need forever.

About 2 P. M. we reached the neighborhood of McGee's house, an elevated knoll, which was the Federal right, and from which a dense and tangled swamp extended westward in an irregular curve to Gaines's Mill. Bondurant's battery was brought up to feel the position. Jackson remained with it for a time after the firing began. The battery was badly crippled, and was withdrawn by my order when I perceived the superiority of the enemy's artillery—always the most effective arm of his service. So little was known of the condition of the battle and of the roads, that Jackson posted my division in the woods to the left of the road, and facing towards the firing at Gaines's Mill, in order to intercept the forces that Longstreet and A. P. Hill might drive in that direction! His report says: "Hoping that Generals A. P. Hill and Longstreet would soon drive the Federals towards me, I directed General D. H. Hill to move his division to the left of the road, so as to leave between him and the wood on the right of the road an open space, across which I hoped that the enemy would be driven. . . . But it soon becoming apparent from the direction and sound of the firing that General A. P. Hill was hard pressed, I ordered a general advance of my entire corps, which

began with General D. H. Hill on the left and extending to the right, through Ewell's, Jackson's, and Whiting's divisions . . . in the order named." The swamp was to be gotten through, filled with sharpshooters, and obstructed with felled timber and choked with brush-wood. The report continues: "In



THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BEVER DAM CREEK AT ELLERSON'S MILL.—PRESENT ASPECT. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[This scene is taken from the left of the Union position on the east slope, looking up stream, the ruins of Elfrington Mill being shown in the middle ground. The house at left is Dr. Catlin's. The road past the mill, bending at the bridge over the creek, follows the bed of an old mill-race, and in use at the time of the fight) for a quarter of a mile and turns again to the left to Mechanicville, which is three-quarters of a mile farther, and the observer's point of view directly beyond the Catlin house. The Confederates advance from Mechanicville was by this road, and by another which strikes the creek nearly a mile further up. The Union position at this point was held by General Seymour and his staff, with artillery, and volunteers of Massachusetts, Michigan, and Alabama. The Confederates came across the open hills and down the slope and along the road cutting their flank to the Union soldiers, who were mostly regular troops. The Confederates were repulsed several times, but finally broke through the ranks of the Union soldiers, and the battle of the hill was fairly covered with dead and wounded. The Catlin farm was occupied chiefly by Ripley's brigade, and the hill itself was held by A. P. Hill's. The 4th Georgia alone lost just killed and wounded, and its efforts to reform in the rear without officers are described as pathetic. "Good heavens," said spectators, "is this all of the 4th Georgia?"—EDITOR.]

advancing to the attack, General D. H. Hill had to cross this swamp densely covered with tangled undergrowth and young timber. This caused some confusion, and a separation of regiments. On the farther edge of the swamp he encountered the enemy. The conflict was



CHARGE OF A SUTLER UPON ANDERSON'S BRIGADE AT GAINES'S MILL.

[At this time there were four brigade commanders of this name in the Confederate army: G. B. Anderson, in D. H. Hill's division, R. H. Anderson, in Longstreet's, Joseph R. Anderson, in A. P. Hill's, and G. T. Anderson, in Magruder's corps. The reference here is to the first.—EDITOR.]

fierce and bloody. The Federals fell back from the wood under the protection of a fence, ditch, and hill. Separated now from them by an open field, some four hundred yards wide, he promptly determined to press forward. Before doing so, however, it was necessary to capture a battery on his left which could enfilade his line upon its advance. . . . Again pressing forward, the Federals again fell back, but only to select a position for a more obstinate defense, when, at dark, under the pressure of our batteries,—which had then begun to play with marked effect upon the left, of the other concurring events of the field, and of the bold and dashing charge of General Hill's infantry, in which the troops of Brigadier-General C. S. Winder joined,—the enemy yielded the field and fled

in disorder." I have always believed that this was the first break in the Federal line; it disposed of Sykes's division of regulars, who had been so stubborn and so troublesome all day. The Comte de Paris says of their retreat: "Fearfully reduced as they are, they care less for the losses they have sustained than for the mortification of yielding to volunteers." The general advance of our whole line and their intrepid onset everywhere made the defeat of the regulars possible, but credit should be given to the troops that did it. We discovered that our line overlapped that of the Federal forces, and saw two brigades (afterwards ascertained to be under Lawton and Winder) advancing to make a front attack upon the regulars. Brigadier-Generals Samuel Garland and G. B. Anderson, commanding North Carolina bri-



GENERAL A. P. HILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COOK.)

gades in my division, asked permission to move forward and attack the right flank and rear of the division of regulars. The only difficulty in the way was a Federal battery with its infantry supports, which could enfilade them in their advance. Two regiments of Elzey's brigade, which had got separated in crossing the swamp, were sent by me, by way of my left flank, to the rear of the battery to attack the infantry supports, while Colonel Iverson, of the Twentieth North Carolina, charged it in front. The battery was captured and held long enough for the two brigades to advance across the open plain. "The effect of our appearance," says Garland's official report, "at this opportune juncture [upon the enemy's flank], cheering and charging, decided the fate of the day. The enemy broke and retreated, made a second brief stand, which induced my immediate command to halt under good cover of the bank on the roadside and return their fire, when, charging forward again, they broke and scattered in every direction." Their retreat was to the woods between the field and the river. Swinton* gives credit to Hood and Law for making the first break in the Federal line, and quotes from Jackson's

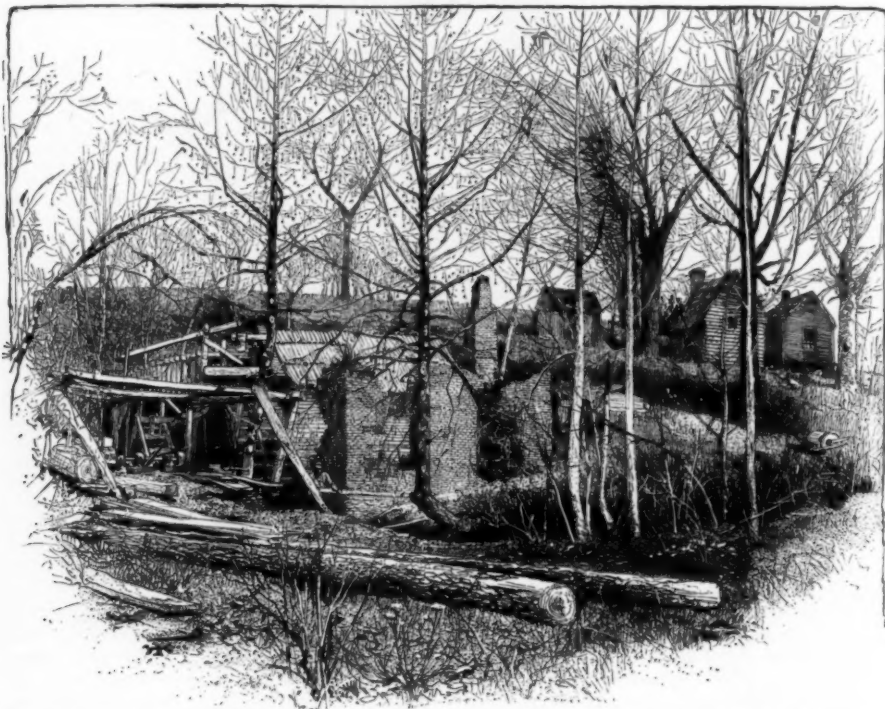
report: "Dashing on with unfaltering step in the face of those murderous discharges of canister and musketry, General Hood and Colonel E. M. Law at the head of their respective brigades rushed to the charge with a yell. Moving down a precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, clambering up a difficult ascent, and exposed to an incessant and deadly fire from the intrenchments, these brave and determined men pressed forward, driving the enemy from his well selected and fortified position. In this charge, in which upward of a thousand men fell killed and wounded before the fire of the enemy, and in which fourteen pieces of artillery and nearly a regiment were captured, the Fourth Texas, under the lead of General Hood, was the first to pierce these strongholds and seize the guns." It is evident that Jackson means to compliment Hood for being the first to pierce the intrenchments on the Federal left. But the word "first" has been misleading as to the point where the break was first made in the Federal line.

General Lawton in his official report stated that after the forces were broken in front of him on our left, a staff-officer rode up and called for assistance to charge a battery on

*"Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac." By William Swinton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the left, and that after marching two or three hundred yards by the *right* flank, "the shouts of victory from our friends announced that the last battery had been taken and the rout complete." In a letter to me just received,

left. General Winder thought that we ought to pursue into the woods, on the right of the Grapevine Bridge road; but not knowing the position of our friends, nor what Federal reserves might be awaiting us in the woods, I



PRESENT ASPECT OF GAINES'S MILL, LOOKING EAST. (DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[At the time of the battle, this building was of five stories, and was, it is said, one of the finest grist-mills in Virginia. The wooden structure, dismantled into the ruins, now covers but one pair of hurs. The mill was not injured in the fight, but was burned by Sheridan's cavalry in May, 1864, the fire extending to a dwelling-house which stood just beyond the mill. The main conflict was a mile farther to the south-east, but the ridge shown in the picture was the scene of a most gallant resistance to the Confederate advance by the Ninth Massachusetts regiment, acting as a rear-guard to Porter's corps. The road to New Cold Harbor and the battle-ground runs to the right of the picture. The mill-stream runs into Foxwhite Swamp, and thence into the Chickahominy.—EDITOR.]

General Lawton says: "I do believe that the first break was on the right of the Federal line, and I moved against that line in front. My knowledge of the position of the battery to be charged was derived solely from the lips of a staff-officer, who rode up to me at full speed on the field, and returned immediately to his chief. My recollection is, that very promptly after I heard the shouts of victory from our friends, the same messenger came again to request me to halt. . . . I cannot feel that my memory fails me when I say that you struck the enemy in flank, while Winder's command and mine moved directly on his front. The effect of these several attacks was promptly felt, and soon became conspicuous."

It was now quite dark, and I took the responsibility of halting all the troops on our

thought it advisable not to move on. General Lawton concurred with me. I had no artillery to shell the woods in advance, as mine had not got through the swamp. No Confederate officer on the field knew that the Federals had but one bridge over which to retreat, else all the artillery that could have been collected would have opened fire upon the Federal masses crowded into a narrow space in the woods, and there would have been a general advance of our line under cover of this fire. Winder was right; even a show of pressure must have been attended with great results. I made my headquarters at McGee's house, and ordered my artillery and infantry to occupy the hill around it. The artillery, however, did not get into position until sunrise next morning. Before the infantry was in place, we

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F. J. Porter

(FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

heard huzzaing on the bridge road, and understood by that that reënforcements had come up to cover the Federal retreat. They took up their position across the road and showed a determined front, but might have been broken by an artillery fire from our elevated plateau; unfortunately for us, there was no artillery to do this work.

Between nine and ten o'clock General Lawton and myself walked out alone to examine the line of battle across the road, afterwards discovered to be Meagher's Irish brigade. We got within thirty yards of the

Federals, and must have been seen, but we were not fired upon, probably because we were mistaken for a party of their own men sent up to get water at McGee's well. We met the party going back, and saw them go into their own lines. Not a word was spoken by them or by us. At such times, "Silence is golden."

In his attack upon General McClellan's right wing General Lee had 50,000 men.* General Fitz John Porter, who commanded the Federals at Cold Harbor, handled his 40,000 men with an ability unsurpassed on any field during the war. He had greatly the advantage

* Dabney, in his "Life of Jackson," puts the Confederate force at 40,000. Swinton estimates General Porter's forces at 30,000 and Lee's at 70,000 — an under- and an over-estimate respectively, I think.—D. H. H. But see page 319.—EDITOR.

in position, and he had improved this superiority with intrenchments, log breastworks, rifle-pits, and abatis. He had an immense preponderance in artillery, and that of the most superb character. Many of our field-batteries did not get across the swamp at all, and those which did get over were inferior in range and power to General Porter's. Artillery seems to have been a favorite arm with General McClellan, and he had brought it to the highest point of efficiency.

I do not know how much of our infantry straggled in the swamp. Ripley got lost, and his fine brigade was not in action at all. Of Colquitt's brigade, the Sixth and Twenty-seventh Georgia regiments were engaged; the other three regiments were not. Rodes, Garland, and Anderson kept their brigades well in hand and did brilliant service. (These three splendid officers were all killed, subsequently, in battle.) I do not know how many men the other five divisions lost by the difficulties of the swamp; but if their loss was proportional to mine, the Confederates outnumbered the Federals by only a few hundreds. However, it is hardly probable that their loss was so great, as my division had to go through the densest part of the swamp.

Riding in advance of his skirmish-line through the swamp attended by a few staff-officers, General Jackson found himself in the presence of fifteen or twenty Federal soldiers on outpost duty. He judged it the part of prudence to assume the offensive and charge upon them before they fired upon him. I am indebted to Major T. O. Chestney, then assistant adjutant-general of Elzey's brigade, for the following account:

"As Elzey's brigade was pressing forward to the line held by the Confederates at the bloody battle of Gaines's Mill, a squad of fifteen or twenty soldiers were encountered on their way to the rear. A tall fellow at the head of the little party drew special attention to himself by singing out to us at the top of his voice with an oath, 'Gentlemen, we had the honor of being captured by Stonewall Jackson himself'—a statement which he repeated with evident pride all along the line, as our men tramped past. We subsequently learned that his story was true. General Jackson, having ridden some distance in advance, had come suddenly upon the blue-coats, and with his characteristic impetuosity had charged among them and ordered them to surrender, which they made haste to do."

One of the saddest things connected with the miserable fratricidal war was the breaking up of ties of friendship and of blood. The troops opposing mine on that murderous field that day were the regulars of General George Sykes, a

Southerner by birth, and my room-mate at West Point,—a man admired by all for his honor, courage, and frankness, and peculiarly endeared to me by his social qualities. During the negotiations of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners, intrusted to General Dix and myself, I sent word to General Sykes, through Colonel Sweitzer, of General McClellan's staff, that "had I known that he was in front of me at Cold Harbor, I would have sent some of my North Carolina boys up to take him out of the cold." He replied through the same source: "I appreciate the sarcasm, but our time will be next and the tables will be turned." Alas! it was a true prophecy. About nine p. m. on the 27th, Major H. B. Clitz was brought into my room at the McGee house, headquarters for the night, wounded in the leg, and a prisoner. He was very young and boyish-looking when he entered West Point, and was a very great favorite with us of maturer years. It flashed upon my mind how, in the Mexican war, as his regiment filed past, I had almost a fatherly fear lest he should be struck; and now he was here, wounded by one of my own men! He was tenderly cared for by my medical director, Doctor Mott, and I was delighted to learn that he would not lose his leg. With a sort of shamefacedness, my staff gave him some of our coarse supper. Longstreet's inspector-general, much under the influence of liquor, got into quite a heated discussion with Major Clitz, in which the latter said, "You have outnumbered us to-day, but if McClellan is the man I take him to be, he'll pay you well for it before all is over." Malvern Hill impressed this remark upon my memory! I said to the Confederate, "You must not be rude to a wounded prisoner," and he apologized frankly for his abrupt language. The next morning General J. F. Reynolds was brought in as a prisoner. He had been my mess-mate in the old army for more than a year, and for half that time my tent-mate. Not an unkind word had ever passed between us. General Reynolds seemed confused and mortified at his position. He sat down and covered his face with his hands, and at length said: "Hill, we ought not to be enemies." I told him that there was no bad feeling on my part, and that he ought not to fret at the fortunes of war, which were notoriously fickle. He was placed in my ambulance and sent over to Richmond, declining a loan of Confederate money. General Reynolds had gone to sleep in the woods between the battle-ground and the Chickahominy, and when he awoke, his troops were gone and the bridge broken down.

Winder, Anderson, and Garland, probably the most promising of all our young brigadiers,

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fell fighting for the cause they loved so well. Reynolds, one of the noblest of mankind, fell doing his duty on his side at Gettysburg. Sykes, as the friend of McClellan, never received the recognition which his knightly qualities demanded. Worst of all, Porter, who commanded on the field the most creditable to the Federal arms, received that condemnation so much worse than death to the proud soldier from the country he had served so ably and so loyally.

In these battles, the great want with the Confederates, strange as it may seem, was accurate knowledge of the country in their front. The map furnished me (and I suppose the six other major-generals had no better) was very full in regard to everything within

near Richmond, and of opening up communications with it as soon as possible. The crossing of the river by General A. P. Hill before hearing from Jackson precipitated the fight on the first day; and it having begun, it was deemed necessary to keep it up, without waiting for Jackson. The same necessity compelled Lee on the second day to attack his antagonist on his own strong and well-chosen position. Lee knew that McClellan depended upon the York River Railroad for his supplies, and by moving upon that road he could have compelled the battle upon his own selected ground, with all the advantages thereof. The lack of transportation, and the fear of the capture of Richmond while he was making this detour to the Federal rear, constrained him to



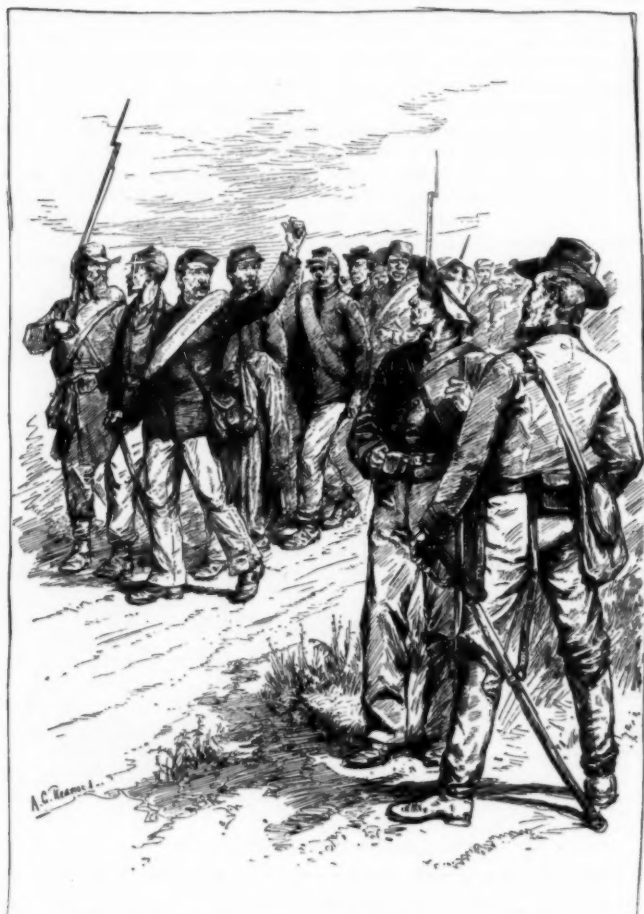
OLD COLD HARBOR TAVERN. (DRAWN BY W. TABER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. S. ANDERSON.)

[This view is from the south, from the road by which the Confederate left under Stonewall Jackson and D. H. Hill advanced to attack Porter's right. Five roads meet at this point. Old Cold Harbor consists of one or two houses and a smithy. During the battle of Gaines's Mill the tavern was within the Confederate lines. Two years later, during the bloody engagement of General Grant's campaign, it was within the Union lines. The name is sometimes written Cool Harbor, Coal Harbor, or Cool Arbor; but Mr. Burnet, the present owner of the tavern, says that family tradition admits only Cold Harbor.—EDITOR.]

our own lines; but a red line on the east side of the Chickahominy and nearly parallel to it, without any points marked on it, was our only guide to the route on which our march was to be made. None of us knew of the formidable character of the works on Beaver Dam. The blood shed by the Southern troops there was wasted in vain, and worse than in vain; for the fight had a most dispiriting effect on our troops. They might have been halted at Mechanicsville until Jackson had turned the works on the creek, and all that waste of blood could have been avoided. Ripley's brigade was sent to the assistance of Pender, by the direct order, through me, of both Mr. Davis and General Lee. They both felt pressing upon them the vast importance of keeping

surrender the advantage of position to McClellan and his able lieutenant, General Porter, commanding in the field. Never was ground more wisely chosen or more skillfully arranged for defense.

During Lee's absence Richmond was at the mercy of McClellan; but Magruder was there to keep up a "clatter," as Swinton expresses it. No one was better fitted for such a work. When McClellan landed on the Peninsula, he had 118,000 men, and Magruder had 11,500 to cover a defensive line of fourteen miles (see "Official Records, War of the Rebellion," Vol. XI., Part III., pages 77 and 436). But "Prince John" (as Magruder was called) amused his enemy by keeping up a "clatter," and it may be, amused himself as well. No one



"CAPTURED BY STONEWALL JACKSON HIMSELF." (SEE PAGE 306.)

ever lived who could play off the Grand Seignor with a more lordly air than could the Prince.* During the absence of Lee, he kept up such a clatter that each of McClellan's corps commanders was expecting a special visit from the much-plumed cap and the once-gaudy attire of the master of ruses and strat-

egy. He put on naturally all those grand and imposing devices which so successfully deceive the military opponent.

Just before we crossed the Chickahominy, I asked General Garland if he remembered what Napoleon said at Austerlitz when one of his marshals had begged permission to at-

* In ante-bellum days (so the old army story used to run) Magruder was a lieutenant of artillery at Rouse's Point. There his mess entertained some British officers, two of whom were scions of nobility. The visit having been expected, the mess had borrowed or rented gold plate and silver plate, cut-glass ware, rich furniture, and stylish equipages for driving the noble guests around. Prince John assured them that these were but the debris of the former splendor of the regimental mess. "Only the debris, my lord; the schooner bringing most of the mess plate from Florida was unfortunately wrecked." One of the dazzled and bewildered noblemen said to Prince John, on the second day of the gorgeous festival: "We do not wish to be impolitely inquisitive, but we have been so much impressed with this magnificence that we are constrained to believe that American officers must be paid enormously. What is your monthly pay?" Assuming an indifferent air, Prince John said: "Damned if I know," then, turning to his servant, he asked, "Jim, what is my monthly pay?" The servant was discreetly silent, it may be from a wink, or it may be that to remember sixty-five dollars was too heavy a tax upon his memory also.—D. H. H.

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tack a column of the Austro-Russian army which was making a flank movement. Garland replied: "I, too, was just thinking that McClellan was saying to his officers, as Napoleon did, 'When your enemy is making a false movement, do not strike him till he has completed it'; and it may be that he will gobble up Richmond while we are away."

The fortifications around Richmond at that time were very slight. He could have captured the city with but little loss of life. The want of supplies would have forced Lee to attack him as soon as possible, with all the disadvantages of a precipitated movement. But the Federal commander seems to have contemplated nothing of the kind; and as he placed the continuance of the siege upon the hazard of Cold Harbor, he was bound to put every available man into that fight.

While we were lying all day idle on the 28th, unable to cross the Chickahominy, the

clouds of smoke from the burning plunder in the Federal camps and the frequent explosions of magazines indicated a retreat; but General Whiting kept insisting upon it that all this was but a *ruse de guerre* of McClellan preparatory to a march upon Richmond. I made to him some such reply as that once made to General Longstreet, when a cadet at West Point, by Professor Kendrick.

The professor asked Longstreet, who never looked at his chemistry, how the carbonic acid of commerce was made. Longstreet replied:

"By burning diamonds in oxygen gas."

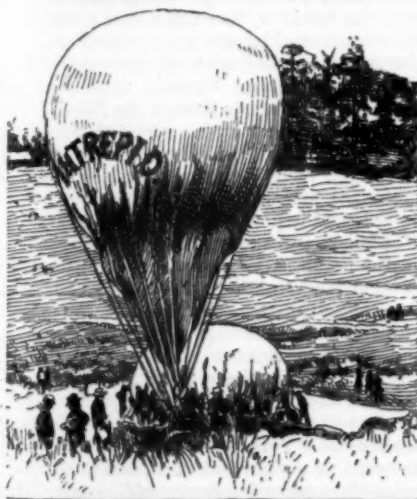
"Yes," said Professor Kendrick, "that will do it; but don't you think it would be a *little* expensive?"*

"Don't you think," I said to Whiting, "that this *ruse* of McClellan is a *little* expensive?"

The old West Point yarn had a very quieting effect upon his apprehensions.

D. H. Hill.

THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL AND ITS PRELIMINARIES.



LOWE'S MILITARY BALLOON, IN THE SERVICE OF GENERAL McCLELLAN IN THE RICHMOND CAMPAIGN.

THE events immediately preceding the "Seven Days' Battles on the Peninsula," in June, 1862, have been subjects of great

historical interest, and the causes which prompted certain movements connected with that campaign have given rise to much dispute and controversy. It is with the hope that a history of the part taken by my command during those days may shed new light upon the story of that eventful period, that the following narrative has been prepared. I have been compelled, however, to confine myself to facts within my own personal knowledge and to statements of the matters that influenced my actions, whether premeditated and by order, or the result of movements necessary to be taken by the exigencies of existing circumstances.

After the battle of Fair Oaks, during the greater part of the month of June, 1862, the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, and the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, confronted each other, east of Richmond. The two armies were of nearly equal strength.† McClellan's forces, divided by the Chickahominy, were extended south of that stream, from New Bridge to White Oak Swamp, leaving north of the river only the Fifth Army Corps. The Confederate troops faced the Federal army throughout its length,

* Professor Kendrick would never contradict any one, but always modify the answer when wrong. The following is a specimen of his style of questioning. X. Y. Z. (whose name is now a household word) was on examination: Professor K. "What is its color?" X. Y. Z. "White, sir." Professor K. "Yes, you mean a kind of grayish white. In fact, you might call it coal black, might you not?" X. Y. Z. "Yes, sir, that's it."—D. H. H.

† The records give: Union army, 144 regiments, 60 batteries; Confederate, 187 regiments, 89 batteries.—F. J. P. ‡ Colonel Auchmuty, of New York City, who made many ascensions by this balloon from the camp near Doctor Gaines's before the battle, says that the Confederates had a Whitworth gun at Mrs. Price's, on the south side of the Chickahominy, with which they would fire at the balloon as it rose and descended. The usual height for observation was 1000 feet; and when lower than 300 feet high the balloon was within range of this gun. General Porter made no fewer than a hundred such ascensions.—EDITOR.

from White Oak Swamp to New Bridge and thence up the right bank of the Chickahominy, covering the important crossings at Mechanicsville and Meadow Bridge, north of the city.

South of the Chickahominy each army was secured against surprise in flank or successful attack in front by that swollen stream; by marshy lands and muddy roads; by redoubts studded with artillery and rifle-pits well manned, all flanked or covered by swamps, tangled thickets, and slashed timber. Notwithstanding the apparent quiet, both armies were actively engaged in the erection of those defensive works which permit large forces to be detached, at opportune moments, for aggressive action or for the defense of menaced positions. These preparations for offensive and defensive action, known to both commanders, plainly impressed on each the necessity of guarding against any errors in position, and the importance of preparing promptly to take advantage of any opening in his opponent's line which promised results commensurate with the risks involved.

It was apparent to both generals that Richmond could only be taken in one of two ways: by regular approaches or by assault. An assault would require superior forces, supported by ample reserves. It was equally apparent that an attack could readily be made from Richmond, because that city's well armed and manned intrenchments would permit its defense by a small number of men, while large forces could be concentrated and detached for offensive operations.

The faulty location of the Union army, divided as it was by the Chickahominy, was from the first realized by General McClellan, and became daily an increasing cause of care and anxiety to him; not the least disturbing element of which was the impossibility of quickly reinforcing his right wing or promptly drawing it to the south bank. That this dilemma was known to so intelligent and vigilant a commander as General Lee could not be doubted; and that it was certainly demonstrated to him by General J. E. B. Stuart's

dashing cavalry raid around the Union army, on June 14th, was shown in many ways.* One evidence of it was his immediate erection of field-works on his left, and his increasing resistance to the efforts of Union scouts to penetrate into the roads leading to Richmond from the north. This indicated that Lee was preparing to guard against the reinforcement of McClellan's right, and also against information reaching us of Confederate reinforcements from the north.

McClellan had been forced into this faulty position on the Chickahominy and held there by the oft-repeated assurances that McDowell's corps of 40,000 men, then at Fredericksburg, would be advanced to Richmond and formed on his immediate right, which would make that wing safe.† On the 27th of May, under promise that McDowell would join him at once, McClellan cleared his front of all opposition to his rapid march, by operations at Hanover Court House. If McDowell had joined McClellan then, it would have resulted in the capture of Richmond. That junction could also easily have been brought about immediately after the battle of Fair Oaks, and even then Richmond could have been taken. But the Confederate authorities so skillfully used Jackson, in the Valley of Virginia, as to draw off McDowell; while the fears of the Administration, then aroused for the safety of Washington, together with a changed policy, caused him to be held back from the Army of the Potomac; and, although orders were several times issued requiring McDowell to unite with McClellan, and assurances were given as late as June 26th that he would so unite, yet he never arrived, and the right wing of McClellan's army, then left exposed, became the object of attack. McClellan saw the coming storm, and guarded against it as best he could. Realizing the faultiness of his position, resulting from McDowell's withdrawal to the North, he desired to correct the error by changing his base from York River to the James, where he could be easily reinforced, and from which point his communications would be safe. This change could not be made so long as

* General Stuart's raid round the Union lines was begun on Wednesday, June 13 (1862), by an advance to the South Anna Bridge on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railway. (See map on page 293.) Stuart had with him about 1200 cavalry and a section of the Stuart Horse Artillery, the principal officers under him being Colonel Fitzhugh Lee and Colonel W. H. F. Lee. Early Thursday morning they started east, and soon were having a brush with Union outposts at Hanover Court House. Thence they moved rapidly east to Old Church near the Tolopotomoy, where they had a skirmish and running fight with a detachment of Union cavalry. Stuart there decided to complete the circuit of the Union army by pushing forward to Tunstall's Station, nine miles farther east, and thence to the James. At Garlick's, on the Pamunkey, his forces destroyed two transports and a number of wagons. They captured Tunstall's on the York River Railway, and tried to obstruct the road and fired into a train laden with soldiers which dashed past them. After burning a railway bridge and a wagon-train, they proceeded by moonlight south to Jones's Bridge on the Chickahominy, the repairing of which delayed their march till 1 P. M. of Friday. Once across, they made their way without difficulty to Charles City Court House and reached Richmond *via* the River road early Saturday morning.—EDITOR.

† See Stanton's letter of May 18: "You are instructed to cooperate so as to establish this communication as soon as possible, by extending your right wing to the north of Richmond."—F. J. P.

McDowell's advance was to be expected, nor in any event could it be effected without great risk to the safety of his own army in the face of a vigilant and active foe of superior strength, and without seriously jeopardizing the success of the cause for which he was devoting all his energies. He, however, secured, by careful examination full information of the roads and the character of the country over which he would be obliged to move, if circumstances or policy should require a change of base, and as early as June 18th sent vessels loaded with supplies to the James River.

In the middle of June General McClellan intrusted to me the management of affairs on the north bank of the Chickahominy, and confided to me his plans, as well as his hopes and apprehensions. His plans embraced defensive arrangements against an attack from Richmond upon our weak right flank. We did not fear the results of such an attack if made by the forces from Richmond alone; but if, in addition, we were to be attacked by Jackson's forces, suspicions of whose approach were already aroused, we felt that we should be in peril. But as Jackson had thus far prevented McDowell from joining us, we trusted that McDowell, Banks, and Frémont, who had been directed to watch Jackson, would be able to prevent him from joining Lee, or, at least, would give timely warning of his escape from their front and follow close upon his heels.

With McClellan's approval, my command was distributed as follows:

Meade's brigade of McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserves was posted at Gaines's house, protecting a siege battery controlling New Bridge; Reynolds's and Seymour's brigades held the rifle-pits skirting the east bank of Beaver Dam Creek and the field-works covering the only crossings near Mechanicsville and Ellerson's Mill. These field-works, well armed with artillery, and the rifle-pits, well manned, controlled the roads and open fields on the west bank of that creek, and were concealed by timber and brush from an approaching foe. The infantry outposts from the same division, and their supports, west of Mechanicsville to Meadow Bridge, were instructed, if attacked or threatened by superior forces, to fall back by side approaches to the rear of Reynolds, at the upper crossing, thus leaving the main approaches open to the fire of their artillery and infantry defenders.

North from Meadow Bridge to the Pamunkey Federal cavalry pickets kept vigilant watch, and protected detachments felling timber for obstructing the roads against the rapid march of any force upon the flank or rear of the right wing.

Cooke's cavalry, near Cold Harbor, guarded the right rear, and scouted towards Hanover Court House, while Morell's and Sykes's divisions were conveniently camped so as to cover the bridge-crossings and to move quickly to any threatened point.

Such was the situation on the 24th of June, when, at midnight, General McClellan telegraphed me that a pretended deserter, whom I had that day sent him, had informed him that Jackson was in the immediate vicinity, ready to unite with Lee in an attack upon my command. Though we had reason to suspect Jackson's approach, this was the first intimation we had of his arrival; and we could obtain from Washington at that time no further confirmation of our suspicions, nor any information of the fact that he had left the front of those directed to watch him in northern Virginia.

Reynolds, who had special charge of the defenses of Beaver Dam Creek and of the forces at and above Mechanicsville, was at once informed of the situation. He prepared to give our anticipated visitors a warm welcome. The infantry division and cavalry commanders were directed to break camp at the first sound of battle, pack their wagons and send them to the rear, and, with their brigades, to take specified positions in support of troops already posted, or to protect the right flank.

On the 25th the pickets of the left of the main army south of the Chickahominy were pushed forward under strong opposition, and gained, after sharp fighting, considerable ground, so as to enable the Second and Third Corps (Sumner's and Heintzelman's) to support the attack on Old Tavern intended to be made next day by the Sixth Corps (Franklin's). The result of the fighting was to convince the corps commanders engaged that there had been no reduction of forces in their front to take part in any movement upon our right flank.

Early on the 26th I was informed of a large increase of forces opposite Reynolds, and before noon the Confederates gave evidence of intention to cross the river at Meadow Bridge and Mechanicsville, while from our cavalry scouts along the Virginia Central Railroad came reports of the approach from the north of large masses of troops.

Thus the attitude of the two armies towards each other was changed. Yesterday, McClellan was rejoicing over the success of his advance towards Richmond. He was still assured of McDowell's junction. To-day, all the united available forces in Virginia were to be thrown against his right flank, which was not in a convenient position to be supported.

The prizes now to be contended for were: on the part of McClellan, the safety of his right wing, protection behind his intrenchments with the possibility of being able to remain there, and the giving of sufficient time to enable him to effect a change of base to the James; on the part of Lee, the destruction of McClellan's right wing, the drawing him from his intrenchments and attacking him in front, and thus to raise the siege of Richmond.

BATTLE OF MECHANICSVILLE.

THE morning of Thursday, June 25th, dawned clear and bright, giving promise that the day would be a brilliant one. The formation of the ground south of the Chickahominy opposite Mechanicsville, and west to Meadow Bridge, largely concealed from view the forces gathered to execute an evidently well-planned and well-prepared attack upon my command. For some hours, on our side of the river, the lull before the storm prevailed, except at Mechanicsville and at the two bridge-crossings. At these points our small outposts were conspicuously displayed for the purpose of creating an impression of numbers and of an intention to maintain an obstinate resistance. We aimed to invite a heavy attack, and then, by rapid withdrawal, to incite such confidence in the enemy as to induce incautious pursuit.

In the northern and western horizon vast clouds of dust arose, indicating the movements of Jackson's advancing forces. They were far distant, and we had reason to believe that the obstacles to their rapid advance, placed in their way by detachments sent for that purpose, would prevent them from making an attack that day. As before stated, we did not fear Lee alone; we did fear his attack, combined with one by Jackson, on our flank; but our fears were allayed for a day.

General McClellan's desire to make the earliest and quickest movements at that time possible, and his plans arranged for the accomplishment of that desire, as expressed to me, were substantially conveyed in the following dispatch of June 23d from his chief-of-staff:

"Your dispositions of your troops are approved by the commanding general. . . . If you are attacked, be careful to state as promptly as possible the number, composition, and position of the enemy. The troops on this side will be held ready either to support you directly or to attack the enemy in their front. If the force attacking you is large, the general would prefer the latter course, counting upon your skill and the admirable troops under your command to hold their own against superior numbers long enough for him to make the decisive movement, which will determine the fate of Richmond."

The position selected on Beaver Dam Creek for our line of defense was naturally very strong. The banks of the valley were steep, and forces advancing on the adjacent plains presented their flanks, as well as their front, to the fire of both infantry and artillery, safely posted behind intrenchments. The stream was over waist-deep and bordered by swamps. Its passage was difficult for infantry at all points, and impracticable for artillery, except at the bridge-crossing at Ellerson's Mill, and at the one above, near Mechanicsville.

Quite early in the day I visited General Reynolds, near the head of the creek, and had the best reasons not only to be contented, but thoroughly gratified, with the admirable arrangements of this accomplished officer, and to be encouraged by the cheerful confidence of himself and his able and gallant assistants, Seymour on his left, at Ellerson's Mill, and Simmons and Roy Stone in his front. Each of these officers commanded a portion of the Pennsylvania Reserves — all under the command of the brave and able veteran, McCall. These troops were about to engage in their first battle, and bore themselves then, as they did on trying occasions immediately following, with the cheerful spirit of the volunteer and the firmness of the veteran soldier — examples inspiring emulation in these trying "seven days' battles."

Part of the general details previously adopted was then ordered to be followed, and subsequently was enforced as near as practicable in all the battles in which my corps engaged: that under no circumstances should the men expose themselves by leaving their intrenchments, or other cover, merely to pursue a repulsed foe; nor, except in uneven ground, which would permit the fire of artillery to pass well over their heads, was infantry or cavalry to be posted in front of a battery, or moved so as to interfere with its fire. Bullet, shot, and shell were to be relied upon for both repulse and pursuit.

Sitting for hours near the telegraph operator at my quarters, prior to the attack, I listened to the constant and rapid "ticking" of his machine, and was kept informed, by the various intercommunicating messages at the headquarters of the army, of the condition of affairs in front of the three corps farthest to the left. Reports often came from them that the enemy's camps seemed to be largely deserted, confirming the information that the enemy had gathered in front of Franklin and myself. Yet, the following day, when I called for aid to resist the forces of Lee and Jackson at Gaines's Mill, known to be immensely superior to mine, the commanders of these three corps expressed the belief that



CONFEDERATE RETREAT THROUGH MECHANICSVILLE BEFORE ADVANCE OF McCLELLAN'S ARTILLERY, MAY 24TH. (FROM A SKETCH AT THE TIME.)

[These buildings, together with one house to the left (not shown in the picture), compose the town. The view is from the east, and the retreat is in the direction of the Mechanicsville Bridge. This was a month before the battle of Mechanicsville.—EDITOR.]

they were about to be attacked by bodies larger than their own, and objected to detaching any part of their troops.

From the cavalry scouts of Farnsworth, Stoneman, and Cooke, whose forces stretched, in the order named, from Meadow Bridge north to the Pamunkey, reports came that Jackson was advancing slowly upon my flank. I was also informed that the departure of Jackson from northern Virginia was suspected, but not positively known, at Washington; but that at this critical moment no assistance whatever could be expected from that vicinity.

Perhaps at this time the Administration had been crippled by its own acts, and could not respond to General McClellan's calls for aid. About April 1st, when our army began active operations in the field and recruiting should have been encouraged, the enrollment of troops was ordered to be stopped. The War Governor of Pennsylvania, notably, disregarded this order. His foresight was afterwards recognized at Antietam, when he was able to render valuable assistance. In the month of June, however, the policy had begun to change, and the troops in northern Virginia were being placed in charge of an officer called to Washington "to take command of Banks and Frémont, perhaps McDowell, take the field against Jackson, and eventually supersede McClellan." At the day the order was issued, June 27th, however, there was no enemy confronting that officer—Jackson having disappeared from northern Virginia, and being in my front at Gaines's Mill.

About two o'clock P. M. on the 26th, the

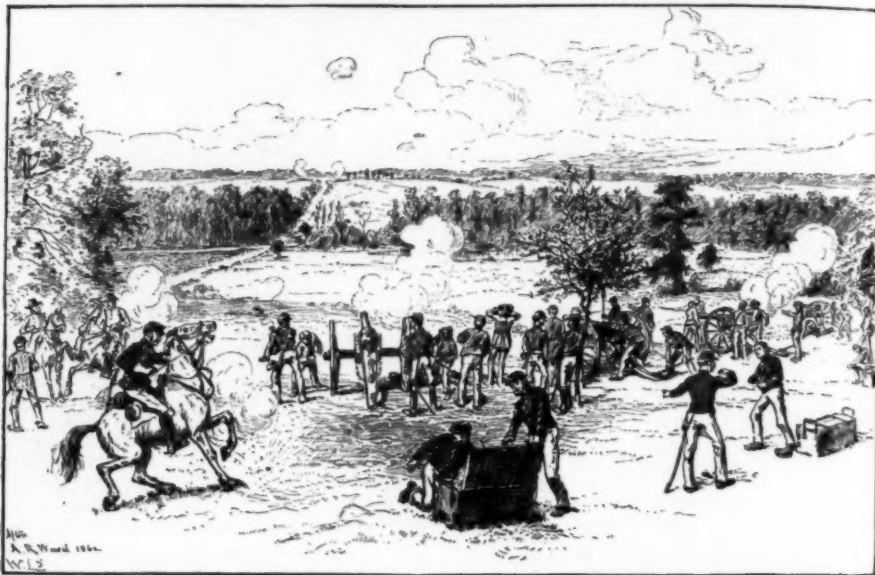
boom of a single cannon in the direction of Mechanicsville resounded through our camps. This was the signal which had been agreed upon, to announce the fact that the enemy were crossing the Chickahominy. The curtain rose; the stage was prepared for the first scene of the tragedy. At once tents were struck, wagons packed and sent to the rear to cross to the right bank of the Chickahominy. The several divisions were promptly formed, and took the positions to which they had previously been assigned. General McCall assumed command at Beaver Dam Creek; Meade joined him, taking position behind Seymour; Martindale and Griffin, of Morell's division, went, respectively, to the right and rear of Reynolds; Butterfield was directed to support General Cooke's, and subsequently Martindale's right, while Sykes was held ready to move wherever needed. Reynolds and Seymour prepared for action, and concealed their men.

About three o'clock, the enemy, under Longstreet, D. H. and A. P. Hill, in large bodies commenced rapidly to cross the Chickahominy, almost simultaneously at Mechanicsville, Meadow Bridge, and above, and pushed down the left bank, along the roads leading to Beaver Dam Creek. In accordance with directions previously given, the outposts watching the access to the crossings fell back after slight resistance to their already designated position on the east bank of Beaver Dam Creek, destroying the bridges as they retired. (See map on page 300.)

After passing Mechanicsville the attacking forces were divided, a portion taking the road to

Ellerson's Mill, while the larger body directed their march into the valley of Beaver Dam Creek, upon the road covered by Reynolds. Apparently unaware, or regardless, of the great danger in their front, this force moved on with animation and confidence, as if going to parade, or engaging in a sham battle. Sud-

ress. Seymour's direct and Reynolds's flank fire soon arrested them and drove them to shelter, suffering even more disastrously than those who had attacked Reynolds. Late in the afternoon, greatly strengthened, they renewed the attack with spirit and energy, some reaching the borders of the stream, but



UNION ARTILLERY AT MECHANICSVILLE SHELLING CONFEDERATE WORKS SOUTH OF THE CHICKANOMINY.

[This sketch was made at the time—several days before the beginning of the Seven Days' Battles. It is here given to indicate the topography of the neighborhood. The road to Richmond crosses the stream by the Mechanicsville Bridge, the half-dozen houses composing the town being to the left of the ground occupied by the battery. It was by this road that the troops of D. H. Hill's and Longstreet's divisions crossed to join Jackson and A. P. Hill in the attack upon the right of McClellan's army.—EDITOR.]

denly, when half-way down the bank of the valley, our men opened upon it rapid volleys of artillery and infantry, which strewed the road and hill-side with hundreds of dead and wounded, and drove the main body of the survivors back in rapid flight to and beyond Mechanicsville. So rapid was the fire upon the enemy's huddled masses clambering back up the hill, that some of Reynolds's ammunition was exhausted, and two regiments were relieved by the Fourth Michigan and Fourteenth New York of Griffin's brigade. On the extreme right a small force of the enemy secured a foothold on the east bank, but it did no harm, and retired under cover of darkness.

The forces which were directed against Seymour at Ellerson's Mill made little prog-

only to be repulsed with terrible slaughter, which warned them not to attempt a renewal of the fight. Little depressions in the ground shielded many from our fire, until, when night came on, they all fell back beyond the range of our guns. Night put an end to the contest.

The Confederates suffered severely. All night the moans of the dying and the shrieks of the wounded reached our ears. Our loss was only about 250 of the 5000 engaged, while that of the Confederates was nearly 2000 out of some 10,000 attacking.*

General McClellan had joined me on the battle-field at an early hour in the afternoon. While we discussed plans for the immediate future, influenced in our deliberations by the gratifying results of the day, numerous and

* Union forces engaged, eleven regiments, six batteries. Confederate forces engaged, twenty-one regiments, eight batteries.—F. J. P.

* According to the official returns the total Union loss at Mechanicsville was 361, but little more than that of the Forty-fourth Georgia alone (335). The Confederate loss, exclusive of Field's and Anderson's brigades and of the batteries, is reported at 1589. General Longstreet is quoted by Mr. William Swinton as his authority for putting the aggregate at "between three and four thousand." (*Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, p. 145.)—EDITOR.

unvarying accounts from our outposts and scouts toward the Pamunkey warned us of the danger impending on the arrival of Jackson, and necessitated a decision as to which side of the Chickahominy should be held in force. He, however, left me late at night, about one A. M. (27th), with the expectation of receiving information on his arrival at his own headquarters, from the tenor of which he would be enabled to decide whether I should hold my present position or withdraw to a well-selected and more advantageous one east of Gaines's Mill, where I could protect the bridges across the Chickahominy, over which I must retire if compelled to leave the left bank. He left General Barnard, of the Engineers, with me, to point out the new line of battle in case he decided to withdraw me from Beaver Dam Creek. The orders to withdraw reached me about three o'clock A. M., and were executed as rapidly as possible.

GAINES'S MILL, OR THE CHICKAHOMINY.

The position selected for the new stand was east of Powhite Creek, about six miles from Beaver Dam Creek. The line of battle was semicircular, the extremities being in the valley of the Chickahominy, while the intermediate portion occupied the high grounds along the bank of a creek and curved around past McGee's to Elder Swamp. Part of the front was covered by the ravine of the creek. The east bank was lined with trees and underbrush, which afforded concealment and protection to our troops and artillery.

From the point where the line of the creek turns suddenly to the east, the front was a series of boggy-swamps covered extensively with tangled brush. Near McGee's and beyond, the ground, elevated and drier, was filled with ravines swept by our artillery and infantry, who were covered by depressions in the ground. The high land embraced within the semicircle was cleared ground, but undulating, and often, with the aid of fences and ditches, giving concealment and cover, breast high, to both infantry and artillery.

Before sunrise of the 27th the troops were withdrawn from Beaver Dam Creek and sent to their new position east of Powhite Creek, destroying the bridges across it after them.

Some batteries and infantry skirmishers, left as a ruse at Beaver Dam Creek, by their fire so fully absorbed the attention of the foe that our purpose suddenly and rapidly to abandon the intrenchments seemed unsuspected. But when they discovered our withdrawal, their infantry pressed forward in small detachments, the main body and the artillery being delayed to rebuild the bridges. Seymour's brigade, the

last to start, under its skillful commander, with Tidball's and Robertson's well-managed Horse Batteries on its flanks, kept the enemy at a respectful distance and enabled all horse, foot and artillery, wagons and wounded, to reach, with little loss, their designated posts in the new position; my brave and efficient aide, Lieutenant Weld, however, was taken prisoner.

The siege guns were safely removed by hand from the works overlooking New Bridge and taken to the south bank of the Chickahominy, where, protected by Franklin's corps, they were posted and used with damaging effect upon the enemy as they advanced that afternoon to attack the left of our line.

Our new line of battle was well selected and strong, though long and requiring either more troops to man it than I had, or too great a thinning of my line by the use of the reserves. The east bank of the creek, from the valley of the Chickahominy to its swampy sources, was elevated, sloping, and timbered. The bed of the stream was nearly dry, and its west bank gave excellent protection to the first line of infantry posted under it to receive the enemy descending the cleared field sloping to it. The swampy grounds along the sources of the creek were open to our view in front for hundreds of yards, and were swept by the fire of infantry and artillery. The roads from Gaines's Mill and Old Cold Harbor, along which the enemy were compelled to advance, were swept by artillery posted on commanding ground.

Along the ground thus formed and close to its border were posted the divisions of Morell and Sykes—the latter on the right—Martin's Massachusetts Battery between—each brigade having in reserve, immediately in its rear, two of its regiments. Sections or full batteries of the Division artillery were posted to sweep the avenues of approach, and the fields on which these avenues opened. Wherever possible and useful, guns were placed between brigades and on higher ground, in front or rear, as judgment dictated. The unemployed guns were in reserve with their divisions. Batteries of Hunt's Reserve Artillery were in rear of the left, covered by timber from view of the enemy, but ready to move at a moment's call, or from their stand to pour their irresistible fire into the enemy's face in case they broke our line.

McCall's division formed a second line, near the artillery in reserve, in rear of Morell, and immediately behind the woods on the left. Reynolds, the first to leave Beaver Dam Creek, had gone to Barker's Mill to cover the approaches from Cold Harbor and Dispatch Station to Grapevine Bridge; but hearing the battleraging on our left, and having no enemy in his front,



UNION DEFENSES AT ELLERSON'S MILL. (DRAWN BY CHARLES KENDRICK FROM A SKETCH AT THE TIME BY A. R. WAUD.)

while Emory of Cooke's cavalry, with artillery, was near at hand to do the duty assigned to him, he hastened to join McCall, arriving opportunely in rear of Griffin's left.

General Cooke was instructed to take position, with cavalry, under the hills in the valley of the Chickahominy—there with the aid of artillery to guard our left flank. He was especially enjoined to intercept, gather, and hold all stragglers, and under no circumstances to leave the valley for the purpose of coming upon the hill held by our infantry, or pass in front of our line on the left. Stoneman's detachment of cavalry and infantry, miles to the north, was no longer available. Fearing it might be cut off by Jackson, I sent Stoneman word to make his way as best he could to White House, and in proper time to rejoin the army—wherever it might be.

Believing my forces too small to defend successfully this long line, I asked General Barnard, when he left me, to represent to General McClellan the necessity of reinforcements to thicken and to fill vacant spaces in my front line. He himself promised me axes. This was my first request for aid, but none came in response. The axes did not arrive till near dark, and were useless—but with the few obtained early in the day from the artillery, and in the little time at command, trees were felled along a small portion of our front, and useful barriers were erected, which were filled in with rails and knapsacks.

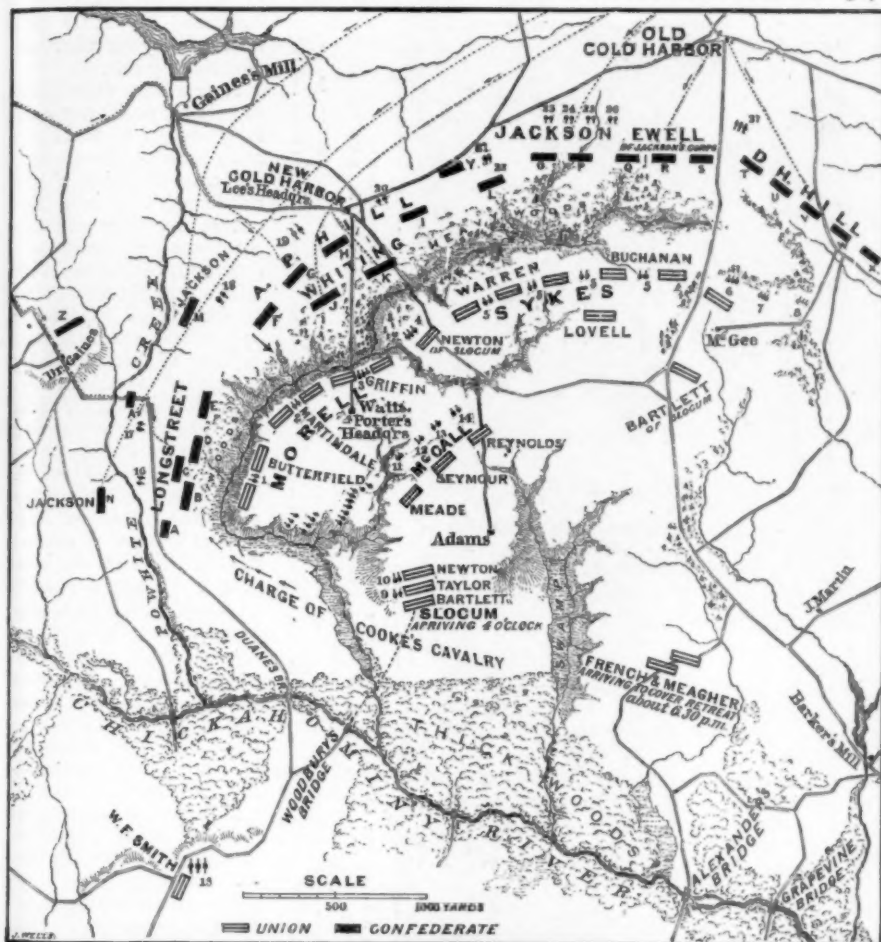
While withdrawing from Beaver Dam, I had seen to my delight Slocum's division of Franklin's corps crossing the river to my assistance. McClellan had promised to send it, and I needed it; it was one of the best divisions of the army. Its able, experienced, and gallant commander and his brave and gifted subordinates had the confidence of their well-trained soldiers. They were all worthy comrades of my well-trying and fully trusted officers, and of many others on that field, subsequently honored by their countrymen. But to our disappointment, through some misunderstanding, the division was almost immediately recalled to Franklin. In response, however, to a later call, it returned at a time when it was greatly needed, and rendered invaluable services.

I fixed my headquarters at first at the Adams house; but early in the battle that locality became a hospital, and I advanced to the Watts house, on more elevated ground, whence I could see the greater part of the field and communicate readily with all parts of it.

Thus far, it will be seen, all plans were defensive; I had reason to believe that the enemy largely outnumbered me—three to one. Evidently it was their plan and their policy to crush me, if possible. Their boldness and confidence, I might add incaution, if not imprudence and rashness in exposure and attack,

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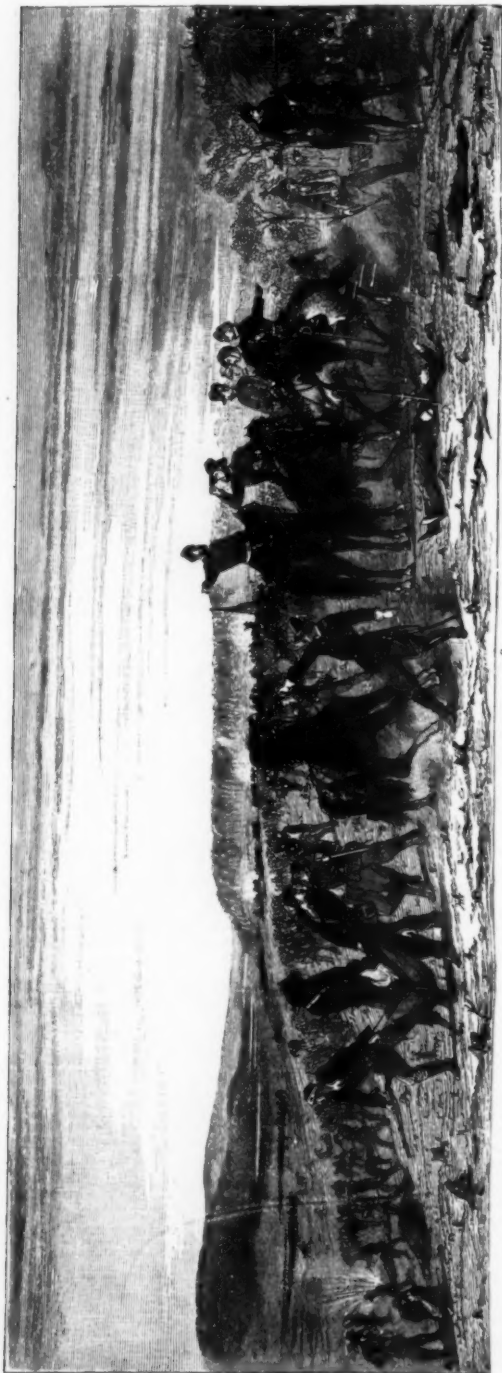
MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF GAINES'S MILL, SHOWING APPROXIMATELY THE POSITIONS OF INFANTRY AND ARTILLERY ENGAGED. (THE TOPOGRAPHY FROM THE OFFICIAL MAP.)

Confederate brigades: A, A. Anderson (R. H.); B, Wilcox; C, Featherston; D, Pryor; E, Fickett; Z, Kemper; F, G. H. J. L., V. line of A. P. Hill's six brigades at the opening of the battle, as follows: Archer, Field, Anderson (J. R.), Branch, Gregg, Fender, J. R. Hood and Law (Whiting's division of Jackson's corps, replacing Archer, Field, Anderson); M, N, O, F. Jackson's old division, as follows: Fullerton (Third Va.), Cunningham (Second Va.), Lawton, and Winder; Q, R, S, Seymour, Trimble, and Elzey; T, U, V, W, X, line at first: Ripley, Colquitt, Rodes, Anderson (G. B.), Garland. General directions of approach are indicated by dotted lines.

Union batteries: 1, Allen; 2, 3, Weed; 4, Martin; 5, 5, 5, 5, Edwards; 6, Weed; 7, Tidball; 8, Kingsbury; 9, Hexamer; 10, Upham; 11, 12, 13, 14, Kerns, Easton, DeHart, Cooper; 15, Diederich, Knierim, and Tyler; also Voegelze, Smead, Porter, and Robertson. Total, 124 guns. Confederate batteries: 16, 17, 18, Longstreet's artillery; 19, Braxton; 20, Pegram; 21, Johnson; 22, Crenshaw; 23, Pelham; 24, Brackenbough; 25, Carrington; 26, Courtney; 27, Bosduran; also other guns not here indicated.

At 5 o'clock P. M., after a sharp engagement between Gaines's Mill and New Cold Harbor, A. P. Hill made the first severe attack on the Union center and left, and after two hours' fighting was repulsed in such disorder that Longstreet was ordered up to relieve the pressure by a feint on the right, which he converted into an attack in force. Thus, up to four o'clock, the Confederate assault was mainly on the Union left center and left. About this hour D. H. Hill's division got fully into action, and Jackson's corps (consisting of Ewell's, Whiting's, and Jackson's divisions) was thrown in where needed from the direction of Old Cold Harbor. Major Dabney, Jackson's chief-of-staff, in a letter to General Hill, thus describes the movements of Jackson's corps: "The column," he says, "came on the eastern extension of Gaines's Mill road at Old Cold Harbor, and passing the old tavern a little way, soon ran afoul of McClellan's right wing, with infantry and artillery in position. Your division had taken the lead, and became, therefore, the left of our whole line of battle. Jackson put Ewell in position on your right. He seemed to think that A. P. Hill was to drive the enemy into his corps. But in a little while the state of the firing convinced him that Porter 'didn't drive worth a cent,' and he beset himself to let out his full strength. Then it was that, after ordering Ewell's advance, he wheeled on me and began to give instructions about putting in his six other brigades, which were then standing idle in the road by which we had come. I sent them in from left to right *en echelon*, each brigade to support its left-hand neighbor, and then move to the sound of the firing. The strangest divergences, however, took place in consequence of the copies and woods and lack of guides. Law and Hood kept the proper relation to Ewell's right, and thus helped A. P. Hill's beaten division, attacked the enemy's center or left center, and about 6 P. M. drove it in. But Lawton, bearing too much by his own left, unwittingly crossed Hood's line of march and reinforced Ewell—a most timely provision, for Ewell's line was about done here. The Second Virginia brigade seems to have come as much too far to the right, and at last, near sunset, found themselves behind Longstreet's extreme right,—the brigade of R. H. Anderson, whom they assisted in driving the enemy. The Third Virginia brigade brought up behind Longstreet's left, passing near Gaines's Mill, and near sunset participated in the victory. The Sumner brigade, under Winder, bore too much to the left, and entered the fight on your right. Fickett's brigade, headed by the 'Old Ironsides' (Eighteenth Virginia), broke Porter's line just west of the Watts house." With regard to this break, General Law, in a letter to the Editor, says: "Whiting's division covered the ground on which J. R. Anderson's, Archer's, and Field's brigades had previously attacked. We passed over some of these men as we advanced to the assault. We carried the Federal line in our front, and Longstreet on our right, bringing up his reserves, again attacked and carried his front." At the last and successful advance the line from left to right was: Longstreet (Anderson, Fickett), Whiting (Hood and Law), Jackson (Winder and Lawton), Ewell (one or two brigades), and D. H. Hill (Rodes, Anderson and Garland). General Porter thinks the first break in his line was made by Hood from the direction indicated on the map by an arrow.

Of the Union reserves, McCall's division was put in on the line of Morell,—except a part of Reynolds's brigade, which went to the assistance of Warren; Slocum's division also went to the left,—except Bartlett's brigade, which was sent to the right of Sykes near the McGee house.—EDITOR.



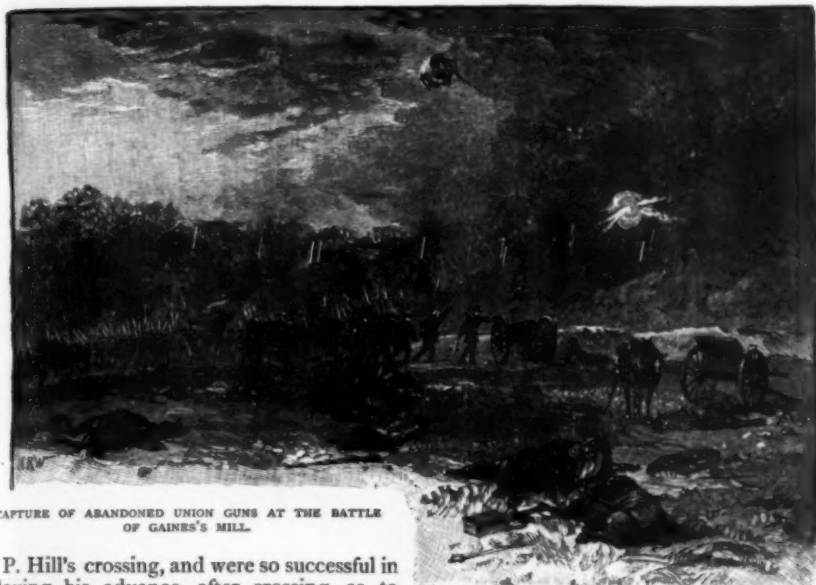
THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PAINTING BY THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, 1866, MADE FROM PERSONAL OBSERVATION.)
Persons represented: 1. Gen. F. J. Porter, 2. Gen. G. W. Morell, 3. Gen. George G. Meade (on horseback in the distance), and the following aides-de-camp: 4. Comte de Paris. 5. Col. Radowitz.
6. Major Hummerstein. 7. Duc de Chartres. 8. Capt. Mason.

[The view is from the left of the Federal position, looking in a north-westerly direction up the Chickahominy, shown at the left. The out-buildings (on the right) belonged to the Watts house, which, during the thick of the fight, was the headquarters of General Fitz John Porter. The wooded ravine in the distance is the site of the battle. The horses in the swampy bottom-lands are Cooke's Union cavalry, whose charge up the valley, and then by a right wheel to the front of the Union batteries, is referred to by General Porter on page 35. General Longstreet's extreme right did not extend out of the woods; his left reached to a point about two-thirds across the picture, where it joined A. F. Hill's and, later, Whiting's division.—EDITOR.]

confirmed my belief that at first they deemed the task an easy one.

I, however, determined to hold my position at least long enough to make the army secure. Though in a desperate situation if not reinforced, I was not without strong hope of some timely assistance from the main body of the army, with which I might repulse the attack and so cripple our opponents as to make the capture of Richmond by the main body of the army, under McClellan, the result of any sacrifice or suffering on the part of my troops or of myself. I felt that the life or death of the army depended upon our conduct in the contest of that day, and that on the issue of that contest depended an early peace or a prolonged, devastating war—for the Union cause could never be yielded. Our brave and intelligent men of all grades and ranks fully realized this, and thousands of them freely offered up their lives that day to maintain the sacred cause, which they had voluntarily taken up arms to defend to the last extremity.

The Confederates, under Longstreet and A. P. Hill, following us from Mechanicsville, moved cautiously by the roads leading by Dr. Gaines's house to New Cold Harbor, and by 2 P. M. had formed lines of battle behind the crest of the hills east of Powhite Creek. These lines were parallel to ours, and extended from the valley of the Chickahominy through New Cold Harbor around Morell's front, so as nearly to reach Warren's brigade—the left of Sykes's division. At Gaines's Mill, Cass's gallant Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers of Griffin's brigade obstinately resisted



CAPTURE OF ABANDONED UNION GUNS AT THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL.

A. P. Hill's crossing, and were so successful in delaying his advance, after crossing, as to compel him to employ large bodies to force the regiment back to the main line. This brought on a contest which extended to Morell's center and over Martin's front,—on his right,—and lasted from 12:30 to near 2 o'clock—Cass and his immediate supports falling back south of the swamps. This persistent and prolonged resistance gave to this battle one of its well-known names.*

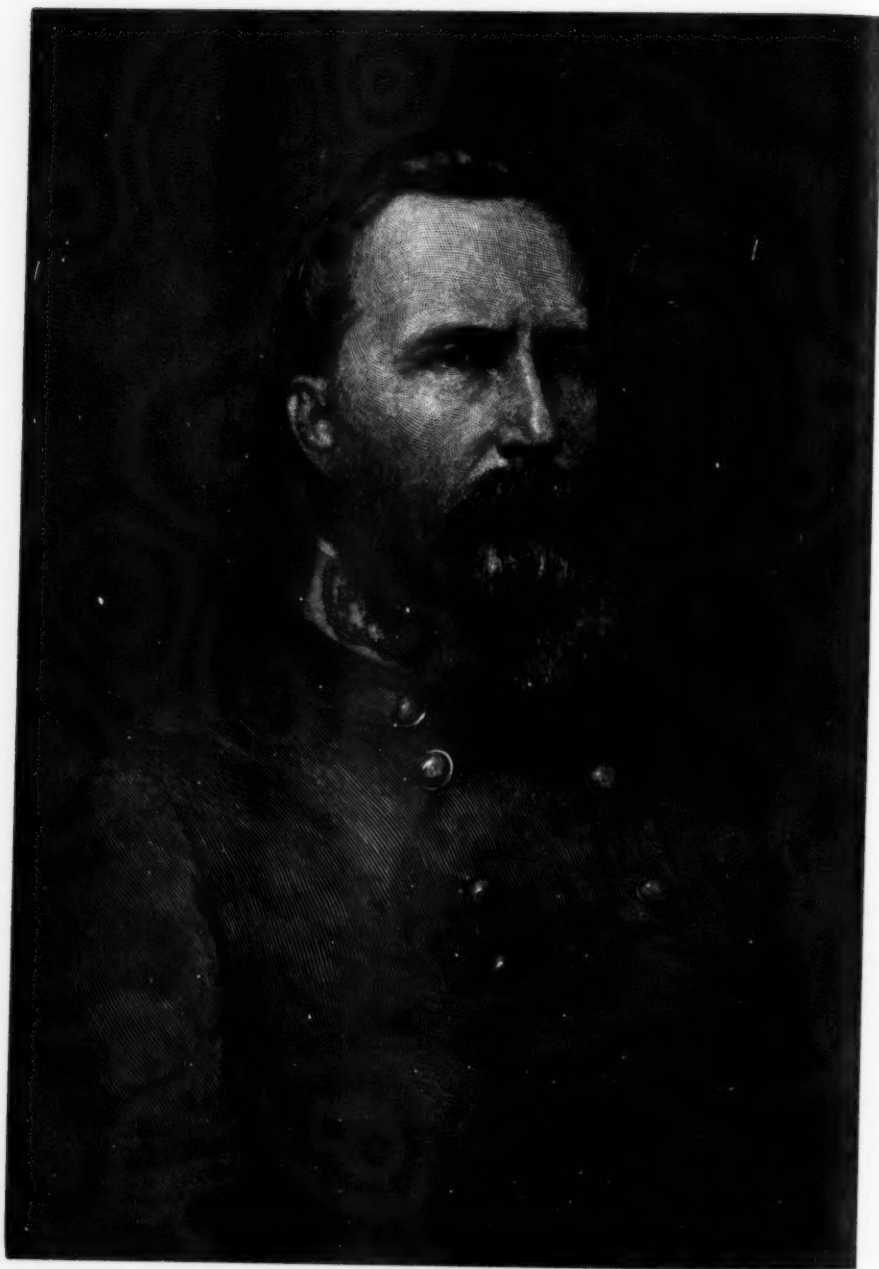
Another column of the enemy, D. H. Hill's, from Beaver Dam Creek, and Jackson's column, from northern Virginia, with which it had united, came opposite my right front from the direction of Old Cold Harbor and deployed, connecting with A. P. Hill's on the left and extending to our right beyond McGee's. The advance column of these troops came a little earlier than those under Longstreet and A. P. Hill, but were more cautious and for some hours not so aggressive. Believing that they were passing on down the river to intercept our communications, and thinking that I might strike them to good advantage while in motion, I asked permission to follow, intending to attack with Sykes's division and Emory of Cooke's cavalry, leaving Morell and McCall to hold the other lines in check. Information, however, soon poured in, convincing me that this force was larger than any I could use against them,

and that still larger forces were forming to attack our left and center. This compelled me to keep my troops united and under cover, and also again to ask aid from the south bank of the Chickahominy. My first message to General McClellan was not delivered, as already stated; my second one was responded to by the speedy arrival of Slocum.†

Soon after two P. M., A. P. Hill's force, between us and New Cold Harbor, again began to show an aggressive disposition, independent of its own troops on its flanks, by advancing from under cover of the woods, in lines well formed and extending, as the contest progressed, from in front of Martin's battery to Morell's left. Dashing across the intervening plains, floundering in the swamps and struggling against the tangled brushwood, brigade after brigade seemed almost to melt away before the concentrated fire of our artillery and infantry; yet on others pressed, followed by supports as dashing and as brave as their predecessors, despite their heavy losses and the disheartening effect of having to clamber over many of their disabled and dead, and to meet their surviving comrades rushing back in great disorder from the deadly contest. For nearly two hours the battle raged, extending more or less along the whole line

* It is a curious fact that all the large engagements about Richmond in this campaign began after noon: Seven Pines about 1 o'clock; Mechanicsville from 3 to 4; Gaines's Mill at 12:30; Savage's Station at 4; White Oak Swamp at from 12 to 1; Glendale from 3 to 4; Malvern Hill after 1.—EDITOR.

† The forces in this battle were: Union, 50 regiments, 20 batteries (several of which were not engaged),—in all about 27,000 men; Confederate, 129 regiments, 19 batteries,—in all about 65,000.—F. J. P.



James Longstreet

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to our extreme right. The fierce firing of artillery and infantry, the crash of the shot, the bursting of shells and the whizzing of bullets, heard above the roar of artillery and the volleys of musketry, all combined was something fearful, which only brave hearts, determined at all hazards to maintain the cause they deemed just, could withstand.

Regiments quickly replenished their exhausted ammunition by borrowing from their more bountifully supplied and generous companions. Some withdrew, temporarily, for ammunition, and fresh regiments took their places ready to repulse, sometimes to pursue, their desperate enemy, for the purpose of retaking ground from which we had been pressed and which it was necessary to occupy in order to hold our position.

The enemy were repulsed in every direction. An ominous silence reigned. It caused the inference that their troops were being gathered and massed for a desperate and overwhelming attack. To meet it, our front line was concentrated, reinforced, and arranged to breast the avalanche, should it come. I again asked for additional reinforcements. French and Meagher's brigades, of Sumner's corps, all that the corps commanders deemed they could part with, were sent forward by the commanding general, but did not arrive till near dark.

At 2 P. M., when I took my station beyond the Watts house, my anxieties and responsibilities had been substantially relieved, at least so far as related to the establishment of a line of battle, in which all engaged felt their power to resist attack. At that time the practicability of our defensive position, in charge of troops having implicit confidence in each other, had been demonstrated by the successful resistance for nearly two hours against the strong and persistent attacks upon our center and right. The troops were well shielded with their reserves within immediate call. Commanders of divisions, of brigades, and of batteries were in the midst of their men, all confident and determined to hold their posts to the utmost, to resist and drive back the enemy, prepared to call up their reserves, replenish ammunition and to communicate to me such needs as they could not fill, and to furnish all necessary information for my action. They had been left to their own judgment and energy, to determine in what manner they could accomplish the best results with the means at their command and with the least exposure.

From my post in advance of the Watts house, the field in front of Sykes was visible, and it was easily understood, by the sound of battle in the woods and by the fire of the enemy in his advance and repulse, that the

center and left still remained solid and undisturbed. All available means were used by which I could be kept informed so that I could provide, in the best possible manner, for the many rapid changes and wants suddenly springing up. The Prince de Joinville and his two nephews — the Comte de Paris and Duc de Chartres — and Colonels Gantt, Radowitz, and Hammerstein, from the commanding general's staff, joined me as volunteer aides. Each of these, with my own staff, Locke, Kirkland, Mason, Monteith, and McQuade exposed themselves to danger, not only quickly and cheerfully carrying every message, but often voluntarily throwing themselves where needed to direct, to lead, to encourage, and to rally.

During the greater part of the afternoon, D. H. Hill's troops, in detachments, were more or less aggressive on the right. The silence which followed the repulse, already referred to, lasted but a short time. The renewed attacks raged with great fierceness and fury, with slight intermission, along the most of our front, till after five o'clock. Large and numerous bodies of infantry from the direction of Old Cold Harbor, under cover of artillery, directed their attacks upon Sykes's division and Martin's battery; others, from the west side of Powhite Creek, were hurled in rapid succession against Martindale and Butterfield. These furious attacks were successfully repelled, but were immediately renewed by fresh troops. McCall's Pennsylvania Reserves, as needed, were pushed as rapidly as possible into the woods, in support of Martindale and Griffin, whose brigades for a long time bore the brunt of the attacks and whose regiments were relieved as soon as their ammunition was expended. All our positions were held against enormous odds, and the enemy was driven back by our fresh troops, successively thrown into action. At each repulse they advance new troops upon our diminishing forces, and in such numbers and so rapidly that it appeared as though their reserves were inexhaustible. The action extended along our entire line. At four o'clock, when Slocum arrived, all our reserves were exhausted. His brigades were necessarily separated, and sent where most needed. Newton's brigade, being in advance, was led to the right of Griffin, there to drive back the enemy and retake ground only held by the enemy for an instant. Taylor's brigade filled vacant spaces in Morell's division, and Bartlett's was sent to Sykes, just in time to render invaluable service, both in resisting and attacking.

On the right, near McGee's, the enemy captured one of our batteries, which had been doing them great damage by enfilading their lines and preventing their advance. They

gained thereby a temporary foothold by advancing some infantry; but, prompt to act, General Sykes directed its recapture, and a regiment with arms shifted to the right shoulder, and moving at a double quick, was soon in possession of the prize, which again renewed its damaging blows. At times, the enemy on the right would gain an advantage, but in such a case our infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, would move immediately at a rapid gait and regain the lost ground. This occurred frequently in Sykes's command and in the brigades serving near it, all of which were, more or less, in exposed ground. Not less deserving of praise were the divisions of McCall, Morell, and Slocum in their stubborn resistance to the oft-repeated and determined onslaughts of their assailants, who vastly out-numbered them.

About 6:30, preceded by a silence of half an hour, the attack was renewed all along the line with the same apparent determination to sweep us by the force of numbers from the field, if not from existence. The result was evidently a matter of life or death to our opponent's cause. This attack, like its predecessors, was successfully repulsed throughout its length. The sun had sunk below the horizon, and the result seemed so favorable that I began to cherish the hope that the worst that could happen to us would be a withdrawal after dark, without further injury—a withdrawal which would be forced upon us by the exhausted condition of our troops, greatly reduced by casualties, without food, and with little ammunition.

As if for a final effort, as the shades of evening were coming upon us, and the woods were filled with smoke, limiting the view therein to a few yards, the enemy again massed his fresher and re-formed regiments, and threw them in rapid succession against our thinned and wearied battalions, now almost without ammunition, and with guns so foul that they could not be loaded rapidly. In preparation for defeat, should it come, I had posted artillery in large force just in rear of our center and left, ready for any emergency—and especially to be used against a successful foe, even if his destruction involved firing upon some of our own retreating troops, as might have been necessary. The attacks, though coming like a series of apparently irresistible avalanches, had

thus far made no inroads upon our firm and disciplined ranks. Even in this last attack we successfully resisted, driving back our assailants with immense loss, or holding them beyond our lines, except in one instance, near the center of Morell's line, where by force of numbers and under cover of the smoke of battle our line was penetrated and broken; this at a point where I least expected it. This was naturally the weakest point of our line, owing to the closer proximity of the woods held by the enemy. Under this cover they could form, and with less exposure in time and ground than elsewhere, and launch their battalions in quick succession upon our men. I believed I had guarded against the danger by strongly and often reinforcing the troops holding this part of the line. Here the greater part of McCall's and Slocum's forces were used. Just preceding this break, to my great surprise, I saw cavalry, which I recognized as ours, rushing in numbers through our lines on the left, and carrying off with sudden fright the limbers of our artillery, then prepared to pour their irresistible fire into a pursuing foe. With no infantry to support, and with apparent disaster before them, such of the remainder of these guns as could be moved were carried from the field; some deliberately, others in haste, but not in confusion.

In no other place was our line penetrated or shaken. The right, seeing our disaster, fell back united and in order, but were compelled to leave behind two guns the horses of which had been killed. The troops on the left and center retired, some hastily, but not in confusion, often turning back to repulse and pursue the advancing enemy.* All soon rallied in rear of the Adams house behind Sykes and the brigades of French and Meagher sent to our aid, and who now, with hearty cheers, greeted our battalions as they retired and re-formed. We lost in all twenty-two cannon; some of these broke down while we were withdrawing, and some ran off the bridges at night while we were crossing to the south bank of the Chickahominy. The loss of the guns was due to the fact that some of Cooke's cavalry which had been directed to be kept, under all circumstances, in the valley of the Chickahominy, had been sent to resist an attack of the enemy upon our left. The charge, executed in the face of a withering fire of infantry and in the midst of our heavy cannonading, as well as that of

* We are informed by Colonel Auchmuty, then assistant adjutant-general of Morell's division, that there was no running or panic when the line broke. The men fell back in small groups, turning and firing as they went, and carrying many of the wounded with them. On the crest of the hill in the rear of the line of battle a stand was made, and from that point regimental organizations were preserved. Near the close of the war General Griffin said to Colonel Auchmuty that he regarded Gaines's Mill as the hardest-fought battle in his experience.

The same officer informs us that after the line of battle had been formed in the morning and while the attack was momentarily expected, the mail arrived from the North, and the newsboys went along the line crying the New York and Philadelphia papers.—EDITOR.

the enemy, resulted, as should have been expected, in confusion. The bewildered and uncontrollable horses wheeled about, and dashing through the batteries, satisfied the gunners that they were charged by the enemy. To this alone I always attributed the failure on our part to longer hold the battle-field and to bring off all our guns in an orderly retreat. Most unaccountably this cavalry was not used to cover our retreat or gather the stragglers, but was peremptorily ordered to cross to the south bank of the river.* I never again saw their commander.

At night I was called to General McClellan's headquarters, where the chiefs of corps, or their representatives, were gathered. The commanding-general, after hearing full reports, was of the opinion that the final result would be disastrous if we undertook longer to hold the north bank of the river with my command in the condition in which it was left by a hard fight and the loss of rest for two nights. In this opinion all concurred; and I was then instructed to withdraw to the south bank and destroy the bridges after me. The plans to move to the James River were then explained, together with the necessity for the movement, and the orders were given for the execution of those plans.†

My command was safely withdrawn to the south bank of the river, and the bridges were destroyed soon after sunrise on the 28th.

The Prince de Joinville and his two nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, were on the field as volunteer aides-de-camp, actively engaged in encouraging the men, carrying messages, and performing other duties of aides. Each of these officers was in the midst of flying musket-balls, and was liable to be struck at any moment.‡ At one time the Comte de Paris, regardless of himself, begged me to send his uncle to General McClellan with a message which would at once and permanently remove him from the dangers of the battle, since the family interests at stake were too important to permit him to be so exposed. I had shortly before asked Colonel Gantt, another of McClellan's aides, to hasten to that general and hurry up reinforcements, as our lines would soon be broken. The danger

was now imminent, and I asked the Prince to carry the same message, telling him that he was selected because of the speed of his horse. He turned as if to go, and I went to attend to the field. Soon the Comte returned, with tears in his eyes, and with choking utterance, expressive of his care and affection, begged me again to send away his uncle. This also I did. Scarcely had the Prince left the second time when our cavalry fell back on us as I have related, our line was broken, and our artillery rendered unserviceable. The Prince and Colonel Gantt afterwards told me that they did not leave, as I had directed, because all seemed favorable to us, and they thought I could not be in earnest or that I had greatly misjudged the situation. This shows how sudden the tide may turn in battle and on what little incidents success may depend.

The forces arrayed against us, and especially those which had thus far been launched upon my command, were the chosen of Southern manhood from Maryland to Texas. No braver or more spirited body of men was to be found among the Confederates, or any who more strongly believed in their own invincibility.§ Their general officers, from the chief down, had been selected for earnest devotion to their cause, and well-earned reputation for intelligent and energetic performance of duty in other fields. With few exceptions they had been my personal friends, and many of them my intimate associates. In the varied relations to them as subaltern, as instructor, as academical and regimental comrade, in social life, as competitor for honors in war and in garrison life, and engaged in watching those performing trying duty in Kansas, Utah, and elsewhere, I learned to know them well in all their qualifications, and to respect their decision under conviction of duty, when, to my regret, they left the cause of the Union.

Notwithstanding my friendship, my personal regard for these old friends and former comrades, which never varied, it was my duty to oppose them, when arrayed against the Union, to the utmost. At the earliest moment, when separation was attempted, and afterwards, my efforts were continuously directed against the success of their cause. One of the results of those efforts was manifested on this

* See "War of the Rebellion—Official Records," Vol. XI., Part II., pp. 43, 223, 273, 282.—F. J. P.

† At Gaines's Mill the Union loss was: Killed, 894; wounded, 3107; missing, 2836—total, 6837, or one in four engaged. On the Confederate side the losses of Jackson, Ewell, Whiting, and D. H. Hill were: Killed, 589; wounded, 2671; missing, 24—total, 3284. Of these, Whiting (*i. e.*, Hood's and Law's brigades) lost 1017. The losses of A. P. Hill and Longstreet for this battle are not reported separately, but a safe estimate from their losses in the campaign would probably bring the total considerably beyond the Union loss, that of the killed and wounded certainly much higher. Almost the whole of two Union regiments, the Eleventh Pennsylvania and the Fourth New Jersey, were captured.—EDITOR.

‡ See "The Princes of the House of Orleans," by General McClellan, in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1884.

§ The known presence of President Davis and General Lee, to oversee, direct, encourage, and urge, was another influential power in favor of the Confederates in this movement.—F. J. P.

battle-field. I was enabled, after great labor and care, to meet these friends and comrades in command of men, than whom there could be none more intelligent, better disciplined, braver, more confiding in each other, and more determined on success. They embraced soldiers from Maine, Michigan, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New York, and all New England—together with all the regular army, then at the East, from all parts of the country. Their commanders were not excelled by those in any other corps in ability, experience, or reliability; they had the highest confidence in each other, in the army, and in their own men, and were fully competent to oppose their able adversaries.

I have said we did not fear Lee alone at Beaver Dam Creek. Nor, though anxious, did we fear the combined attack of Lee and Jack-

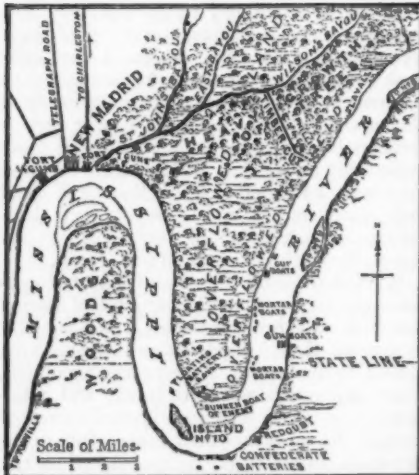
son at Gaines's Mill. Defeat to us was necessarily great damage to them. Our flanks were secure and could not be turned; though fewer in numbers, the advantages of our position, combined with the firm discipline of our own brave men, overcame the odds. Our adversaries were forced to meet us face to face. All day they struggled desperately for success, and near night, after fearful destruction, broke our line at one point, just at a time when a most unforeseen mismanagement on our part aided to crown their labors with possession of the field. Still, our confidence was not broken; and, as we shall see in a succeeding paper, under like circumstances victory crowned our arms with success against the same opponents, strongly reënforced, at Malvern Hill.

Fitz John Porter.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Sawing out a Channel above Island Number Ten.

THE Engineer Regiment of the West was an organization composed of twelve full companies of carefully selected workmen, chiefly mechanics, and officered by men capable of directing such skilled labor. Most of the officers and about six hundred of the men were engaged in the operations about New Madrid and



MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI AT ISLAND NO. 10.
Showing (corrected) line of the channel cut by the Engineer Regiment.

Island Number Ten; to them should be given the credit of the success of the engineering operations of that campaign. In order to do this and to correct some erroneous impressions, I yield to the request of the editor of *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* to give a brief account of the opening of the so-called "canal" above Island Number Ten, a work which was executed under my personal and general direction. In all the opera-

tions of that regiment I am not aware that any of its officers ever made a report beyond a verbal notification to the general in command that the work required of it was done. This narrative is therefore made entirely from memory, aided by reference to letters written to my family and not intended for publication.

It is perhaps proper to state here that the term "canal," as used in all the letters and reports relating to the opening of this waterway, conveys an entirely wrong idea. No digging was done except by way of slightly widening a large break in the levee, and those officers who speak of the men as "working waist-deep in the water" knew nothing at all of the matter.

The enemy held Island Number Ten and the left bank opposite, and the same bank from New Madrid down to Tiptonville, a ridge of high land between the back swamp and the river.* In rear of their positions was Reelfoot Lake and the overflow, extending from above them to a point below Tiptonville. Escape by land was impossible, the right bank below New Madrid and that town being occupied by General Pope. The gun-boats under Foote held the river above, and our heavy batteries commanded the only place of debarkation below. Having accomplished this much, the problem for General Pope to solve was to cross his army to make an attack, for which purpose he judged that two gun-boats, to be used as ferry-boats, would be sufficient. The general stood with me on the parapets of Fort Thompson (just captured) and pointed out his whole plan; and he was so confident that his letter to Foote would bring the boats that he directed me to go back to the fleet at Island Number Eight by dug-out across the overflow, and come down with them past the batteries, and a set of private signals was arranged between us then and there for use upon their appearing in sight.

I reached the flag-ship in the afternoon about dark, and that evening Foote called together all his com-

* The reader is presumed to be acquainted with the fuller map of the operations here referred to, printed on page 441 of the January *CENTURY*, with Admiral Walke's paper on the Western Flotilla. The above map shows the course of the channel as corrected by Col. Bissell.—Ed.

manders in council. One or two wanted to run the blockade, but the commodore flatly refused. He explained that his boats, since they were armored solely about the bows, were invincible fighting up-stream, but fighting down-stream were of little account; and that if one of them should be boarded and captured, she could be turned against us, and could whip the whole fleet and place Cairo, Louisville, and St. Louis at her mercy! One of the captains said that if he were allowed to go, he would stand in the magazine and blow the vessel out of water if the enemy got on board. Another, I think, was quite as emphatic, but Foote was firm.

I then, in a pleasant way, made a peremptory demand upon him for a gun-boat. As pleasantly, but still firmly, he refused; whereupon I started up, rather excited, and with considerable emphasis said: "General Pope shall have his boats, if I have to take them across the country."

The next day, with two of the tugs of the fleet, I explored the shore carefully on each side: first on the eastern shore, to see if the enemy were securely shut in, which I found to be the case; and then on the western, to see if St. James's Bayou, which emptied into the river seven miles above Island Number Eight, in any way communicated with St. John's Bayou, which debouched at New Madrid. Here I found no possible way across.

Early the next morning while standing on the levee, chagrined at my failure to obtain a gun-boat, and mindful of the strong language I had used before the officers of the fleet, and while waiting for the guide to get the dug-out ready to take me back to camp, I spied, directly opposite me across the submerged fields, an opening in the timber; and the thought flashed upon me that there was the place to take the transports through. This proved to be an old wagon-road extending half a mile into the woods; beyond and around was a dense forest of heavy timber. The guide said it was two miles to the nearest bayou. I asked him to make a map upon my memorandum-book, which he did, showing a straight cut to the first bayou and the general route of the bayous to New Madrid. This route we carefully explored, and I reached General Pope's headquarters about dark. When my report of the interview had reached Foote's refusal, the general gave vent to his disappointment and indignation. Some officer present making some suggestion about a "canal," I immediately pulled out my memorandum-book, and showing the sketch said the whole thing was provided for, and that I would have boats through in fourteen days.*

General Pope then gave me an order on the authorities at Cairo for steamboats and anything the regiment might need. That evening Captain Tweddale, Lieutenant Randolph, and I sat up till a late hour arranging all the details, including barges to be fitted with heavy artillery to be used as gun-boats, and the next morning they started with one hundred men

for Cairo, to meet me at Island Number Eight with all the materials they could get the first day. Other officers and men started by the same route daily, until the 600 men of my force had returned, and my stock of supplies was complete. I returned in the dug-out through the selected channel, and in due time found at the proposed starting-point four stern-wheel steamboats, drawing thirty to thirty-six inches of water, and six large coal-barges, besides one columbiad, three large siege-guns with carriages and ammunition, saws, lines, and all kinds of tools and tackle in great quantities, and fully two million feet of timber and lumber.

The way through the submerged corn-field and the half-mile of road was easy enough, but when we reached the timber the labor of sawing out a channel commenced. The one steamer which had a powerful steam capstan was put in the lead, and the others having hand capstans were fastened single file in the rear, and then the six barges in like order, so that the progress of the first controlled all the others. Captain Tweddale took charge of the cutting in front, while Lieutenant Randolph was fitting up the improvised gun-boats astern. About three hundred men were assigned to each, and they worked in relays without the slightest intermission from daybreak until dark.

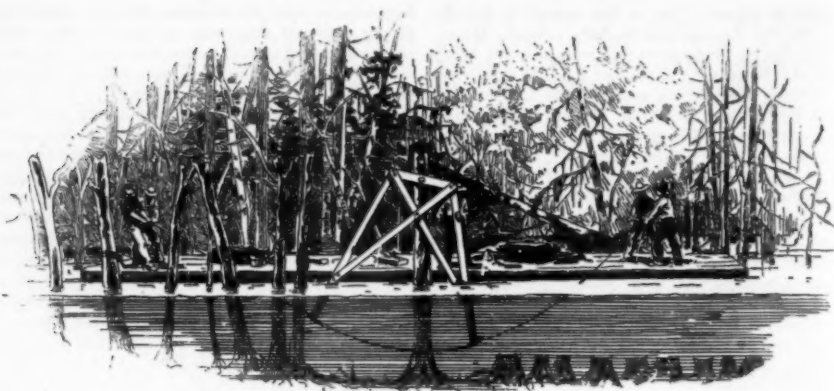
First of all, men standing on platforms on small rafts cut off the trees about eight feet above the water. As soon as a tree was down, another set of men, provided with boats and lines, adjusted about it a line which ran through a snatch-block and back to the steam capstan, and hauled it out of the way; thus a partial cut was made forward, the lines always working more than two hundred feet ahead of the capstan, so as to leave plenty of room for the saws. It took about four sets of lines to keep pace with twelve saws.

When the space about the stumps allowed sufficient room, a raft about forty feet long was lashed to a stump, and the saw set at work in a frame attached by a pivot and working in an arc as shown in the sketch—two men working the saw at opposite ends by a rope, and a fifth on the farther side of the tree guiding its teeth into the tree. Where the stumps were too close, or irregular, three yawl-boats were used instead of the raft. No trouble was experienced with the stumps a foot or less in diameter. With the larger ones it was different; the elms spread out so much at the bottom that the saw almost always would run crooked and pinch. If it commenced running up, we notched the top and set the frame farther in; if down, we put in powerful tackle, and pulled the top of the stump over.

Here was where the ingenuity of the officers and men was exercised: as the saws were working four and a half feet beneath the surface, and the water was quite turbid, the question was how to ascertain what was interfering with the saw, and then to apply the remedy. But I found Captain Tweddale equal to the most obstinate stump. I think two and a half hours was the longest time ever expended upon any one, while about that number of minutes would dispose of some small ones when the saw was ready. In all it took eight days to cut the two miles.

When we reached the bayous the hard and wet work began. The river had begun to fall, and the water was running very rapidly. We had to get rid of great drift heaps from the lower side with our machinery all on

*The Records of the War Department, which I have just seen for the first time, contain a letter from General Pope to me, which I never before heard of (dated the day I was on my way back from the gun-boat with the plan fully matured), asking if I could not dig a canal, a "mere ditch of a foot wide which the water of the river would soon wash out," from a point one mile above Island Number Ten to a point one mile below. That land was at this time ten feet under water.—J. W. B.



the upper side. Small pieces of drift would be disposed of by the yawl-boats, or a single line and snatch-block would take them right out; but sometimes a great swamp oak, three feet through, and as heavy as lignum vitæ, lying right across our channel a foot or so under water, would try our tackle. We had then to raise them up to the surface, and hold them there till they could be chopped in pieces. In one case it took eight lines from the four capstans to get one up.

In one of the bayous for about two miles the current was so swift that all the men who were out on logs, or in exposed places, had safety lines tied around them; and as the timber was slippery, some were indebted to these lines for their lives. During the whole work not a man was killed, injured, or taken sick.

While all this was being done in front of the boats, Lieutenant Randolph was at work with his detachment in the rear in improvising gun-boats to supply the lack of Foote's. The barges used were coal-barges, about eighty feet long and twenty wide, scow-shaped, with both ends alike. The sides were six inches thick, and of solid timber. The original plan was to use three of the steamboats with a barge on each side—the other steamer to be kept as a reserve. One columbiad and three thirty-two-pounders were mounted on platforms, and arrangements were made to use a considerable number of field-guns to be taken on board at New Madrid. Six hundred men of the Engineer Regiment, using one of the steamers with her two barges, were to land at break of day at the mouth of the slough about a mile below and opposite Fort Thompson, and with their intrenching tools dig a line of rifle-pits as soon as possible. About the same number of picked men were to be with them to help fight or dig, as occasion might require. The other two sections of the flotilla were to be filled with men, and landed just below, as best could be done when the resistance was developed. The reserve steamer with her men, not being incumbered with barges, could move rapidly and take advantage of any opening to land the force, which could by a flank movement aid any of the other parties; or if either of the other boats became disabled, it could help them along.

When about half-way through the channel, I left the flotilla and reported progress to General Pope.

Upon a reëxamination of the ground from Fort Thompson, he concluded that it would be best to make the leading boat a fighting boat that could not be disabled. So he telegraphed to Cairo and St. Louis for a great number of coal-oil barrels. These arrived through the channel about the time the boats reached the lower end of St. John's Bayou. In the mean time the steamer to be used was so bulkheaded with lumber that her engines and boilers were secure from damage from field-artillery, and the forward part of the hull, which projected beyond the barges, was bulkheaded off and filled with dry rails, to keep her from being disabled. There were no heavy guns and few field-guns opposed to us at this point. Upon the arrival of the barrels they were laid in two tiers all over the bottoms of two barges; the interstices were filled with dry rails, the whole well secured in place by a heavy floor. No shot could reach the hull of the steamer through these, and no number of holes could sink the barge with all this buoyant matter. On the steamer and barges protection was prepared for a large number of sharp-shooters. Such a craft as that would have covered the debarkation of the Engineer Regiment, and protected them till they could dig rifle-pits and take care of themselves, and then it could have been used to cover the landing of the rest of the army.

The boats and barge gun-boats were kept concealed in the bayou, just back from New Madrid, for a day or two, till the soldiers could be prepared for the passage and attack. Meanwhile Foote concluded to risk the passage of the island with the *Carondelet* and afterward with the *Pittsburgh*, and the whole plan was changed; the gun-boats could move so much more rapidly that they were to silence the Confederate field-guns, while the transports, loaded with troops, could land wherever an opening could be found. The whole scheme was accomplished so successfully that I think not a man was killed or wounded, and the entire Confederate force surrendered. The barges were not used at all; nor did any of the Engineer Regiment cross: they were kept on the right bank, ready to be called in case of any disaster, which, fortunately, did not occur.

Several of the captured officers told me that after the gun-boats had run their batteries, nearly their

whole force was withdrawn from about Island Number Ten and kept concealed in the woods back of the practicable landing-places, and they were well prepared to pick off all the men that could possibly be landed from the gun-boats; the woods were so close to the bank that they probably could have done so; but when they saw the four transports, loaded with troops, steam out from the bayou, they knew that all hope was gone, and the word was given for each man to take care of himself. A few hundred did manage to

make their way through the swamps in the rear, but the most of them quietly yielded to the inevitable. So well had the movement been concealed that they had not the least idea of what was being done.

When the boats were about half-way through, Thomas A. Scott, the Assistant-Secretary of War, came on board from the gun-boat fleet. After a suitable inspection of the work, he returned and telegraphed to President Lincoln from Cairo that Island Number Ten would be taken within a certain time—and it was.

J. W. Bissell.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Abetting the Enemy.

ONE of the most stubborn and discouraging evils of current politics is revealed in the notorious fact that the rascals in either party may count with confidence upon the moral support of a good share of the reputable men in the other party. To this depth does partisanship daily descend. The average party man regards party success as so much more important than the public welfare, that he is quite willing the State should suffer at the hands of his opponents, if by this means a point can be made against them in the next campaign. There are "good men" in each party ready to promote corruption and chicanery in the other party,—men who, if any nefarious deed is proposed by the worst of their opponents, do not shrink from quietly aiding and abetting the iniquity. If the miscreants cannot be openly assisted without incurring responsibility for their own party, they will at least refrain from open opposition, hoping for the success of evil schemes and rejoicing at their consummation. Is it too much to say that the average partisan wishes the State to be injured by every act of his opponents, exults when they go wrong, and ill conceals his vexation when anything is done by them for the benefit of the country?

Such conduct we might expect from those mercenaries who make politics a trade, and it would not be strange if each party contained a large number of ignorant and inconsiderate persons who would be governed by these petty motives; but one is sometimes appalled at the extent to which intelligent citizens have fallen under the sway of such pernicious passions. The prospect of reform in politics grows dim when we contemplate the tacit alliance so widely established between the respectable men of each party and the malefactors of the other.

It too often occurs that wise and beneficent measures, proposed by one party, are treated with captious and sneering criticism, and even defeated, by the other for purely partisan reasons. In one of the State legislatures, a few weeks ago, a measure was introduced looking toward the restriction of intemperance by a certain method. The party in opposition held a caucus to determine its own action upon the question. Several of the legislators expressed themselves as favoring the method proposed; they believed it to be the best method of dealing with the evil; but they readily agreed to oppose the measure before them, for the avowed reason that they would not help the party

in power to do a good thing for the State. That party might gain some credit from the measure if it were adopted; and that party should gain no credit for patriotic action if they could help it. The measure, as they believed, would benefit the State, and the State was greatly suffering for some kind of legislation; but the State might continue to suffer; it should never be relieved by their opponents; no good should come to the State if they could help it, unless it came through their own party. This was exactly the purport of their reasoning. Inasmuch as the measure required a three-fifths vote, the minority were able to defeat it. The action of this caucus was reported in all the party organs, and the heroic conduct of these gentlemen who stood so firmly with their party, and who so nobly resisted the temptation to consider the welfare of the State, did not fail to receive its proper meed of praise. To none of these partisans did it appear that the men in question had acted otherwise than magnanimously; not a whisper of disapproval came from the ranks of their own party. Yet these men had violated the solemn obligation which they assumed in entering upon the duties of their office; they had deliberately done the State what they believed to be an injury in order that benefit might accrue to their political organization. The fact that such action should occur, and such considerations be openly urged at one of our great political centers, without exciting adverse comment, indicates in a somewhat striking manner the extent to which partisanship has degraded our politics.

Those partisans who rejoice over the blunders and sins of their opponents, and who deplore and obstruct their efforts to do well, have, of course, a reason for their conduct. They think that their own party practically monopolizes the virtue of the nation; that the other party is composed almost wholly of rogues; and that, therefore, patriotism is summed up in the support of their party. The good of the State is identified with the success of their party; if by abetting the evil-doing of their opponents they can maintain themselves in power, they will most effectually promote the public welfare. At the very best, then, these people are encouraging evil that good may come, and rejoicing in evil as a means of bringing good; this puts them into a class concerning whom we have high authority for saying that their "damnation is just."

But is not the notion too childish to be entertained by people of common sense, that either of the two great parties which so equally divide the voters of this

country contains all the integrity and purity of the nation? Can intelligent men of either party fail to see that there is a great deal of genuine patriotic purpose among their opponents? And is it not possible for people of fair common sense to rid themselves of partisan madness long enough to see that the country is best served by commending and supporting all that is good and opposing all that is evil on both sides. It is for the interest of the country that both parties should be incorrupt and trustworthy; he who wishes that only one party should possess any virtue is an enemy of his country.

He is equally an enemy of his party. Nothing is so good for a political party as an intelligent, sagacious, high-principled opposition. When one party lifts up its standards, the other party must hear and answer the challenge. On the other hand, the degradation of either party is an encouragement to its antagonist to relax its moral energies. The man who helps to smooth the way of his opponents toward iniquity may be sure that his own party will speedily follow in the same direction.

If consistency were a matter of great concern to partisans, it might also be pertinent to suggest that no great moral value can be attached to a protest against evil-doing at which the protestant has connived.

Great reforms are demanded in our politics, notably the complete reform of the civil service. There is good prospect of the success of some of these measures, if only decent men of both parties will stand up for decency and praise it wherever they see it, demanding and commending the thorough enforcement of the laws, whichever party is in power. If these reforms fail, the blame will lie at the doors of those otherwise highly moral and reputable citizens who prefer the success of their party to the welfare of their country.

The Causes of the Law's Delay.

THE remarks of a correspondent in the department of "Open Letters" seem to call for a further elucidation of the subject of "The Law's Delay." We shall not make much progress in alleviating the mischief indicated unless we recognize candidly at the outset that some delay, however burdensome, is necessary. The object of the law is to hear controversies for the purpose of ending them; and it must pause to hear them fully, if it is to end them finally. The rules of procedure, allowing opportunities for preparation and revision, are framed in view of the necessities made apparent by experience. They must in general be uniform for all causes in the same court.

But there are broader reasons why litigation must often move very slowly to its final conclusion. There are questions which are new, and on which a just conclusion can be developed or evolved only by years of contest. When railroads began to rival the water-courses as means of transportation, the question arose whether railroads must stop at navigable streams or navigation must stop at railroad bridges. To settle such a question for the continent is not in the power of any single decision. It is a question for the generation. It often occurs that the justice of a case is an unknown quantity; it has to be not merely ascertained, it has to be evolved, developed by a long contest. There are questions that ought not to be foreclosed

until everything that can be said on either side has been heard and reheard, nor until time has matured the reflection and promoted the judgment of those who are to pass upon it. There are many questions of public interest litigated which are beyond the possibility of immediate solution by an argument and a decision; and many questions solely of private right involve the same consideration of time.

Having thus conceded the absolute necessity of much irksome delay in any system of human justice, we are the better prepared to emphasize the injustice of unnecessary delay, and to inquire for its causes. There is a considerable class of cases in which the delay that burdens one party is purposely put upon him by the other. Delay is often a defense, and sometimes the only defense. We do not mean to say that this is in no case justifiable. Every lawyer of experience is familiar with cases where delay has been the only means he has had to defeat claims founded in fraud or on the destruction of evidence. But it is clear that, in general, contest by causing delay is so mischievous an obstruction of justice, that the courts ought to be astute to detect it and prompt to suppress it.

Apart from those cases in which delay is the desire of the client, and is paid for by him, the interests of the profession lie generally in the reasonably prompt dispatch of business, and the early and final termination of the client's controversy. It is as great a mistake to suppose that in America the profession on the whole profit by delay, as to suppose that they profit by panics and bankruptcy. That which is the most profitable to the profession is the employment called for by the prosperity of clients, by the putting through of litigation, and by new business enterprises. There are more complaints now from attorneys than from clients concerning the long calendars of untried cases, and the delays in the hearing of appeals. And wherever one of several courts in the same locality clears off its calendar, attorneys flock into it with new cases, all preferring the tribunal where they can soonest have a hearing.

For some causes of unnecessary delay the profession are responsible; for some, the courts; and for some, the legislature and the people.

Chief among those for which the profession are responsible are the inadequate standard of practical training in preparation for the bar, and the neglect of attorneys to take proper counsel in the early stages of litigation. The conduct of litigation differs in a curious way from most other business that is the subject of criticism. If a man is about to build a house, he goes to the highest authority first, and has his plans and specifications drawn to the minute details; and the builder, the contractors, the journeymen, and the laborers are all guided by the lines thus laid out for them. If a man is going to law, he has to take the lowest court first, and perhaps looks about for a young attorney who will not charge much. After the work is done and judgment got, the adversary takes it before a higher court for inspection; older counsel are engaged to argue the case before the court of last resort; and if the work is declared to have been done on the wrong lines, it is taken to pieces, and must be done over again. The chief prevention for such miscarriages of justice is in a more thoroughly trained bar. Too much emphasis can hardly be put upon this.

There should also be a more general adoption by the younger portion of the profession of the growing usage of consulting counsel as to the initiatory steps in all cases which may involve or raise doubtful questions. The counsel consulted should always be the one who is to try the case or argue the law, if need arises; and the expense of taking such advice is trivial to client or attorney as compared with the assurance of success it gives.

Among the causes for which the bench appears responsible is a lack of systematic attention and of promptness in determination. The judges are certainly the hardest-worked class of office-holders,—except members of Congress in session, and even they can “pair off.” The vacations between terms are not more than is needed for the examination of the law. A judge, to keep abreast of the times, must read about as much law in a year as a student in a law school, besides attending to his duty as a judge. But many judges who use their time fully do not use it to good advantage. When a judge who has the case fully before him allows himself to be turned aside from attention to it by the pressure of a later cause, he is only accumulating uncertainty and confusion of mind. A judge, to be a success, must have something of the talent at least, if not of the genius, of a governor, a commander, a ruler among men. Nothing breeds more rapidly than procrastination. Judicial procrastination propagates itself in the judicial mind; for every undecided cause is an obstacle to every other cause, and at last the mind itself becomes characteristically an undecided mind.

The neglect of thorough consultation by members of an appellate court is a fruitful cause of uncertainty in decisions, and hence of delay. If appellate courts would adopt one simple rule as to opinions, their labors would be much diminished, the value of the results much increased, and the respect their decisions command indefinitely enhanced, viz.: never to allow an opinion to be written until the court in consultation have determined on their decision, and on the reasons therefor; nor then, if those reasons can be fairly expressed by approving the opinion of the court below. The opinions of a court of last resort, to be respected in these days, must be not essays or arguments of one member, assented to by others, nor opinions written to avoid giving offense to counsel by implying that there was nothing to appeal for; but terse statements of the law applicable to the controversy, and the reasons of the law, in those cases, and those only, where the courts below have erred in their conclusion, or in the reasons for their conclusion.

The most serious causes of delay are those for which the legislatures and the people at large are responsible. A little examination will suffice to show that the indisposition of the people to provide an adequate judicial force has kept the judicial department of the government far behind the legislative, executive, and administrative branches in ability to keep up with business. The business of the courts increases faster than the population, in a sort of geometrical ratio, and the pecuniary amounts involved, too, are vastly larger than at the organization of the government; but the judicial force has been increased not half in proportion to the population. A comparison of a year's work of the Supreme Court of the United States then and now will show something of the

immense increase of labor which has characterized the growth of litigation, outrunning the force of the courts. On the other hand, the multiplication of offices, and the subdivision of labor and abundant provision of resources for the prompt transaction of business in all other departments of the State, contrast very strongly with the simple addition to the number of our judges. The difficulty is made far more embarrassing by the fact that the increase of provision for appeals is even less adequate than that for the courts of first instance. At the organization of the government there were in the whole country seventy-three judges, state and national, the importance of whose jurisdictions was sufficient to make their decisions a part of the body of the law, and therefore reported and respected as precedents. A very considerable proportion of these sat in courts of last resort. There are now over five hundred and thirty such judges, and the courts of last resort are held by relatively few of them. There are now about as many United States Circuit and District Court judges alone as there were judges in the whole country at the beginning.

The second cause for which the public are responsible is the pressure put upon such inadequate force for the more rapid dispatch of business. This is such that it is commonly understood in the profession that in some courts the papers in the cause will have little or no examination, and the decision must depend on what representation counsel make orally before the judge. In some other courts the pressure deprives the parties of an oral hearing, and printed papers, submitted with perhaps no explanations, are made to take the place of argument. It is only the most systematic arrangements, and by skilled clerical assistance and the utmost economy of time, that a judge with a long calendar, in some of our great cities, can get through the examination of the papers in the great masses of causes that are thrown upon his hands; and the disposition of some part of the press to measure the fidelity of a judge by the number of cases he disposes of in a given time would, if prevalent, be simply fatal to the maintenance of justice. Those of the community who understand the value of judicial deliberation should see to it that the judges are supported in taking all the time necessary for the just disposition of every cause, as faithfully as if there were no appeal. More thorough trial and deliberate decision in courts of first instance is the best remedy for the unnecessary delay and expense of multiplied appeals.

The periods allowed for the successive steps in litigation might in many instances be shortened by the legislature without injustice to suitors. The recent immense acceleration in the means of communication, and in the processes of business and even of thought, has not been accompanied, as it should be, with a corresponding acceleration of procedure. These changes can only be made by the legislatures; but in successive revisions of the statutes too little attention has been paid to this point.

There remains the more seriously pressing question of the overcrowded business of our courts of last resort, and the consequent long delay there between appeal and decision. The bar throughout the country are discussing this problem and seeking a remedy; but the public and the legislatures must take an interest in the

question, if we are to be relieved from the greatest causes of unnecessary delay. The one court of last resort is practically incapable, upon the present scheme of organization and practice, of hearing all the appeals that are brought. The proposal to relieve the Supreme Court of the United States by closing the doors of the Circuit Courts to large classes of cases is worthy of the "Circumlocution Office," whose grand art of public business was, How not to do it. This plan may be talked about, but will not be likely to be adopted so long as clients want actions brought and attorneys are ready to bring them. The creation of intermediate courts of appeal for the United States Judiciary would make its organization more like that of the State of New York, where two successive appeals have long been allowed; and that of England, where three are allowed. But there is nearly as much embarrassment from amount of business in the court of last resort in the State of New York, and in some others, as in that of the United States; and it is likely that intermediate appeals would not permanently relieve the latter court.

Three questions are worthy of the most careful consideration in view of these facts:

1. Should not courts of last resort be relieved from the determination of questions of fact? These questions occupy disproportionate time and settle no principle.
2. Should not the right of trial by jury be resettled (by constitutional amendment if necessary), so that a judgment need never be reversed merely because the finding was by the jury when it should have been by the judge, or by the judge when it should have been by the jury, so long as the appellate tribunal sees no error in the conclusion itself? A large part of the appeals now taken in jury-tried cases turn on this question; and new trials are ordered not because of a wrong conclusion, but because the conclusion came out of the wrong mouth.

3. Should not appellate courts be required to receive what evidence they hold to have been erroneously excluded below, or strike out what they hold to have been erroneously received, and render such a judgment as justice requires without awarding a new trial, save in those exceptional instances where justice cannot be done without it? A large part of the appeals now taken result in new trials of the whole cause, simply to let in or drop out evidence which may after all make no change in the result.

To these suggestions should be added this,—that the press, in discussing the ability of the courts to deal with business, should give more attention to the number of causes finally terminated, and the success or ill success of judges and attorneys engaged respectively in getting to an early end, than to the number of decisions rendered in a given month. The test of the law's delay is the length of time between the commencement of an action and its final cessation. The general interest of the profession and of the clientage and the aim of the judges are to bring each cause to as early an end as may be. Pressure on the bench to make as many decisions as possible in a given time tends, so far as it is yielded to, to engender appealable decisions and prolong litigation. If more publicity were given to the length of causes, and the statistics on this subject presented, it would probably be seen that while a great improvement has been made during the present generation in shortening litigation, there is room for much more. If the methods for further improvement can be agreed on, none will more gladly unite in carrying it out than the great body of the profession, who, as a general rule, find their success and the rewards of their ambition in accomplishing their business with as much promptitude as safety and security in its conduct allows.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Law's Delay.

"IF Saint Paul had lived in this age, he would have sent his Epistles to the columns of a theological review." THE CENTURY has provided a new channel of thought in its department of "Open Letters." There are obvious reasons for my sending this contribution here, and not to the columns of a law magazine.

In its administration the law has an important part of the world's work to do. Is it doing that work on those business principles—directness, promptness, efficiency—which men exact in the management of their private concerns, and on which they are insisting more and more in public affairs? Is legal procedure keeping pace in its improvement with other branches of the world's work?

It is time these questions were discussed at the bar of public opinion. Hitherto they have been left entirely to the lawyers who are "part of the thing to be reformed"; and the only "outsiders" who have taken hold of the subject are Jack Cade and Judge Lynch, whose remedy for inefficient law is lawlessness. The great reforms which Brougham, Romilly, and Cole-

ridge have wrought in English jurisprudence encountered the steady opposition of the bench and bar. The only evidence of sensibility to the great evil of the law's delay ever exhibited in any representative gathering of lawyers (so far as I can recall) was the motion of Mr. David Dudley Field, at the last meeting of the American Bar Association, for a special committee upon this subject.

The professional intellect becomes subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand. In the work of reform it needs a stimulus and pressure from without.

What are the facts of the case? The most conspicuous fact which the people of this country see in our judicial system—from its miry toes in the courts of *pis poudre* to its kingly crown in the Supreme Court—is not Justice, but the Injustice of Delay.

The suitor who undertakes to enforce a claim which is contested enters upon a Pilgrim's Progress in which innumerable obstacles confront him, and the Slough of Despond is inevitable. Strait is the gate and narrow (and long) is the way that leads to success, and few there be that find it. The law of civil procedure seems to be framed and administered upon

the maxim that it is better for ninety-nine persons to escape paying a demand which they owe than that one person should pay a demand which he does not owe. Hence it has built up a system of defenses and checks which illustrate the strategy of obstruction in its perfection. The result is that, unless a plaintiff has strong faith in his "expectation of life," or is in a situation to afford the luxury of an extended litigation, he is driven either to abandon his claim altogether or to agree with his adversary quickly.

The case of a defendant against whom an unrighteous demand is asserted is no better. He would fain have a speedy riddance of its vexation; but well may he stand aghast at the chronology by which its slow length will drag along, and buy his peace. If the demand be just, the law's delay invites the defendant to use its processes in order to obtain an extension of time. In all the instances mentioned, the inducements to "settle" or to litigate are wholly independent of the justice or injustice of the matter.

The disasters of legal delay affect not only the parties to a suit but the property involved. The story told of Lord Eldon, that, while he was "doubting" about an injunction against the sale of a cargo of ice, the ice melted, if not true, is typical of truth. "When the law comes down at last, she alights on ruins." The depredations upon a fund in court would hardly be possible if the fund were not kept there until the parties interested have ceased to watch or to care what becomes of it.

The present limits forbid more than a brief mention of some of the causes of the law's delay.

First. The preposterously long periods allowed between the successive steps of litigation. The legal time-table is the anomaly of the century. The losing party in a Federal Circuit Court has two years within which to decide whether he will take the case by writ of error to the Supreme Court. During this time his adversary enjoys that repose which is found under the Damocles' sword of an unsettled lawsuit, sweetened by the knowledge that, if taken to that august tribunal, it will hang over him three years longer.

Second. The utter insufficiency of judicial machinery to do the work of the courts. Obviously, an efficient administration of the law requires a judicial force competent to dispose of litigated business as rapidly as such business accumulates. But, to say nothing of the many cases that never come into court, because of the fact now stated, the dockets of our courts everywhere are almost hopelessly clogged; and our overworked (and underpaid) judges are struggling under ever-increasing strata of undone work. Compare the equipment, the cost, and the value of the judicial and legislative departments of the nation. To make a few laws, we send to Washington a mob of more than four hundred men. To administer not only the laws so made, but the vast system of law arising under the Constitution, statutes, and the common law, we provide for a judicial force of seventy. For the legislative branch the nation will pay this year \$3,416,388.77; for the judicial, \$425,372.01. It is a violation of the fundamental principle of our Constitution, by which the three departments of government are declared coordinate and equal, to cripple and starve the judicial department, to refuse the supply of men necessary to discharge its functions. If one of our Federal Circuit

judges had the hundred heads and hundred hands with which certain fables of antiquity sought to eke out the insufficiency of normal capacity, he could not discharge the duties that his office devolves upon him.

Third. The long intervals of masterly inactivity which come between the terms of court. This is partly a result of the inadequacy of judicial machinery. Instead of doing their work continuously, the courts can only have certain fixed terms at which all business must be done or left undone until the succeeding term. It is easy to see how the system of "terms" was developed by the English method of judges traveling "on circuit" to hold the courts; but the progress which has relieved the public from a dependence for their purchases upon the semi-annual rounds of that once-important person, the itinerant peddler, may be fairly expected to provide some better method of administering justice than that of sending out judges on the wing to hold a term of court once or twice a year.

It is on account of the long intervals between terms that continuances (which now constitute the chief means of the "postponement swindle") are so eagerly sought. In criminal cases they are respites, temporary pardons, rich in suggestions of still greater clemency. In civil cases they are judgments in favor of the defendant for six months or more, with increased probability of further extension at the close of the period. But they would be of small moment if they simply meant postponement until the grounds therefor ceased; until the sick witness or the interesting invalid, on whose account a continuance is asked, could "get well or something."

Fourth. The necessity of new trials or doing work over again, caused by the present system of requiring the jury to make the application of the law to the facts. This is more difficult than either to decide the law or determine the facts. In most cases, and in all complicated cases, certain facts affect and qualify others, so that the evidence will admit of various theories; and the judge gives in charge to the jury the different legal propositions which correspond therewith. The idea that untrained men, hearing the testimony for the first time, will be able to grasp it as a whole, and to appreciate the logical connections of different portions of it, then to remember a score of hypothetical instructions embodying the modifications and interdependences of legal principles, and then to apply the intricacies of the latter to the complications of the former, is the wildest of all legal fictions. The eager contests which learned lawyers make before the judge, in endeavoring to procure instructions to the jury which shall recognize the nice discriminations (of which they realize the significance) upon which the law of the case depends, have no parallel, except in the grotesque humor of Rabelais in representing Judge Bridoise as investigating with utmost deliberation the papers in cases which, nevertheless, he intended to decide by the chance of the dice. The conclusive presumption, however, is that the jury understands and applies every legal proposition charged by the court; and, hence, for every error therein there must be a new trial. Here is the germ of immortality in every case. The trial court and the higher court must play battledore and shuttlecock with all cases until every possibility of error in the charge of the judge is eliminated.

Now, the jury is a competent tribunal to determine

questions of fact. If these were separated and submitted to them in civil cases as separate issues, there would be few occasions for having this work done more than once. The truth of the evidence being ascertained, the higher court in its application of the law thereto would make an end of the case.

But my contention is not for the details of any plan. My insistence is only for that guarantee in Magna Charta against the sale or the denial or the delay of justice. If the sale of justice involves greater corruption and the denial of justice more open outrage than its delay, yet they result alike in the defeat of justice. To delay justice is but to deny it, by holding the promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope. To delay justice to one suitor is but to sell it to his adversary. All history and experience show that it has been the greatest of the three abuses, because being the least flagrant it has not provoked the same prompt redress which has been demanded against the other two. Bacon was disgraced for receiving gifts. Eldon was endured, while suitors languished and despaired, and estates wasted under accumulating costs.

No word is here uttered for judicial rashness, for mere mechanical pressure in legal administration, "for a coup de main in a court of chancery." The protest here made is not against the slow work of the law, but its long pauses of no work, its arrears of undone work, its insufficient equipments for work, its repetitions of work imperfectly done. The law's hurry would be no less an evil than the law's delay. Its true ideal is in Goethe's grand and beautiful image:

"Like a star, without haste, without rest,
Ever fulfilling its God-given best."

Walter B. Hill.

"The Death of Tecumseh."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: I notice in the January number of your very interesting magazine an article by Benjamin B. Griswold relative to the killing of Tecumseh by Richard M. Johnson. It reminds me of an interview which I had with Noonday, Chief of the Ottawa tribe, about the year 1838. This chief was six feet high, broad-shouldered, well proportioned, with broad, high cheekbones, piercing black eyes, and coarse black hair which hung down upon his shoulders, and he possessed wonderful muscular power. He was converted to the Christian religion by a Baptist missionary named Slater, who was stationed about three miles north of Gull Prairie, in the county of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Just over the county line and in the edge of Barry County, this chief and about one hundred and fifty of his tribe were located and instructed in farming. A church was erected which answered for a school-house, and here, residing near them, I attended their church and listened to the teachings of Mr. Slater in the Indian dialect, and to the earnest prayers of this brave old chief. To get a history of any Indian who fought on the side of the British has ever been a difficult task; but through the Rev. Mr. Slater I succeeded, to a limited extent, in getting a sketch from this old chief of the battle of the Thames, in which he was engaged. I copy from a diary:

"After rehearsing the speech which Tecumseh

made to his warriors previous to the engagement and how they all felt, that they fought to defend Tecumseh more than for the British, he was asked:

"Were you near Tecumseh when he fell?"

"Yes; directly on his right."

"Who killed him?"

"Richard M. Johnson."

"Give us the circumstances."

"He was on a horse, and the horse fell over a log, and Tecumseh, with uplifted tomahawk, was about to dispatch him, when he drew a pistol from his holster and shot him in the breast, and he fell dead on his face. I seized him at once, and, with the assistance of Saginaw, bore him from the field. When he fell, the Indians stopped fighting and the battle ended. We laid him down on a blanket in a wigwam, and we all wept, we loved him so much. I took his hat and tomahawk."

"Where are they now?"

"I have his tomahawk and Saginaw his hat."

"Could I get them?"

"No; Indian keep them."

"How did you know it was Johnson who killed him?"

"General Cass took me to see the Great Father, Van Buren, at Washington. I went to the great wigwam, and when I went in I saw the same man I see in battle, the same man I see kill Tecumseh. I had never seen him since, but I knew it was him. I look him in the face and said, 'Kene kin-a-poo Tecumseh,' that is, 'You killed Tecumseh.' Johnson replied that he never knew who it was, but a powerful Indian approached him and he shot him with his pistol. 'That was Tecumseh. I see you do it.'"

Noonday finished his story of Tecumseh by telling of his noble traits, the tears meanwhile trickling down his cheeks. There is no doubt of the truth of his unvarnished tale.

D. B. Cook,

Editor of "The Niles Mirror."

NILES, MICHIGAN, December 24, 1884.

Color-Bedding.

THE smallest yard in the most obscure village has come to be adorned with its definite arrangement of coleus and centauria, and the desire for brilliantly colored combinations of leaves in a bed proves to be not only a fashion, but the genuine outgrowth of a positive hunger for rich color out-of-doors. The love of brilliant, positive color is evidently a deep-seated instinct in humanity. The Japanese has it, the East Indian has it, the Latin has it, and the North American Indian; so that we must recognize this employment of brilliantly colored leaf-plants in beds as simply the legitimate expression of a purely normal want of human nature. It lies deeper and is more comprehensive in its character than the love of trees and shrubs, for it adds to the love of plants as plants the more elemental instinct of the enjoyment of color as color, and nothing more.

It is well known to horticulturists that the most charming results can be obtained by arrangements of brilliant color in beds, produced with such choice greenhouse plants as dracenas, crotons, and the like; but for popular work of the kind we must recognize cheapness as an important factor. The tint, moreover, of

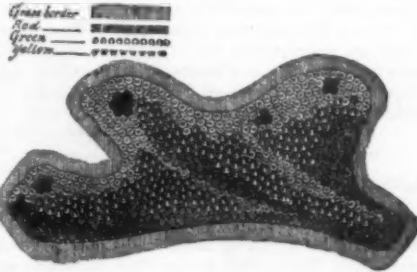
such color-plants must be brilliant, dominant, and distinct, a self-color as a general thing, *i. e.*, a color pure and unmixed throughout the surface of the leaf. Finally, the form of each sort of plant must be such as will compose and blend well with its neighbor, both in ultimate height and contour. Ability to endure successfully the heat and burning effects of a hot, dry summer, and a degree of cold in autumn that does not actually freeze, is also a desirable, if not necessary, faculty of plants that are to be widely used in bedding.

Coleus probably presents the best combination of the qualities needed. It is certainly a genus with excellent gifts for the performance of the duties of a brilliant-colored leaf-bedding plant. Its varieties are legion, most of them being mottled, spotted, and striped with combinations of different shades of red and green. Some are more hardy under the stress of changes of summer and autumn, and some have a more brilliant and positive self-color than others. *Verschaffeltii*, for instance, is such a bright example of reliable red self-color. It is the most popular of the coleuses. For yellow we have in the Golden Bedder or Golden Gem a rich pure self-color of most dominant and positive character. Then there are green coleuses suffused with yellow, that act well as foils to the red and yellow of other bedding plants, while their green thus combined contrasts distinctly with the green of the neighboring grass. Such a coleus is the strong-growing *Fitzpatrickii*. The cheapness of the coleus is all that could be reasonably required; it costs only a few cents apiece, and its peculiar contours make the different varieties blend and harmonize better, perhaps, than any other plants that are so diversely colored. For pearly white color we must turn to the centauria, and in most localities to *Centaurea gymnocarpa* as more bushy and free-growing. There are other cheap white-leaved plants, such as *Gnaphalium*, or everlasting, and *Cineraria maritima*, or dusty miller, etc., but none are so nearly white-leaved as the centauria. Centaurias do not like to be crushed in the middle of a bed, and should be therefore disposed on the outer border, where their drooping and curiously cut leaves hang gracefully and conspicuously. Several plants may be used successfully for bordering color-beds with red or yellow. Golden Feather (*Pyrethrum parthenisifolium aureum*) and the different alternantheras are excellent for border positions, by virtue of their dwarf, compact growth and rich yellow and red color. I must not pause, however, to name any considerable number of the species and varieties suited to our purpose, as my intention is only to illustrate by a few prominent examples the principles that should govern a proper selection of such bedding plants.

The accompanying representation is of an actual bed executed for the Trinity Church Corporation in St. Paul's churchyard, and it is selected as a general illustration of the combinations of form and color that prove to be agreeable. Similar combinations of bedding plants may be also seen at Evergreens Cemetery, East New York, L. I.

It will be noticed that the outlines of such beds are irregular. The general direction of the lines is made to curve in such a way as to conform to the limitations of the buildings and paths which they adjoin. There is, moreover, a definite natural design, just as there is in the carved ornaments of some of the best architec-

tural structures. It is naturalistic, but not imitative. One fancies a resemblance to an oak or other leaf, but the beds are simply constructed on the leaf type, and not in any way imitated from actual foliage. Finger-like projections reach out into the surrounding turf, and are all the more pleasing for their boldness. It is evident that rein may be thus given in the most legitimate fashion to the most exuberant fancy, the colors of yellow, red, and white being used to enhance and perfect a beauty of line that may be indefinitely varied.



PLAN OF FLOWER-BED.

The beds may thus become streaked and spotted masses of tint, that will blend together like the wonderful shadings of autumn leaves, or those of the coleus itself. Following the suggestion of the leaf type, with its midrib and shading of subtle tint, we may readily conceive what jewels of glowing, changing beauty may in this way be devised for the emerald-green setting of the surrounding turf. It is charming also to notice the coves and bays, the armlets of the surrounding sea of grass that stretch up between the rich masses of color on either side. What an opportunity for the most lovely creations of the artist's fancy, and what an utter waste of such opportunities do we see around us. Such abortions, such crude and awkward attempts to marshal lines of color, of equal length and equal width, disposed in concentric circles, and other geometric forms! Look about the country, and behold what the gardening art of the nineteenth century generally accomplishes, with the lovely bedding materials just described. Half-moons, circles, ovals filled with these richly colored plants in the most commonplace and vulgar fashion. We might, indeed, often fancy ourselves considering, instead of an actual bed of coleus and centauria, the wonderful composition of some gigantic tart or candied confection, striped yellow, red, and white at regular intervals. Can we wonder that true plant-lovers sometimes come to abhor the name of bedding, and set the value of a cardinal flower, or "modest harebell," far above all such awkward attempts to use noble material in so-called ribbon gardening. We can hardly even blame simple lovers of nature if they come to despise, in some sort, the innocent coleus or centauria itself, and to speak of preferring its room to its company; for, seen in such conglomerations, its value seems very small. In this kind of ribbon gardening we must, of course, expect to find the imperfections of the work completed by the introduction of anchors, crosses, ovals, circles, and letters of a name in just that portion of the greensward where they will succeed most thoroughly in destroying

the openness, harmony, and repose of the landscape. Congruity of association forming no part of the method employed in designing such work, there is a complete failure to see that color-bedding should always be in relation to or flow out of a background of architectural structure or shrub group. It should be always remembered that a fundamental law of art ordains that all landscape-gardening combinations must invariably present an underlying unity of design. Buildings, trees, shrubs, plants, and grass should all be brought together in a balanced picture, the position of each growing out of its intended relations with some other. It follows, therefore, that color-bedding must come under the same general law of unity of design, and have its appointed place of artistic fitness in the landscape treatment of grounds in the neighborhood of buildings.

S. Parsons, Jr.

"Christianity and Popular Amusements."

EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE:

SIR: In a recent paper on "Christianity and Popular Amusements" statements were made about John Bunyan, which have been called in question. It was represented that the chief sins for which Bunyan's conscience smote him at the time of his conversion were certain innocent pastimes. This account was not strictly accurate. I must own that I had never read Bunyan's "Grace Abounding," and that I relied for my information concerning his life upon Macaulay, whose article in the "Cyclopædia Britannica" justifies my assertions. Says this writer: "It is quite certain that Bunyan was at eighteen what, in any but the most austere puritanical circles, would have been regarded as a young man of singular gravity and innocence. He declares, it is true, that he had let loose the reins on the neck of his lusts, that he had delighted in all transgressions against the divine law, and that he had been the ringleader of the youth of Elstow in all manner of vice. But when those who wished him ill accused him of licentious amours, he called on God and the angels to attest his purity. No woman, he said, in heaven, earth, or hell, could charge him with having made any improper advances to her. Not only had he been perfectly faithful to his wife, but he had even before his marriage been perfectly spotless. It does not appear, from his own confessions, or from the railings of his enemies, that he ever was drunk in his life. One bad habit he contracted, that of using profane language; but he tells us that a single reproof cured him so effectually that he never offended again. The worst that can be laid to the charge of this poor youth, whom it has been the fashion to represent as the most desperate of reprobates, is that he had a great liking for some diversions quite harmless in themselves, but condemned by the rigid precisians among whom he lived, and for whom he had a great respect. The four chief sins of which he was guilty were dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing at tip-cat, and reading the history of Sir Bevis of Southampton. A rector of the school of Laud would have held such a young man up to the whole parish as a model." Farther on, in the account of Bunyan's conversion, Macaulay says: "His favorite amusements were one after another relinquished, though not without many painful struggles. . . . The odious vice of bell-ringing he renounced; but he still for a time ventured to go to the church tower and look on while others pulled the ropes. But soon the thought

struck him that if he persisted in such wickedness the steeple would fall on his head, and he fled from the accursed place. To give up dancing on the village green was still harder; and some months elapsed before he had the fortitude to part with his darling sin." These extracts, with the one quoted in the article referred to, respecting the crisis of his "conviction" in the midst of the game of tip-cat, will show that I had good ground for what I said, if Macaulay were to be trusted. But passages from Bunyan's autobiography put the matter in a somewhat different light. He alleges that from a child he "had but few equals . . . both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God." There is some redundancy in this self-accusation; two faults are mentioned—profanity and falsehood. The one he renounced on the first rebuke, as Macaulay has related; the other was, we may well believe, no malicious mendacity, but the exuberance of that story-telling propensity which made him John Bunyan. As to the remorse for the game of tip-cat, it does appear that it was on a Sunday that he was so stricken, and that part, at least, of his remorse was due to the violation of the Sabbath by his sport, which on that very day he had heard reproofed in a sermon.

It is evident, therefore, that, misled by Lord Macaulay, I have extenuated somewhat the faults of young Bunyan. He was rather darker than I painted him, and had better reasons for remorse than I granted him. Nevertheless, a fuller examination convinces me that the substance of my contention is true, and that although Bunyan had other sins besides tip-cat and bell-ringing to answer for, yet he felt *these* to be sins, and sins that would send him to hell unless he forsook them. That the guilt of these games was aggravated in his conception when they were played on Sunday may be true; but he also felt them to be sinful in themselves, no matter on what day they were played; and he thought that his only chance of heaven was to abandon them altogether. They were sinful because they afforded him enjoyment, and any enjoyment not strictly religious was evil. This is the constant implication of his confession. After telling how the rebuke of the woman caused him to break-off swearing, he adds: "All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did I leave my sports and plays." As Froude says: "Pleasure of any kind, even the most innocent, he considered to be a snare to him, and he abandoned it. He had been fond of dancing, but he gave it up. Music and singing he parted with, though it distressed him to leave them." This struggle occurred, let it be remembered, before he was twenty years of age.

In showing that Bunyan adopted these ascetic views of life, no contempt is cast on him. Such views were common in his time; they were a natural reaction from the laxity then prevailing in the Church of England. Those zealous persons who have rushed in to defend Bunyan from the charges of innocence brought against him in the article in the *Cyclopædia*, should remember that the writer of the article made exactly similar accusations against himself. This may serve to show that no disrespect was intended for the inspired tinker of Bedford.

Washington Gladden.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



MR. NEURICH IN PARIS.

Mr. N. (who does not trust himself to the pitfalls of the Gallic tongue): "Waiter, sandwiches."

Waiter: "Bien, M'sieur; quatre?"

Mr. N.: "Oh! yes, I suppose *cat* is as good as anything we'll get in this forsaken country."

Impatience.

I.

EARTH, captive held
By Winter, deems him a foe—
That he can weld
Such fetters; deep down below
Her violets, close-celled,
Flutter to go.

II.

Earth, when she's free
To bud and blow,
And feel through every fiber of each tree
The strength to grow,
Will say, "'Twas Winter gave it me,"
And in the sunshine bless the snow.

Alice Ward Bailey.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THE man who is proof against temptation is the only one who is safe,—but who is the man?

ONE reason why there is so little real happiness among mankind: we are more anxious to make others jealous of what we have than we are to enjoy it ourselves.

I HAVE known people whose failings were the most endurable things about them.

YOU cannot separate justice from mercy without injury to both.

THE world is full of pity and advice, and the bulk of it is worth about ten cents on the dollar.

HE who gets up every time he falls will get up by and by to stay.

LEARNING makes a man proud, but wisdom makes him humble.

VERY cunning people are like a pin, sharp at the point and small at the head.

GOD alone invents; man is simply a discoverer.

Uncle Esek.

The Curse.

(A WARNING TO EDITORS.)

WITH stately mien,
Above the noise and traffic of the town,
The office of the "Phoenix" Magazine
Looked proudly down.

And day by day
A Bard—a needy Bard of visage lean—
Besieged, with many a sweet and soulful lay,
That magazine.

But all in vain!
Larger and larger swelled the mournful ranks
Of those that bore inscribed these words of bane,
"Returned with thanks."

Yet patiently
And long that magazine's neglect he bore,
Until, at length, there came a time when he
Could bear no more.

In fierce despair
He sought that magazine's abode. Hard by,
Upon the curb he stood. A baleful glare
Was in his eye.

Then forth he burst
Into strange words. It was a sight, I ween,
To make the stoutest tremble: *for he CURSED*
That magazine!

It did not fall,
That tall and stately pile. As common men
View such things, there were no "results" at all;
At least, not *then*.

But mark the end.
Ere ten short years that haughty journal's pride
To fate and evil times was forced to bend.
In brief, it died!

For, ah! we know
A poet's curse, a grewsome thing it is,
And mickle is the power for weal or woe
In words of his.

O ye who sit
In calm, superior judgment on our verse,
Read this strange tale, 'twere well to ponder it:
Suppose we curse!

Robertson Trowbridge.

Humility.

YOU SAY, when I kissed you, you are sure I must
quite
Have forgotten myself. So I did; you are right.
No, I'm not such an egotist, dear, it is true,
As to think of myself when I'm looking at you.

Walter Learned.

In Parenthesis.

I READ the verses from my copy,
A bunch of fancies culled from Keats,
A rhyme of rose and drowsy poppy,
Of maiden, song, and other sweets:
The lines—so patiently I penned them,
Without one sable blot or blur—
I knew had music to commend them
And all their secret thoughts to her.

She heard the rhythmical romanza,
And made a comment there and here;
I read on to the final stanza,
Where timid love had made me fear.
A long parenthesis; the meter
Went lamely on without a foot,
Because the sentiment was sweeter
Than love emboldened me to put.

Alas, I tried to fill the bracket;
The truant thought refused to come!
The point,—to think the rhyme should lack it!
My wakeful conscience struck me dumb.
She took the little leaf a minute,—
Ah, what a happy time was this!
The bracket soon had something in it,—
I kissed her in parenthesis.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Keys.

LONG ago in old Granada, when the Moors were
forced to flee,
Each man locked his home behind him, taking in
his flight the key.

Hopefully they watched and waited for the time to
come when they
Should return from their long exile to those homes
so far away.

But the mansions in Granada they had left in all
their prime
Vanished, as the years rolled onward, 'neath the
crumbling touch of time.

Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we
vainly long to be,
And through all life's changing phases ever fast
we hold the key.

Our fair country lies behind us; we are exiles, too,
in truth.
For no more shall we behold her. Our Granada's
name is Youth.

We have our delusive day-dreams, and rejoice when,
now and then,
Some old heartstring stirs within us, and we feel
our youth again.

"We are young," we cry triumphant, thrilled with
old-time joy and glee.
Then the dream fades slowly, softly, leaving nothing
but the key!

Bessie Chandler.

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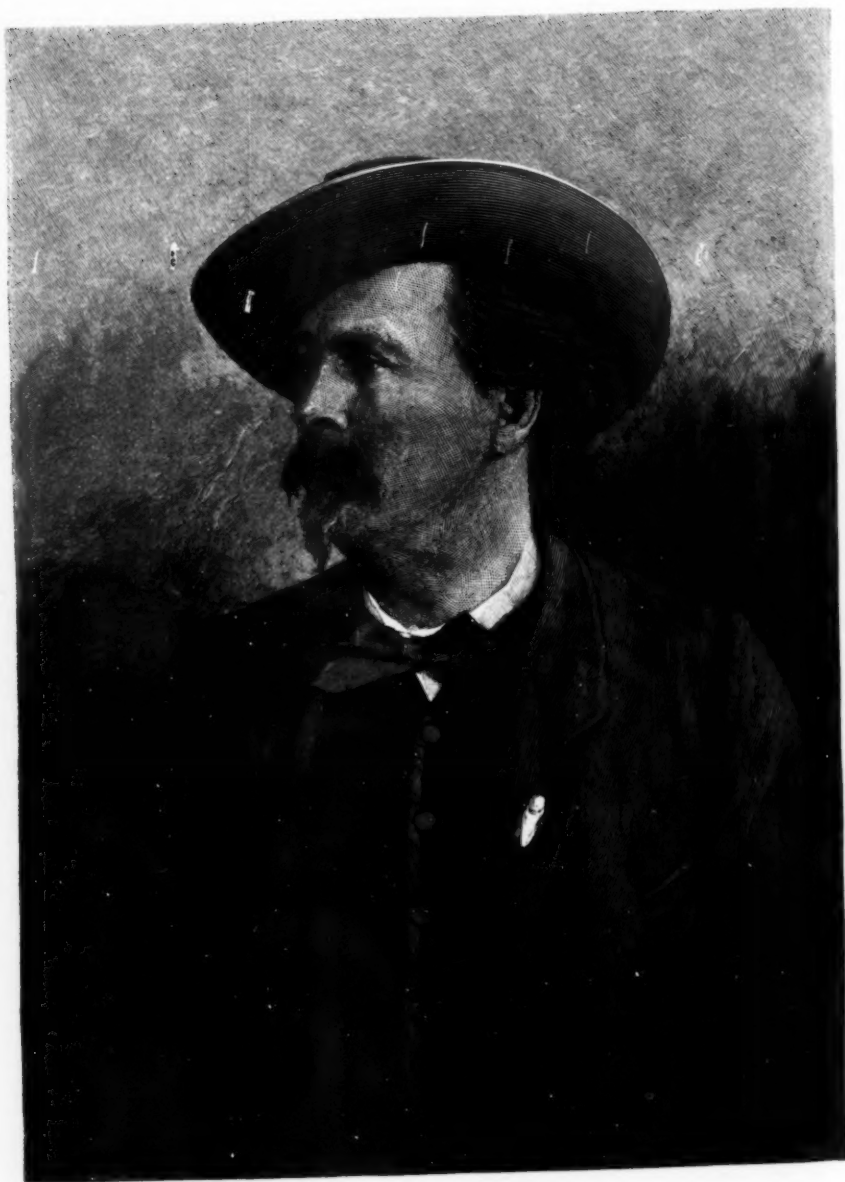
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